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A Prayer for Christmas

By the Rev. J. E. Hughson, B.A., Grace Church, Winnipeg

OUR GRACIOUS FATHER, Thou hast entered into fellowship with our humanity, in the Person of Thy Son, our Saviour, Who is called Immanuel, God with us. May we come with confidence to Thy great heart of love, and feel Thy presence in these lives we live. We are weak, but Thou art strong. We would place our hand of weakness within Thy hand of help, and have our faltering footsteps guided and upheld by Thee.

Since Thou hast made Thy dwelling with the sons of men, our daily life can never more be treated as a common thing. May we feel that every place is sacred, and all our work divine. We would ask Thy blessing upon the toiler at bench or forge or furnace, that as he wipes the sweat from his heated brow, he may realize his fellowship with the Carpenter of Nazareth, and lose the drudgery of his daily duties in the joy of service. Wilt Thou enter into partnership with all who labor, with hand or brain, at desk or counter, in street or school, that the humblest tasks may be faithfully performed, in the consciousness that we are workers together with Thee.

May the spirit of peace on earth and good will toward men reign in every heart. Touch the chords of our better nature, silence the discords of hate and prejudice and bitterness, and awaken the angel song within us. May we look for the best and not the worst in those we meet. Help us to forgive the weaknesses of others, because we have our own weaknesses. Give us grace to keep our hearts pure, our lives clean, and our spirits helpful. May we be careful of our judgments and sparing of our criticisms, because we know so little of another's heart. And while we live in God's good world may we hear the music of His love, in the laughter of children, in the greetings of friends, in the gifts of Christmas-tide, and in the good that we may do.

Speak Thou to the nations of the earth, and grant that peace may come with righteousness, and brotherhood encircle the race. May we come out of the fires through which we are passing with our prejudices burned away, and every barrier broken down, that the children of a common Father may no longer be kept apart by hatred, misunderstanding and strife.

Breathe upon us Thy spirit, O Lord, and make us like Thyself. Brood o'er the world and may a better day be born. And amid the clouds that sometimes gather may we never doubt the fulfilment of Thy purposes. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."



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WEBER PIANO, Mahogany. Reg. \$425; now \$350.

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Woman and the Home

Home Storage of Eggs

By Edwin C. Powell

While cold storage is the best method for keeping eggs in a commercial way, there is a simple method by which the city housekeeper can hold eggs for several months. I have tried it for two years. The first year I bought a case of thirty dozen eggs in May, when they were the cheapest. At the same time I obtained an empty sixty-pound butter tub and a quart of water glass (silicate of soda). The eggs, plus water glass and butter tub, cost fifteen cents per dozen. The tub was cleaned and scalded, then placed in a cool, dark corner of the cellar, and the eggs were put in it, standing them on end with the smaller end downward. The tub held exactly twenty dozen. After they were all in, the quart of water glass was poured into a pail containing ten quarts of water, with which it readily mixed, and this solution was poured over the eggs, covering them completely. The cover was put on the tub and the eggs allowed to stand until wanted for use. They were inspected occasionally and a little water added to replace that lost by evaporation. The balance of the eggs were used fresh. We began using the eggs in the fall and most of them were utilized for cooking purposes. Occasionally some were cooked and eaten in order to test their quality in comparison with fresh eggs. The last ones were used in February, over nine months from the time they were laid down. Only one egg of the twenty dozen spoiled, and that was undoubtedly due to the fact that it was not good when it was put down. Every one of the rest came out in good shape. The whites were a trifle thinner than those of fresh eggs, yet there was no difficulty in beating them, which is the supreme test of all preserved eggs. For cooking purposes they were superior to cold storage stock, and there was no taint or unnatural taste to them, and for eating purposes they were as good or better than the common run of store eggs, with an added advantage of a certainty of there being no poor ones. When fresh eggs were selling at forty to fifty cents a dozen, we found them a very acceptable substitute. The requisites for keeping eggs by this method are a wooden, porcelain or stone vessel, pure water (distilled water would be the better), fresh eggs and a cold, dark place to keep them.

The Toughening Process

By Dr. A. P. Reed

Some very crude ideas have existed and still receive some credence in certain quarters relative to the process of "hardening the constitution," as it is called. Many people are not yet sufficiently cognizant of the fact that the "constitution" is never "hardened" by undue exposure to the summer's sun, the winter's wind, or the indulgence in strains or over-efforts. Ill-informed mothers sometimes dip their infants in cold water with this same fallacious idea of manufacturing hardness to order. It is a constantly weakening, enervating process, and when the babe succumbs to some acute malady for want of stamina to stand it, and is laid away under the "mysterious dispensation of Providence" theory, it ought to be thundered through the land that exposure does not toughen, while in letters as startling as those which Belshazzar saw on the wall of old should appear on the wall of every household the sentiment that Providence works no miracles to counteract human folly, and that nature's laws are inexorable, standing on the statute books of time, subject to no amendments at the hands of man.

The best way to harden the human constitution is to do it as we would harden the constitution of a horse, by taking good care of it, fostering its vitality, always remembering that the exposure idea doesn't show the human body the consideration and courtesy we show a hat or a garment, which are never made better but always worse by being banged about.

Good care, then, is the thing needed. This does not mean coddling and over-swathing, which are quite as bad as undue exposure. It means the happy medium in this, as in all things, and the avoidance of

getting cranky. Weakly children may be greatly strengthened by sun baths and anointings with oils. These two statements need qualification and explanation.

As to sun baths, it were well if every dwelling were so constructed that one room could be had for sun baths—a room on the sunniest side of the house, having a broadside of glass, and arranged so that a uniform temperature could be maintained. In this room both young and old could get much benefit by exposure of the whole body to the sun's rays, being careful at first to avoid sunburn. Nervous and weakly ones generally, would find the light, thus regularly and systematically plied, a fine nerve tonic.

Let nothing I have said be construed to mean that the little ones should be deprived of outdoor air and exercise even in the coolest seasons, my remarks being intended simply as a plea for protected exposure—an exposure stopping short of allowing a child to get actual suffering from the elements, which is enervating rather than toughening in its effects and always fraught with danger to innocent and helpless creatures to whom humanity owes its tenderest and most merciful care.

Seeing Hearts

The father and the uncle of the wife were dining with the young couple.

"Well," complained the young wife, "I think when William comes home to dinner he ought to tell me the interesting things he has gone through each day.



New Year Dance

I have been shut up in the house all day, while he has been out meeting people and talking and having things happen. But often he scarcely says a word all through dinner. Don't you think I'm right?"

The older men said nothing. Perhaps they had heard something like it before.

"Of course you're right," said the young husband. "Now I'll tell you just what happened to me to-day. When I got to the office Miss Gray was sick and the mail hadn't been sorted or opened. While I was doing that and trying to locate another stenographer I got a telegram canceling that big Pittsburg order I told you about day before yesterday. Then Scott came in and said that we had been underbid for that Wheeling contract. Then I had to go see the lawyer about that Slocum suit he says we can't win, and then I—"

"Goodness," cried the wife, "I don't want to be bored with things like that! I want to hear about the bright people you met and what they said."

"Well," confessed the young husband, "I am afraid that the average business man's average day sounds more like the 'Lamentations' than the 'Song of Triumph.'"

The two older men walked home thoughtfully. "It's always like that," said the uncle. "If the husband told all the disagreeable experiences of the day he'd be called a bore, and he knows it. So he keeps quiet or cudgels his fagged

brain for a few happy incidents. It does not occur to the wife that his mind is too tired to work, and what he wants is to be entertained by her own pretty talk—the kind he liked before they were married."

"Yes," said her father, "besides, she defeats her own end when she demands entertainment. You know how empty your mind feels when some one says, 'Talk to me; I want to be entertained.' It is never by such demands that we get the real heart talks that we want. Heart responds to heart, and if a wife wants to see her husband's heart she mustn't forget to show her own."

Let the Whistle Drive the Whine Away

Two little boys were out playing. They tripped over one another, as boys will, and fell. Neither was much hurt. But one began to whine. The other jumped up and said: "Never mind, Frankie! Don't whine any more; just whistle like this," and he struck up a tune in the liveliest manner.

Frankie tried several times to join in the whistling, but failed dismally. Then he said, "I can't make my lips pucker right," and he began to cry again.

"Oh that's because the whine ain't all out yet," explained Jimmy. "Just keep on tryin', Frankie; the whistle's bound to drive the whine away." He began to whistle again. "Come on, Frankie!"

And hand in hand the two ran down the road whistling as energetically as if they were being paid for it. There were tears on Frankie's cheeks, but his lips had at last found "the right pucker,"

Equally true is this of success in the home life. Most unsatisfactory, indeed, and discordant, is that home where the woman at the head of it is of indecisive, wavering, vacillating character. Ask her what she is going to do to-day and she replies, "Oh, I don't know. I haven't decided yet." Ask her if she will go for a drive at three o'clock and she says, "Oh, I don't know. I couldn't tell till after dinner." Ask her what train she's going to take for a proposed visit, and she'll tell you she doesn't know—yet. Perhaps she'll get the 11.30 and perhaps the 2.10. Possibly not till 5.08. Nice experience for the friend she's going to visit, isn't it? But we've all had that kind of a guest. "I'll get the 11.30 if I can get around," she writes, "but if not I'll come on the 2.10. If I miss that I'll come at 7.40 sure." We've driven to three trains in one day, got two special meals for her and had her put off coming until the next day!

Ask her to come over and spend the evening. "I'm sure I can't tell," she'll say, at ten o'clock in the morning. "I don't know for sure just what I'll do. But I'll tell you. If I can come I'll be there by quarter past eight and if I'm not there by that time don't wait for me." And we stay at home and wait for her until too late to make any other arrangements and she doesn't come after all.

The only way to do with such people is never to ask them again. They have no consideration for others, and no respect for their own judgment.

Children are annoyed to the point of irritation and exasperated to anger by the indecision of their mothers.

"Mother, may I go over to Jennie Brown's this afternoon? She wants me."

"Oh, I don't know. Don't begin at eight o'clock in the morning to ask me what you can do this afternoon."

"But, mother, I want to know. I want to tell Jennie. She's waiting."

"Tell her I'll see when afternoon comes."

"But, mother—" the child begins to whimper, already excited, fearful, anxious.

"Now, don't begin to cry. If you cry you can't go anyway."

"Well mother, can I go if I'm good? I'll be good if I can go."

"Be good anyway. And stop teasing. Maybe you can go and maybe you can't. Maybe I'll go over to Aunt Lucy's and if I do you'll go with me."

"But I don't want to go to Aunt Lucy's, mother. I want to go to Jennie's. She's got a new doll buggy. Can't I go to Jenny's anyway?"

"I tell you I don't know. Now you stop teasing and run away or I'll say, 'no, you can't.'"

Fearful lest her mother's vacillating mind should take a sudden negative decision the child turns away, depressed, perhaps sullen, unable to make her own decision, and with the example of a most deplorable habit before her.

Practice Parties for the Children

One of the wisest women I ever knew, although I didn't realize it then, was a young mother who used to have state dinner parties for the children of her own family, regularly once a month.

At the time, I thought Mrs. B. a very foolish woman to take upon herself all this extra work and trouble when her daily life seemed already full to overflowing, and I told her so.

"Maybe I am foolish," she replied, "but I just won't have my children going out to other people's houses and staring at the pretty china and cut glass as though they had never seen such things; or using the wrong forks and spoons to their own embarrassment; or still worse taking a bath from the finger bowl as I see some children do! No, indeed, they shall have their experiences right here at home, and I think the comfort I get out of it in future years will make up to me fully for the extra effort it is costing me now."

And after all she is right. Example is stronger than precept, and although it costs us mothers extra time and trouble, it is the only way in rearing children, for preaching and practice, in order to accomplish anything, must go hand in hand.

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We are not going to tell here of any of the wonderful offers because they are all so remarkably good that to mention any would be unfair to the rest.

Contained in the astonishing list are muskrat coats and dresses and undergarments for women, overcoats and suits, ulsters and furnishings for men, clothing for boys, garments for girls, footwear, gloves and household linens. In this sale catalogue we are also offering, for the first time, some very remarkable values in dress goods and drug sundries. We have just added

these lines of merchandise to our stock and the values we are showing will, we are quite sure, be a splendid introduction to the kind of values we propose to give in these lines.

You cannot order without a catalogue so, if you do not receive a copy by December 15, let us know so that we can send you one.

We propose to give the same prompt service that has characterized our business since its organization. That is, we will ship almost all orders we receive in less than twenty-four hours after we receive them.

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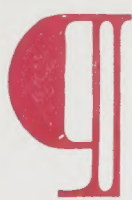


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WINNIPEG, CANADA

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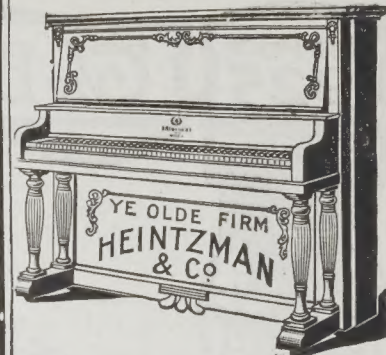
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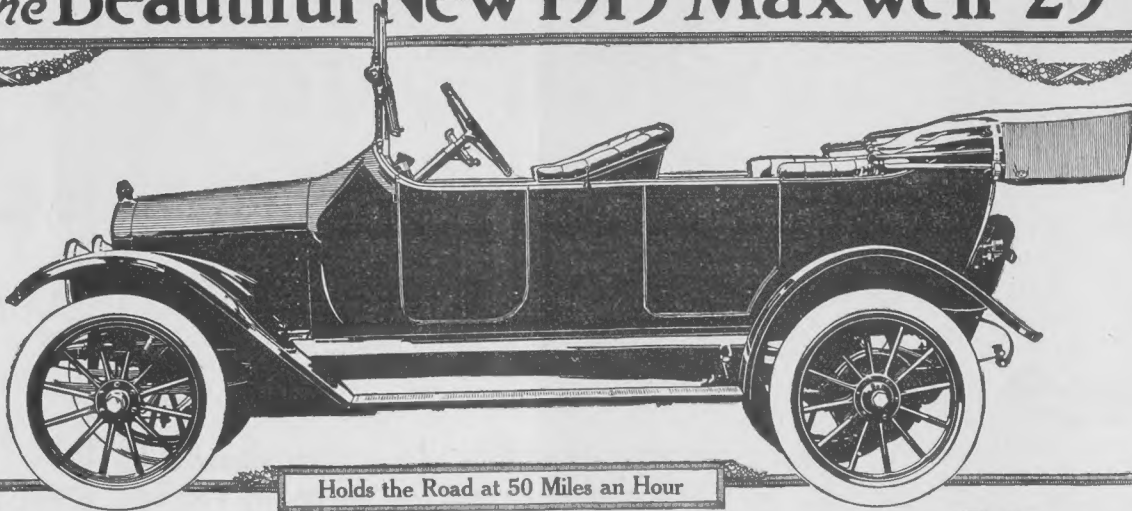
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On August 1st, the double page newspaper announcement—reproduced in miniature above—announced the 1915 Model Maxwell "Wonder Car." It was published in the leading newspapers of America and was followed by Maxwell page advertising in this and other prominent national publications.

Within six weeks after August 1st, more than 37,000 Maxwells were ordered by dealers. Everything indicates that, by the time this is printed, orders for at least 50,000 Maxwell cars will have been received.

This tremendous demand proves that the public and automobile dealers have recognized the 1915 Model Maxwell as the biggest automobile value ever offered for less than \$1,400.

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Editorial Comment

The Meaning of Christmas

The first Christmas Day not only gave a new date to the world's history but a new principle to the world's life. Song of angel, gleam of star, radiant face of the infant Messiah, revealed to men the heart of God. They had seen His lightning and heard His thunder; they had numbered His stars and caught the secret of the mighty law which held them all in its leash; His name was unspeakable, the very thought of Him was terrible.

Suddenly in song and star and divinely-human form a new truth breaks upon the world—"God is love and the heart of divinity is sacrifice." Many a Christmas Day has come and gone since the truth began to go abroad among men; many another will come and go before men understand that God is God not because He has infinite power but because He has infinite love.

* * *

Christmas Giving

Real love always gives. This is its nature. It cannot be restrained. There is a fragrance in the gifts of love far sweeter than in frankincense and myrrh. Let it break forth freely. All possible expressions of it are worship. Gifts to the old, the middle-aged, the young; to the rich and to the poor; to those in sorrow and those in joy—all are needed. Therefore, let us give generously, joyfully. Let us give trinkets and treasures, the useful or the ornamental, the cheap or the costly, the homely or the beautiful. Love's work is harmony. Christmas gifts are a hymn of praise to the Great Giver.

* * *

Giving This Year

Never before in the history of Canada has there been such a feeling of brotherhood as just now. The family consists not of those living under one roof but of those living in one land. "We are brethren a!" Giving to the patriotic fund has become a mania. Let us be thankful that the giving is permitted to be largely voluntary. It is voluntary rather than enforced contribution which enriches the soul and promotes true brotherhood. The voluntary contributions of the day workers in our towns and cities have amounted to five per cent of their earnings, which was often more than fifty per cent of their savings. This is a great sacrifice. Even if it is small in comparison with that of those who have willingly offered their lives. There remains one other little sacrifice. Christmas time is first of all for the children. This year there will be many disappointed unless kind friends come to their assistance. It will be a little thing for some families to lessen their offerings to their own, and to remember the children of the unfortunate. "Brethren a!"—yes, and not a brother's child forgotten.

* * *

A War Christmas

It seems almost sacrilegious to mention the two words in one breath, and yet we find in our hearts nothing to condemn us, if on the same day that we glory in the success of our soldiers on the fields of France and Poland, we take time to honor that little Bethlehem babe who came to proclaim good-will and peace to all mankind. Even the most serious-minded Christian feels that in this particular war, it is not only right but necessary to take up arms; that the slaughter of men and

nations of men is comparatively insignificant if only justice, truth, right, and peace are guaranteed to the race. In other words, this is a Holy War and only as such can it be justified. Viewed in that light, it may be considered not as in opposition to the angel's message but as its fulfilment.

The first note of that message was "Glory to God in the Highest." How can one better glorify God than by using all his powers to make the good, the true and the merciful prevail. It may be that the triumph of the highest will necessitate the destruction of human life. It has always been so. In a great cause one cannot be too earnest. When Joash shot his arrows and smote the ground thrice, the prophet rebuked him, saying: "Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." The great end is not primarily that of saving human life, but that of glorifying God. If we are in this war for any other reason it will be hard to reconcile our action with the doctrines of the Master whose sovereignty we acknowledge.

But it will be urged by some that even defensive warfare is inconsistent with the second note of the angel's song—Peace! Here we must not deceive ourselves by giving a wrong interpretation to a word. Looking at the world as it was six months ago, we know well that there was only seeming peace. It was war potential all the time. And war potential must in the sight of God, who judges motives as well as actions, be just as monstrous as war actual. The only way to enduring peace seems to be through war, and we must feel that we are God's ministers in this matter to put an end for all time to the reign of militarism. We are to bring about a new condition of things under which there will be no need of armaments and conscription. If the world, after the war, is to settle down in its old way of living, in order to prepare for another war—one hundred or a thousand years hence—we are little better off. We must have as our ideal, the deal set forth on that first Christmas night—Peace.

The third note of the midnight song was "Good-will." Then must our attitude all through be one of sorrow for those we have to punish. Indeed there has been not the slightest variation in the sentiment expressed by the press and people of our land. There is nothing but good-will for the German people. There is not a Canadian heart which does not sympathize with the sufferings of the wives and children of the fallen soldiers. There is on the other hand complete detestation of the principle which the ruling class in Germany would make triumphant.

Therefore, whether we think of God's Glory, or Peace, or Good-will among men, we can but feel that the only thing for us to do is in the strength of Him who rules the destinies of mankind to press on to victory—not our victory but His, and for His glory.

* * *

A Christmas Parable

On Christmas Day, many years ago, when there was more forest than corn land on the earth, a woodman was hastening to his home. The trees were bare of leaves, but snow was falling and only one who knew could have found his way in the gloom. This was a poor man with rough hands and coarse, home-spun clothing. Many a sad hour he had spent at his lonely toil in the

woods. But on this particular day there is neither sadness nor look of poverty on his face. The joyful thought is in his heart, "It is a half-holiday, and I am going to spend it eating a Christmas dinner with my wife and little ones."

As he made his way through the blinding snow he heard the moaning of some one in distress. He stopped. He followed the sound, and at the foot of a tree, shivering with cold and hunger, and all white with flakes of snow, he found a strayed child. The sight went to his heart. The innocent grief, the tears, the wet clothes, the pinched face, made the tears come into his own eyes. He thought of his own children sitting beside the warm log fire, and of the joy awaiting them that afternoon. His thoughts went back to the time when he was a child himself, and to the times without number, when like this child, he had lost his way in this very wood. Then he imagined himself, or one of his children, in the place of the child before him. What would his wish be if he, or a child of his, were in this child's place? It was the work of a moment to think all this. In less time than I have taken to tell it, he had lifted the child in his arms and was hastening on as before. And by-and-by he came to the little hut which was his home. The mother and children were peering out through the half-open door for the first sight of him, and waiting to give him a Christmas welcome home. But the child was a surprise. What was this in father's arms, so pinched, so cold, so thinly clad? The story of finding him was told at once. And at once also both mother and children welcomed the little stranger to their home. Very soon the wet clothes had given place to dry, and the warmest corner at the fireside was given up to him.

How happy they all were in that hut that afternoon! Never had Christmas Day been more joyfully spent! The humble cottage seemed to grow larger. The fire burned more brightly than ever they had known. And when they gathered around the table and stood up, after the manner of the wood folk, to sing a Christmas carol by way of grace, it seemed as if every child had learned to sing more sweetly than before. And the poor, pinched, thin-looking stranger sang louder and happier than them all, and with a voice that seemed to belong to heaven, it was so sweet.

Then they sat down to their Christmas dinner. Everything tasted sweet. The black bread seemed not so black as its wont. And in the mouth it tasted like wheaten bread. The children noticed also that the pinched look left the face of the stranger; the very clothes seemed to change and brighten, and when he spoke it was like listening to an angel.

Not on all the earth that day was there a happier Christmas party. And when at last it was over and the children had to go to bed, it some way did not surprise them that the strange child prayed for all in the house who had been so kind to him. Then he kissed them all around.

In the morning, he was gone. But the black bread was changed to white bread. The brass money in the mother's pocket was changed to gold. Then the pious hearts in the humble cottage knew that it was the Christ Child Himself who had been their guest; but they did not know, they could not at once understand that these things and the happy memory of his visit were the blessing with which he repaid them for showing the Golden Rule.

The Poetry of Common Things

WRITTEN FOR THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY BY NELLIE L. M'CLUNG



LET ME BEGIN inoffensively with flowers, and plants and trees, common green things, inconvertible matters, against which there is no law. In this day of unrest and warring opinions, it would seem as if a contemplation of these things might have a soothing effect on our troubled spirits, for surely there is no corruption in carrots, no tricks in turnips, no mixed motives in marigolds. To look at the world of nature it would seem to give us a perfect example of submission and meekness of spirit, but it is not so. Nature is neither resigned nor submissive. It is her resistance to environment which teaches us the strongest lessons.

Plants have one ambition and therein they have the advantage of us, who, often have too many, or none at all. The plant's ambition is to grow, to leave home, to widen out. To stay at home is death!

If a seed fall at its mother's side, it is doomed to a stunted life, or a miserable death, and in the vegetable world, just as in our own, life is sweet. So the seed fights for air, for space, for a chance!

Seeds grow wings to help them to overcome space, just as you and I must grow wings to carry us over the rough places. You know the little wings of the maple seed, the soft down of the poplar and dandelion, the treacherous tumble weed that travels for miles. Every seed has some device, some scheme for overcoming space; sometimes it is just a pitiful little screw or whirl to delay its fall, and hold it in the air a little longer, and although many times the little device fails, that does not prevent the next seed from trying it.

Once a rootlet (according to Brandis) in penetrating the soil came in contact with an old boot sole, hard and apparently impossible to penetrate. The root at once subdivided itself into as many little rootlets as there were holes in the boot sole left by the needle, and then when they had safely passed through the tiny openings, they came together again and formed one root.

All nature throbs with struggle, hopes, achievement, and the man, woman or child who can draw near in faith, and read the message which God pins on every tree and flower, has a strong armour with which to bear life's battles.

There is poetry in everything that God has made; poetry means creation and God's work is all creative, it is only sin that destroys. Sin disintegrates, separates, breaks, scatters. It is dirt which keeps the wound from healing, the cement from setting, but poetry born of God is all creative.

Nature has spared no pains in producing beauty, for beauty is nourishing. There is the bow in the clouds, the gold in the western sky; the serrated leaf, the gorgeous



NELLIE L. M'CLUNG

Photo Jossop, Gladstone

color of the butterfly. Nature goes to no end of trouble to produce harmonious effects, for God knows that weary pilgrims on life's thorny highway need all these helps to bear life's burdens!

The poetic insight, which helps us to read aright the messages of good cheer, is not given to every one. In many it has been crushed out by the bitter grind of life. Things have to be chosen for their use and their ability to produce results. I once heard a woman say that she did not see why there was such a row made about the North Pole. It was no great find for whoever got it, for it was a poor frozen out place and would not grow anything anyway! She had, by reason of her hard experience with

late springs and early frost, acquired but one standard of value for any locality—would it grow wheat? We do an injustice to our children when we teach them, by our example, leanness of soul, letting them underestimate beauty.

A little boy once went out for tea; he belonged to a very large family. The lady of the house told him he was to choose his own cup and saucer from the china cabinet. Much to her surprise he chose a dark blue one, in preference to all the more gaily colored ones. She asked him why he liked the dark blue one best. He promptly told her he did not like it at all, but he took it because it wouldn't show the dirt.

We speak often of the depopulation of our rural neighborhoods, and wonder why our young people crowd into the cities, leaving good homes on the farm. Many have been the theories propounded, but the depopulation goes on.

Man cannot live by bread alone. Neither does a home consist of a place to eat, and a place to sleep. I have seen farm houses where the books consist of departmental store catalogues and "The Horse and His Diseases," by a veterinary authority and these were not the homes of poor people either. I once knew a family, who earnestly desired some sort of a musical instrument, and after much solicitation got their father to consent to look at organs. He did so and when he found out an organ was worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars, he nearly fainted. When he recovered from his swoon, he bought a Jewsharp. But the next spring he bought a farm and paid down three thousand dollars. You see the farm was a perfect legitimate investment and would pay a return; the organ would not bring in a cent.

We have set a money value on things. It is not the individual who is to blame but the race.

The lilies of the field, in the sight of our Master had a value, though as toilers and spinners they are decided failures.

Some day, in our public schools, we will have a department for the study of Beauty; a department for Poetry, a department of Humanity, whose object will be to make life fuller, sweeter and deeper. Let us show people how to be happy and it will be easy for them to be good.

Gallant Servia's Christmas

By N. Tourneur

THE Servians as a nation are firm believers in celebrating Christmas right royally according to the manners of their forefathers. Just that tenacity which has enabled them to play their part gallantly against Austria, and thus aid the common cause of the Allies, makes them cling to their ancestral ways.

Poverty and simplicity are everywhere evident in the average Servian home—the little dwelling built of smoothed-over clay and whitewashed with a bluish tinge with a stripe of blue at each

is called the "Baduyak," has to be kept burning from midnight on Christmas Eve. When it is put into the fire on the open hearth the thicker end protrudes, and is thickly smeared with honey. On Christmas morning the whole family gather round the "Baduyak," and greet each other across it.

Meantime, roast pig, which takes the chief place of honor among the dishes on Christmas Day in Servia, has been cooking; and, as it is the custom to fast on Christmas Eve, everybody has a good appetite for the feast.



The first Snow Flurry.

corner and geometrical designs painted in red and blue about the windows and in the centre of each exterior wall. But at Christmastide the fire burning on the hearth on the earthen floor, where, too, is an oven also of earth, is taken up with pots and pans, and the oven is choke-full of pies, and tasty rye bread, and the inevitable short-bread and plum cake, be it ever so small. On the mantelpiece of the great chimney the plates of coarse white porcelain, blue pitchers, lamps, and platters, shine brightly against the yellow wall. In a near corner another shelf holds the great tin pans with wooden covers, and the other utensils, and the household stores. In

No one, however, ever eats a mouthful until the arrival of the first Christmas visitor to greet the family. This individual, who is known as the "Polozuik," strikes the "Baduyak" as he enters; and as the burning log sends a cloud of sparks upward he exclaims: "May you have this coming year just as many oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, and as much good luck, prosperity, progress and happiness, as you all wish."

On Christmas Eve the folk of Servia have a most singular rite illustrative of the ancient ceremony of tree worship, and the adherence of the Servians to their customs. The owner of a barren fruit tree puts an axe on his shoulder,

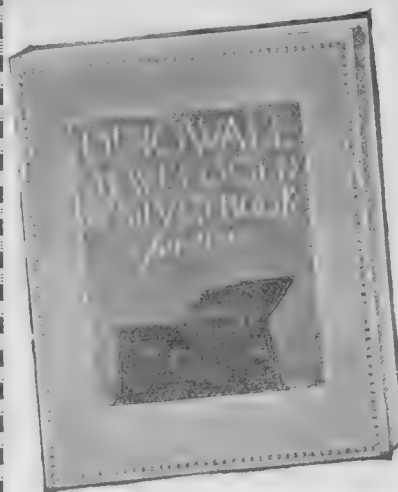


A Contrast. The new train and the old steamer on the Skeena River.

the humblest Servian household all is bustle to celebrate His Birthday. Throughout all Servia great importance is attached to it.

Immediately the sun rises the young folks of every family go in to the nearest forest, and fell down a small oak tree, from which is cut a log. The tree must fall toward the East to ensure luck to the household. If it so happens, that it falls to the West then a year's bad luck is expected. Two logs are then sawed from the trunk, one of them larger than the other. The larger, which

and together with a friend he betakes himself to the spot where the tree is growing. The peasant, swinging the axe again and again, threatens the tree with destruction. But at each motion of the axe the friend implores him not to cut the tree down. Three times the axe is swung, and three times the intercession is made. Through this means it is hoped by the Servian that the tree-spirit will take warning, and bring upon the tree a full and healthy crop of fruit next autumn.



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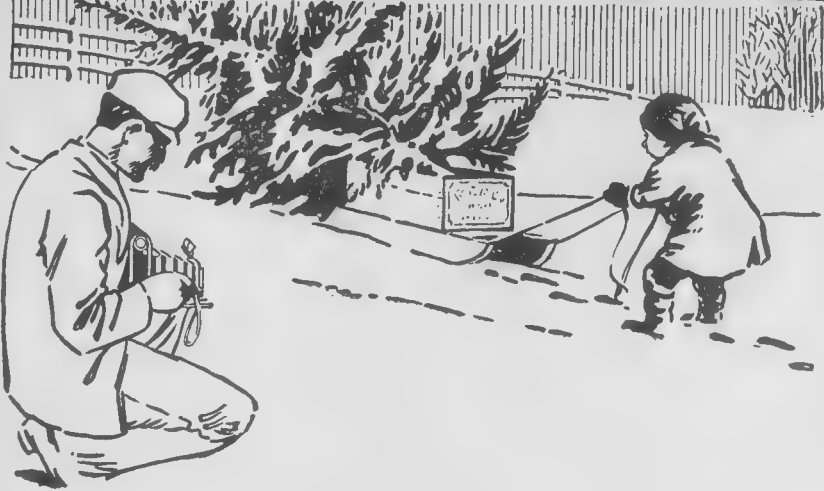
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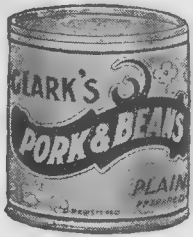
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Aunt Sophie's Christmas

By Amy Emil Seely

WHEN Ruth Wilmar visited Aunt Sophie at mid-summer, she imparted to that old lady so glowing a description of their last Christmas festivities that the good soul was infused with a spirit of emulation. "If only I could fix up things like the city folks what a day 'twould be hereabouts." So mused the old lady, and with the speculation came an inspiration. Thereafter every nickel that came into Aunt Sophie's possession was deposited in a little silk bag designed for its reception, and so, one week before Christmas, she found herself the proud possessor of thirteen dollars and thirty-five cents.

Invitations were already out for Aunt Sophie's Christmas party.

"I ain't going to make no explanations," she told her prospective guests. Nevertheless, she managed to dispense so many vague and mysterious hints as to leave those good country people on the tip-toe of expectancy.

Next day's mail brought a note from Rob and Tommy, Aunt Sophie's two sons, announcing that as the trail was snowed up, those young men would be unable to get their teams home for Christmas. Rob and Tommy worked in a logging camp "back in the hills." This

As a matter of fact, Aunt Sophie really required her maid every minute of that day, but—well, doubtless, Sally's mother needed her still more.

Half an hour later, Sally's mistress having betaken herself to the kitchen, turned her attention to the preparation of the Christmas turkey. The lifeless gallinacean lay on a board before her, and under the old lady's skillful manipulation rapidly assumed the aspect of a respectable table bird. His sleek and well rounded anatomy, together with his extensive avoirdupois, more than compensated his late benefactress and later executioner, for all labor expended upon him.

Aunt Sophie was lost in admiration of her subject when the door opened and in came old Jenkins, the hired man, from the wood pile to warm his numbed fingers at the kitchen fire.

"What think you of that for a bird?" demanded the artist, triumphantly, displaying her handiwork.

"Well enough," was the unsympathetic rejoinder, "'twill satisfy the stomach but for a day and then it will be done with."

"Wind not right to-day Jenkins?" enquired Aunt Sophie, good naturedly. "How—rheumatism these days?"



Army Service Corps distributing bully-beef to the firing line

was the first wet blanket to the old lady's ardor, but she merely dropped a tear of disappointment on the missive and laid it away with the reflection, "Well we'll just have to manage without 'em, that's all."

"What a feast it will be, and not at noon either, but a real fashionable six o'clock dinner, like the city folks. There'll be the big fat turkey gobbler as I've stuffed for six good weeks, the puddens, the mince pies, the tarts filled with blackcurrants off my own bushes, and cream from the Jersey herself. Then to top off, the Christmas tree in the parlor." Aunt Sophie went over this mental summary with rapidly increasing satisfaction at least nine times daily.

The company was to comprise ten invited guests, in addition to Uncle Reuben and Aunt Sophie, with Sally the maid of all work to wait at table. And it was all to be kept as a surprise from Uncle Reuben.

The morning of Christmas eve found Aunt Sophie early astir. Sally had been left in charge of the kitchen with instructions to polish up the dinner set, which had not been used since Thanksgiving Day, while Aunt Sophie undertook to make ready the guest chamber, "in case any of them settled to stay the night." She was in the midst of this operation when Sally, wearing a rather rueful countenance, appeared at the doorway.

"What now?" demanded her mistress apprehensively, "you ain't been breaking any of the chiny?"

"No, no," Sally corrected, "'taint that, Aunt Sophie, but Johnny's just come round to say as mother's got one of her bad spells and wants me home right off."

Aunt Sophie reflected a moment. "Well go long," she said, "only mind you're back by noon to-morrow."

To the latter question Jenkins vouchsafed no reply.

"Wind's wrong," he muttered, "always wrong. Nothings right no more."

"Wait till you've done your duty by this turkey, then you'll see things a sight different," she told him.

"Don't make no difference anyhow," the old man went on speculatively, "I'm a stranger and an outcast from my family. Time was when I could festivate with the best of them and keep Christmas at home; with wife and children too, but when a man gets old the world ain't got no more lollipops for him."

"Why don't you go home for Christmas, Jenkins?" asked Aunt Sophie, practically.

"Can't get away."

"Come now," persuaded the old lady, "you go home, we'll get along alright till you get back."

Suddenly the door-latch lifted and in walked unannounced a big shaggy wolf-hound.

"Git out you brute," growled Jenkins, half rising to eject the unbidden guest.

"Let him be, Jenkins," Aunt Sophie interposed, "he's half starved, poor creature; maybe I can find him a bit of waste now and agen."

"Throw a dog a bone," grumbled the other prophetically, "and he'll take the joint when your back's turned."

"Come Jenkins, ain't you going? Train ain't in for another half hour. You've time aplenty fer the run down."

Jenkins shook his head dubiously. "Td go in a minute," he said, "but I ain't got the money."

Aunt Sophie laid down her knife.

"How much does it cost," she asked, "to take you there?"

"Full ten dollars, there and back," Jenkins told her promptly.

The old lady had an inspiration, she turned and left the room without a word.

With Aunt Sophie sense of duty and performance were as naturally consecutive as sleeping and waking, and when she returned she carried in her hand a familiar silk bag.

"Here, Jinkins," she said, "there's plenty to take you home and bring you back agen. Now be off or you'll miss the train."

Jinkins wasted no words in expostulation. His fingers clutched the silk bag convulsively.

"The Lord repay you," he muttered, "fer I can't"; and with that he was off.

As a matter of fact, the present plight of the old man was directly due to an over-familiarity with the "Wayside House" and other like institutions, all of which Aunt Sophie was well aware, but according to her unconscious code of ethics, present necessity out-weighed every other consideration, and when later in the day Uncle Reuben was growling over the desertion of his employee, Aunt Sophie defended the latter as she had done her neighbor's hungry dog.

"Let him be, Reub," she said, "he couldn't bide no how without getting home fer Christmas. There's wood aplenty to last over."

Meanwhile, having arranged the now completed turkey upon a huge platter, Aunt Sophie betook herself to the parlor, where, at this moment, stood a beautiful fir tree which Aunt Sophie's own hands had erected.

In the little settlement of Black Thorn, the general store, notwithstanding its limited dimensions, supplied every requirement of the district, from a nickel's worth of glue to a full suit of best clothes. This shop Aunt Sophie had intended visiting early in the afternoon, with the object of laying out in full thirteen dollars and thirty-five cents upon the adornment of her tree. But now the old lady contemplated its bare suggestiveness for a full five minutes, and when she turned, closing the door softly behind her, her eyes were suspiciously moist. Not that the old lady regretted her generosity. Oh, no! Aunt Sophie was too whole-souled for that! Neither was she given to despair while a vestige of hope remained; and as she slowly returned to the kitchen, she soliloquised:

"Well, we'll just have to get along without it, and if I can't keep 'em amused my name ain't Sophie Vickers."

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"I lost my appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin.

"My home cares were very heavy, for beside a large family of my own I have also to look out for an aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and come what might I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down.

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble like mine being helped by Grape-Nuts food and acting on this suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing.

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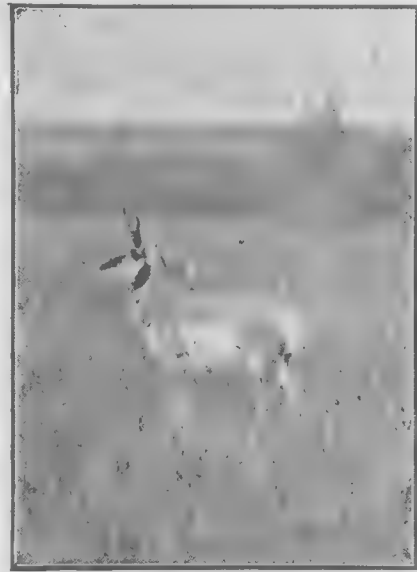
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

Let's see. There's the magic lantern as Tommy ain't used for years, bless him, and the Punch and Judy belonging to Rob, who won't be here to show 'em, poor lad, but I'll get Reub. to do it and there ain't nobody about here as can beat him. Then there's the dinner as 'll cap all"—but Aunt Sophie got no further. She had reached the kitchen door and there she stood transfixed with horror. On the table where she had left the turkey stood the plate empty. A few fragments remained and that was all. Smothering a cry of despair, Aunt Sophie dashed through the open door. The snow showed the tell-tale marks of the four-footed robber, with one continuous indentation where the plunder had been dragged along, showing the burden to have been too great even for those powerful jaws.

Through the open gate and down the trail Aunt Sophie followed the marks, till suddenly they turned off into the dense underbrush and were lost. Then she turned and went slowly back to the house.

Down upon a chair in the kitchen she sank in hopeless despair, her apron thrown over her head, and so Ruth Wilmar found her twenty minutes later.

At eleven a.m. the westbound train which stopped at Black Thorn to gather up old Jinkins and bear him to the bosom of his family, also deposited at that little flag station a passenger in the form of Ruth Wilmar, bound for the ranch of Reuben Vickers.



A fine specimen of the Canadian Deer in Wainwright Park, Alta.

Springing lightly from the platform, Miss Ruth pulled her sable stole high about her ears and plunged gleefully into the snow. The morning was clear and crisp. The sun poured his wintry beams with little effect on the frost-clad world.

At the hilltop back of the station Ruth Wilmar left the roadway, choosing in preference the foot trail with its still unbroken track and its dense canopy of white-starred evergreens. This trail led directly to the Vickers' ranch, for in these districts each ranch has its own foot path leading from the gateway and penetrating the uncleared timber lands as far as the store, postoffice and railway station. These three to the rancher constitute the centre of civilization.

As she bounded over the trail Ruth's face lit with pleasurable anticipation, and she laughed delightedly to picture the surprise her coming would create at the ranch. Finally she scaled the steps to her aunt's back door, lifted the latch unceremoniously, and faced Aunt Sophie with glowing cheeks and eyes brilliant as the snow-crystals that besprinkled her wraps.

"Why, Aunt Sophie," Ruth ejaculated at the sight of her aunt's dejection. Down went the apron and Aunt Sophie sat up straight:

"Well, Ruth Wilmar, if that ain't you."

"Yes, it really is," laughed her niece, as she administered a vigorous embrace. "I've run down to spend Christmas with you, and have a taste of the big turkey you have told me so much about. Percy's coming out" the girl rattled on, "by the afternoon train, and is bringing with him Phyllis and Jack Norwood," this with a slight heightening of color.



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"Phyllis, you know, is my dearest friend and Jack is Percy's chum."

Aunt Sophie only stared stupidly.

"You see," her niece went on to explain, "Mother decided not to come home for the present, as her health is not altogether restored; so father has gone to join her for a week at Los Angeles but Aunt Sophie, you don't mind our coming do you?" this a bit incredulously, for Aunt Sophie's reputation for hospitality was beyond reproach.

The old lady's reply was a relapse into the white apron and Ruth Wilmar stared aghast:

"Why, Aunt, whatever can be the matter?"

"There, Ruth, 'taint nothing, don't you mind me," declared the old lady, but her niece was not to be so easily reassured.

"There's something happened I am sure," she asserted, and added coaxingly, "Come Aunt, do tell me all about it." And so the story of Aunt Sophie's troubles came out.

Ten minutes later Ruth Wilmar turned again to the snows.

"Good bye, Aunt Sophie," she called back, "I'm going for a stroll. Don't you worry, everything will be lovely, and we shall have a jolly Christmas I promise you."

It must here be explained that Ruth and Percy Wilmar were the children of Aunt Sophie's step-brother, Richard Wilmar, upon whom fate had showered the good things of life with a lavishness beyond all reason.

Ruth's second trip was simply the converse of its predecessor. Back over the trail to the main road, past the school-house and store and into the little station. Stepping up to the wicket, she wrote hastily. The operator, a pale-eyed and over deferential man, received and promptly despatched the message and in less than half an hour's time Percy Wilmar, law student, read the following somewhat alliterative instructions:

"Percy Wilmar, Esq., etc.: Bring two turkeys, trussed: Christmas tree furnishings complete. Seven persons."

How so much was accomplished upon such short notice ever afterwards remained a mystery to the performers themselves. It may have been that some of the sender's enthusiasm was transmitted with the message, but certain it is that never before was a two-hour shopping tour executed with more satisfactory results.

Having sought out his sister's friend, Miss Phyllis Norwood, young Wilmar successfully solicited that young lady's co-operation. Together they visited every fancy shop and bargain counter attainable, not forgetting the fish and fowl markets, and finally they retreated, bearing parcels of every conceivable size and shape, all too urgent to await delivery.

Late in the afternoon 'twas a merry party that assembled at the ranch of Reuben Vickers. The baggage was left to follow in the cart of a neighboring rancher who had good-naturedly volunteered its delivery.

"Well, my patience!" was Aunt Sophie's half audible comment as she viewed the collection of bags and hampers deposited at her door. If that ain't the most surprising lot of truck to last four people over two days! There ain't no accountin' fer city folks though."

The next day being Christmas, a dainty but unsubstantial lunch was laid for six. Everyone appeared in the best of spirits, save Uncle Reub., whose doleful countenance bespoke his disappointment as he slowly surveyed the table.

"Ain't this Christmas?" he asked, plaintively, "where's the turkey and stuff?"

Aunt Sophie bristled with indignation and importance. "This ain't dinner," she told him, "It's lunch. Dinner'll come on later."

Thus reassured, Uncle Reuben directed his attention to the ham sandwiches and lemon turnover. Having disposed of these evanescent delicacies, the old man pushed aside his plate with the remark: "Guess I'm done with these; you ken bring on the dinner ef you life."

A withering glance from Aunt Sophie fell upon him. "Reuben Vickers," she began, "if you ain't the ninniest man I ever did see. You'll get no bite of dinner till six o'clock, so just content yourself." Subsequently relenting, however,

she placed before him a great mince pie, half of which the old man promptly dispatched with evident satisfaction.

Luncheon cleared away and the dishes duly disposed of, Ruth confronted her aunt with the proposal: "Now, Aunt Sophie, we want you to run off and take a nap. Phyllis and I will attend to everything and you will wake up fresh for the evening."

Aunt Sophie protested vigorously, but was finally forced to surrender. The old lady accordingly settled herself with the reflection:

"I'll just lay down a bit and then go and give 'em a hand in the kitchen." Tired nature, however, disposed otherwise, and Aunt Sophie was soon wrapped in a sound slumber. When she again opened her eyes it was half-past five. With a little cry of dismay, the old lady arose. "Why I've only just time," she thought, "to fix up a bit afore they come."

In parlor and kitchen, meanwhile, preparations were steadily progressing and already the young people were reviewing their completed operations when Aunt Sophie made her appearance.

The first arrival was at the door. On the dining-table, in addition to numerous other dishes, two plump turkeys steamed on their platters, filling the room with their fumes of savory sweetness.

Presently they were all seated at the table and just as enthusiasm and good-fellowship were at their height, in came Rob and Tommy, who had managed the



Belgian Carrier Pigeon. Showing method of attaching messages.

trip after all. Extra plates were joyfully provided, and even Sally in her brand new cap and apron, encountering Rob's bashfully adoring glance, was exalted to the seventh heaven of happiness. And so, amid laughter and feasting, time sped with lightning swiftness. The great clock in the hall pealed forth its eight notes of warning, whereupon everyone arose and a general procession was headed for the parlor. The door opened, revealing such a blaze of lights and gleam of colors as never before was witnessed at Black Thorn. What a volley of "Ohs" and "Ahs" broke forth from the assembly. The summit of Aunt Sophie's glory was achieved. Her eyes shone with a lustrous brilliancy, but not an exclamation of surprise or delight escaped her. These, with her expressions of gratitude, were reserved for a later hour.

"Fer," she mentally ejaculated, "I ain't going to make a ninny of myself before these people." And so another two hours sped all too quickly, and again the great clock rang out; but this time it was ten and everyone realized that breaking-up time was at hand. Then, with much hand-shaking and many expressions of "Peace, good-will," the guests took their departure, unanimously proclaiming the success of Aunt Sophie's party.

Sometime after, when the city papers chronicled an account of a double wedding, none but the principals traced a connection of associations to the amenities of Aunt Sophie's Christmas.

It is notable that the heart of the British Empire is controlled by a spirit no longer purely German, but far more Celtic, and that a great decline in force has overtaken that once rich culture, so far as it is German.—Karl Lamprecht, in "Berliner Tageblatt."

A Christmas Legend of King Arthur's Country

By Arthur Warren and J. Leon Williams

THE Vale of Somerset stretches thirty miles eastward from the Bristol Channel to the inland cliffs of Dorset and Wiltshire. Isolated in the center of its lovely fertile plain stands a curious coneshaped hill. This lonely height, crowned with an ancient tower, is the famous Tor of Glastonbury, the conspicuous center of the most stirring legends of the religion and the history of the English race.

From the earliest days of man's abode in Britain, the imposing, lonely Tor has been a place of mystery, of teaching, and of war. Upon its narrow summit the pagan kindled his sacred fires and watched the face of his sun-god disappear at evening behind the mountains over the western sea. Around this Tor men have wrought from the earliest ages, carving the England that we knew to-day. In the green hills bordering the lovely valley, the relics of cave-men are unearthed; at the foot of the cone, the clustered abodes of a colony of lake-dwellers are still extant; around the steep faces of the Tor, remnants of Roman earthworks remain; at its foot King Arthur lived and died; and here, before the Romans fought their way into the west of Britain, and five centuries before Augustine established at Canterbury the seat of the English Christian Church, pilgrims came from Jerusalem and built a little chapel of withe and wattle, and dedicated it to the service of our Lord. Two hundred years before Constantine declared Christianity to be the religion of the Romans, a Christian settlement flourished on this Somersetshire hill. Among the ruins which crown it still and grace its southern slope, you stand, if legend be not wholly false, as near the footprints of the devoted men who saw the dreadful deed that was done on Calvary, and who walked and talked with the Master in Jerusalem, as if you wandered among the moldering ruins of old Rome.

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"Finally I spoke to our family physician about it and he asked me if I drank much coffee and mother told him that I did. He told me to immediately stop drinking coffee and drink Postum in its place as he and his family had used Postum and found it a powerful re-builder and delicious food-drink.

"I hesitated for a time, disliking the idea of having to give up my coffee but finally I got a packet and found it to be all the doctor said.

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A long, low hill behind the Tor stretches toward the south, and on its westward slope that "rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple," and who, as St. Matthew tells, "begged from Pilate the body of Jesus, and wrapped it in clean linen, and laid it in his own new tomb," came one day in the year 63, with eleven disciples, sent to Britain by St. Philip, who was preaching the word in Gaul. Joseph and his companions steered their craft up an arm of the Bristol Channel to this commanding isle of Ynyswitrin, where they landed greatly fatigued after a perilous journey. The long, low hill where they disembarked is known to this day as "Weary-all Hill," in commemoration of their perilous adventure. The men of the country came down to inquire what manner of pilgrims these were, and not liking their mission, bade them depart. The natives threatened so fiercely that Joseph, to defend his little band, awed the bold Britons by a miracle. He thrust into the earth the staff which he had brought from Jerusalem, where he had cut it from the tree from which was made the crown of thorns. Above his knotted stick he made the sign of the cross, and cried, "By the grace of Him who for us men hung on the tree of Calvary, wearing the thorny crown, I bid thee to be as they wert wont to be, in the bloom of spring."

Then in the pale sunset light of the December evening, as the frosty mists crept upward through the leafless branches of the surrounding trees, there grew before the astonished gaze of the pagans a beautiful thornbush which shot forth green leaves and presently burst into full bloom. The wintry air was filled with a fragrance sweeter than had ever saluted the native senses in sunny May or June. The people prostrated themselves at the feet of Joseph, believing their god, Baal, had appeared to them indeed. The king of the country, hearing of the marvel, bade the stranger stay and practise his holy arts. He gave to the pilgrims this island of Ynyswitrin, and here Joseph and his disciples dwelt, and built a rude chapel of wattled rods, which they dedicated to the Virgin Mary, in obedience to a command of the Archangel Gabriel, who appeared to them in a vision.

"I know," says the old monk to Percival, in the "Idylls of the King":

"From our old books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,
And there the heathen prince, Arviragus,
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;

And there he built with wattles from the marsh,

A little lonely church in days of yore."

Joseph and his disciples languished and died in this land of the barbarians. One hundred and three years after their arrival in the valley, two missionaries, sent from Rome at the request of Lucius, king of the Britons, found the sacred building still intact, and they called it the "Vetusta Ecclesia," or "old church," by which name it was subsequently known through eleven centuries.

These two missionaries selected from their converts twelve men who dwelt in the island as anchorites, and performed daily service in the Vetusta Ecclesia. When an anchorite died, his place was filled by another convert. The band flourished for full three hundred years, and then St. Patrick, who had been forty-seven years in Ireland, appeared in the pleasant valley and found twelve anchorites living on the twelve hides of land which had been granted to their predecessors. St. Patrick taught the anchorites the regular "coenobial" life; he made monks of them, and made himself abbot; he built a little abbey church; and here, with the order which he had created, he lived for thirty-nine years, dying A. D. 472, at the age of one hundred and eleven, his grave being made near the altar of the Vetusta Ecclesia, which had been preserved with most religious care by those who had held it in their keeping. Paulinus, archbishop of



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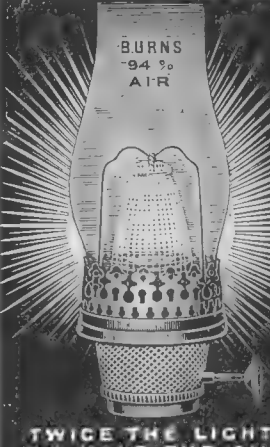
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York, in the seventh century, encased the venerable chapel in lead and it remained whole for seven hundred years after St. Patrick's death, when it was destroyed by fire.

Thus the Christian legend runs, and the books of the divines. If you seek further confirmation of it,—well, there is the hill to begin with,—“Weary-all Hill,” where Joseph and his friends landed weary and worn on a December afternoon. You will not find the thorn-tree which sprung there from his staff, but you will find a flat, white stone lying on the hill-slope, in commemoration of that miraculous growth which flourished here till the Cromwellian wars, and was then cut down by a fanatic soldier who had no love for “popish relics.” This vandal warrior made a bad business of his wood-cutting, for a chip of the bark flew into his eye and so blinded him that he made a false stroke with his axe and cut off one of his legs. The brave knave, however, succeeded in destroying one trunk of the two which had grown from a single root. The second tree was destroyed by an imitator of his zeal about the middle of the eighteenth century. But two hundred years or more before that slips had been taken from it and from its companion and planted in the gardens about Glastonbury, where several descendant trees are now extant, and may be seen flowering at Christmas-time. Glastonbury and the shrewd merchants of Bristol were wont to push a thrifty trade in the holy blossoms of Joseph's tree, in the days when the folk were more superstitious than now—if ever such days were!

If Joseph did not build the little church of withe and wattle, the legend anticipates but a small stretch of time, for all the old writers, and the modern ones, agree that in British, or early Roman times, within about one hundred years from the death of Christ, a church was built at Glastonbury, and, under the name of *Vetusta Ecclesia*, it was venerated as the first Christian church in Britain. It became a holy place, the object of pilgrimages from afar; saints and kings were buried near its altar; the most splendid and powerful monastery of Britain grew up around it, and about the island-valley where it stood,

there gathered with the march of years a wealth of lore and legend greater in interest and mystery than any other spot Britain ever knew. To this place King Arthur, “deeply smitten thro' the helm,” passed from Camelot, in the dusky barge whose decks

“... were dense with stately forms, Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream,” to heal him of his grievous wound. From the peak of the capricious Tor you gaze upon

“... the island-valley of Avilion; Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, Nor ever wind blows, loudly; but it lies Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns, And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.”

Here is King Arthur's country, and the heart of it. Camelot, the capital town and fortress of the West Welsh, was only fifteen miles away as an arrow flies. The present little town of Glastonbury, which sprawls at the foot of the weird cone-hill, was in Arthur's time the site of the most venerated religious house in Britain, and, for its sacred savor, the king sought its shelter for his death-place.

Here is the heart of King Arthur's country—Avalon, the place of apple orchards; the Avalonia of the Romans, the *Ynyswitrin* of the Britons, the *Glaestingaburh* of the Saxons, and the Glastonbury of to-day. It is still a place of apple orchards. There are more of them than in King Arthur's time, for the land has been drained, the sea walled out, and the wide plain covered with fair farms. The town itself is not interesting; it long ago lost whatever ambition it may have had to become a Mecca. It plundered all there was of the glorious architecture of the ancient days. What the great wrecker, Henry, left, Glastonbury built cottages and shops withal, and made roads out of altar-pieces and Norman architecture. Half a century ago the population was buying Glastonbury abbey at a shilling a cart-load, and to-day you can travel half the way to Wells on a road supported by the sculp-

tured stones which were removed wholesale by the stalwart hinds of Somerset, who know little, and care less, about the few “papistical remains” which still cumber the ground. On the other hand, the country-folk round about among the hills and in the plains commanded by the steep mysterious Tor atone for their lack of archaeological fervor by their fondness for the Arthurian legend, which they treasure in a simple way, guarding it steadfastly enough, even sternly, from the curious strangers who come here seeking folklore.

The Arthurian legends were in the care of the Welsh bards until the time of Henry II, when they seem to have passed over to the charge of the monks of Glastonbury, and in a fashion which links some notable events in England's history. Becket had been killed at Canterbury. King Henry, eager to divert the popular excitement, set forth to invade Ireland. He crossed his kingdom and reached the coast of Pembroke-shire, where he tarried a little until his forces were ready to embark on their adventure. He was entertained at Kilgarren castle, a stronghold built by Roger de Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings. The ruins of Kilgarren still stand on the banks of the river Tieve. In the great banqueting hall of the castle there was held a stately ceremonial enriched by all the rude splendor that a medieval baron could bring for the diversion of his king. The host and his liegemen, the king and his nobles and warriors, the imposing figures of the Welsh bards, who were held in the esteem of their countrymen not less than the prophets of old were by the Hebrews, made a striking company. The scene was enlivened by the blaze of torches, the glare of hospital fires, by glistening armor and shining plate. There was high revelry for the entertainment of the king. After the banquet the bards approached the dais where his majesty sat, and they sang to him of the doughty deeds of the great King Arthur. They told how Arthur had ranged his Red Cross knights against the faithless Modred; how, in spite of his stupendous valor, he fell covered with wounds; how Merlin's magic brought an elfin

queen who threw a mystic mantle o'er the king and bore him far away to an embowered isle, where she placed him in an enchanted bed and sprinkled his wounds with dew from Arabian flowers; they told how the king revived and was healed of his grievous wound, and how, in a fair and fragrant clime, he continued to reign in the prime of immortal manhood, and would some day come again to Britain to resume his throne. This and much more they sang till the chief of the bards, a dignified and stately man, whose deep-set, brilliant eyes, long white hair and flowing silvery beard, combined to give him the appearance of a seer, stepped forth, saluted King Henry, and began a sort of prologue to his song.

His mission was one of grave import, he said; and as he told his tale, striking his harp and chanting his rude rhymes, the king moved forward on his throne, intent on what he heard; the nobles listened in astonished silence, and the bardic group, amazed to hear its revered chief deny the hoary legend of their faith, stood awed before the melodious revelation.

“I come,” the bardic chief declared, “to rouse King Henry, and deny the strange fantastic legend of Arthur's fate. King Arthur is dead, in very truth; he does not live to come again.” It was the license of the poet that kept alive the story that Arthur lived and would return some day; it impressed the thoughtless and the ignorant with the traditions of a great name; and for the wise it also had a meaning. But through the centuries the bardic chiefs had known the truth and passed it with secret vows to their successors. Thus had the white-haired sage received the secret, and now had come the time foretold of yore when he should break it to the King of England, and through the king pronounce it to the world.

And then he sang how Arthur had been overborne, and had not passed to some fair realm, there to rest immortal, and from thence return to England and his crown

“But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane
In the fair isle of Avalon.”

He was buried secretly in a three-fathom grave. None knew the spot save the bardic chiefs, who kept the mystery through all the centuries of war and desecration, when Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman swept across the land. But now a new era had dawned upon Britain, and King Henry could win the distinction of rescuing from oblivion the grave of the hero king. Near Joseph's chapel, on the Apple Isle, and 'twixt two pyramids of mossy stone, should Henry's liegemen dig. “Promise this, O King,” exclaimed the bard, “and thine arms shall conquer in the imminent war!”

King Henry, mightily bestirred with the bard's narrative, and eager to increase the luster of his name, promised that after his Irish wars he would seek the sepulcher where in King Arthur's bones lay secretly inurned. He crossed St. George's channel, conquered the recreant isle, and returned to England. Events of greater issue prevented him from fulfilling his promise to seek the sepulcher of Arthur, but he told his nephew, Henry de Soliaco, abbot of Glastonbury, what the bard had revealed. For some reason de Soliaco delayed his search until two years after his uncle's death. Then, in 1191, Richard I being on the throne, the abbot caused the excavations to be made. The instructions of the old Welsh bard were faithfully followed. Between two richly sculptured pyramids which stood outside the church near its western end, the monks of Soliaco dug. At a depth of six feet they came upon a flat stone inlaid with a leaden cross which bore upon its inner surface, next the stone, this inscription, rudely carved in Latin: “Here lies buried, in the island of Avalonia, the renowned King Arthur.” The excavations were carried ten feet deeper when another stone was found bearing Arthur's name, and under this a huge sarcophagus of hollowed oak. The sarcophagus was opened: it showed two divisions, one containing the bones of a man of immense stature. His leg-bone set upright on the ground reached to

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SAY “MADE IN CANADA”

the middle of the thigh of a tall monk who measured it. In the smaller division of the sarcophagus were found the bones of Queen Guinevere, and a tress of her glorious golden hair, which fell to dust at the touch of a hasty monk. These remains were placed in a black marble mausoleum, fashioned like the sepulcher of hollowed oak, and removed to the middle of the presbytery. Eighty-five years later, A.D. 1276, when Edward I and his queen visited Glastonbury to celebrate the Easter festivals, the mausoleum was opened for them, and the relics placed in front of the high altar for the adoration of the people. Leland, who saw this tomb in the fifteenth century, said: "At the head of Arthur's tomb lay Henricus, Abbas (Henry de Bois), and a crucifix; at the feet, a figure of Arthur; a cross on the tomb, and two lions at the head and two at the feet." One of these lions is still preserved. Remains of two pyramids, on the spot indicated by the Welsh bard, were visible until the middle of the eighteenth century.

Stand upon that strange, conical hill, the Tor, and you are more than five hundred feet above the plain. Here is Nature's watch-tower, a sublime point of defense in those days when tribe harried tribe, and nation, nation. The delectable plain, then a marshland, and its surrounding hills, became the fighting-ground of the continental legions which, one after another, century after century, infested Britain—Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman—and in the fullness of time left here the Englishman. From the Mendip hills on the north, to the Poldew and Quantock hills on the south; from the Bristol Channel and the Cheddar cliffs westward, to the escarpments of Wiltshire on the east, many of the most momentous battles were fought here by the men who made England. All is quiet now and peaceful. The land is one of orchard-lawns and green fields, of picturesque farm-dwellings and manor-houses. No great city is anywhere near. You can see the small, delightful cathedral-town of Wells as you stand on the top of the Tor by St. Michael's tower. The brown mass of the most perfectly preserved of England's great churches shows through the soft blue haze against the distant Mendips. Below you lies Glastonbury, shaped like a cross and half hidden among the trees. The little river Brue, lazily slipping down from the forest of Selwood, strikes the foot of the Tor and glides away past the town, crossing the long plain, until it drops into the Bristol Channel, having made part of its journey through dykes—for all the world like a Dutch canal, with its bed above the adjacent fields.

Turn your back to the tower of the Tor and look eastward across the plain to the high lands of Wiltshire, and you will see King Alfred's tower, a modern memorial, commanding the site of the battle at which Alfred routed the Danes. And somewhere within the shadow of that tower is the spot, once called the island of Athelney, where Alfred sought shelter in a herdsman's cottage and scandalized the good wife by letting her cakes burn unheeded on the hearth. Over every inch of the country which the Tor commands, history has been making ever since its dawn. When the Romans held Britain, as Britain now holds India, the Tor was one of the stoutest fortresses in the Western Province. The tower which crowns the hill and shelters you from the winds that whistle up from the sea is in itself a relic of antiquity. Those early missionaries who came to Somerset when Marcus Aurelius was emperor at Rome and Eleutherius was pope there, built a little church on this difficult height and dedicated it to St. Michael, after the fashion which links St. Michael's memory with hilltop chapels. That was seventeen hundred years ago, and St. Michael's chapel stood unharmed at the top of the Tor until an earthquake destroyed it, in 1276, when it was rebuilt. The present ruined tower is all that remains of the second edifice. They must have been pious souls, indeed, who toiled up to the church at early morning mass, for it is very stiff climbing. It was considered an important matter, though, that a Christian temple should crown the top of this commanding, mysterious, and perhaps sacred hill.

Here is King Arthur's country, and the heart of it. Camelot is close at hand. Fifteen or sixteen miles away to the southeast there is a hill which Somersetshire knows and swears is "the sacred mount of Camelot," where,

"... all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove, and garden-lawn, and rushing brook,
Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built.

* * * * *

And over all one statute in the mould
Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown,
And peak'd wings pointed to the Northern Star.
And eastward fronts the statue, and the crown,

And both the wings are made of gold,
and flame

At sunrise till the people in far fields
Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
Behold it, crying, 'We have still a King.'

There are outer barbarians who maintain that Camelot was in Cornwall, at Camelford; but in Somersetshire they know better than that. Malory would have it that Winchester was Camelot. Caxton said it was in Wales, that is, in what we now know as Wales, for Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset once were part of Wales. And there are learned ones content with nothing less than the identification of Carlisle with Camelot. Of course, the Scotsmen mark out a claim. Camelot was their way, they say, and for some reason which they cannot explain, even in their canniest moments, they have an "Arthur's Seat" in Edin-

burgh. But Camelot, in spite of all, was where the village of Queen Camel lay, hard by some mossy ruins on the hill at modern Cadbury. And let him who doubts flaunt his dissent in the teeth of the Somersetshire men, if he dare!

Why should Cornish Camelford be Camelot? It is a hundred miles, and more, in the line of a spear-thrust, from the isle of Avalon. And how could Arthur have been carried thence to Avalon in a barge, unless the barge had put out to sea, and, by a roundabout skirting of the coasts of Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, have made up the Bristol Channel, and so up the Brue? And why should even the weavers of legends have wished to carry the hero king, who was dying with ten wounds in his head, over so long and so perilous a journey? To have rowed from Cadbury to Glastonbury

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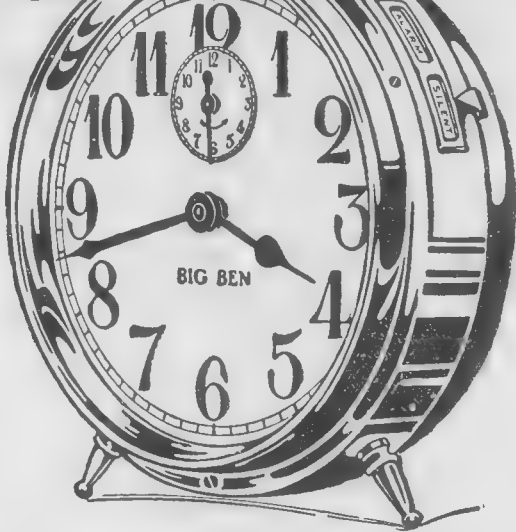
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A crackerjack of a Xmas present

Remember when you were a kid? The presents that were all shiny and bright, and that "worked!" Were't they the ones that you were proudest of?

Something for your room—something you could use all year—something like big people had in their rooms. The sensible presents appealed to you best when you were a kid. Think back a bit and see. Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.

Toys, of course, should never be displaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. But mix in useful things—things that develop pride and that make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to live up to and to live up with. Don't make the mistake

of thinking they don't feel the compliment.

Let one thing that meets the eye of your little boy and girl on Christmas Morning be that triple nickel-plated, jolly, handsome, pleasant looking, serviceable, and inspiring clock—BIG BEN. See if you don't hear them say: "Why! Isn't that a crackerjack? Is that for me to use myself?"

Big Ben is a crackerjack-of-a-Christmas-present to give to any friend. He's two presents in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time all day by. He stands seven inches tall. He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life,—big, bold, black hands you can see at a glance in the dim morning light without ever having to get out of bed—large, comfy keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want, and either way you want, five straight minutes on every other half minute for ten minutes unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 23,000 watchmakers. His price is \$2.50 anywhere in the States. \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you can't find him at your dealer's, a money order mailed to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will send him anywhere you say, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

would have been easy and natural. Any Somersetshire yokel can tell you that. Old Sarum is about as far from Cadbury as Cadbury is from Avalon. Shakspeare makes the Duke of Kent cry in "King Lear":

"Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot!"

Round about Cadbury the Arthurian legend is still a living thing. King Arthur and his knights, they say, sleep within Cadbury hill, awaiting the time when Arthur shall rise again to rule his land; the time when that prophecy shall be made good: "Arthur is come again, he cannot die; Arthur is come again with all good things, and war shall be no more."

Here at Cadbury was Camelot; here the sacred mount where the king feasted with his knights of the Round Table, in that hall which was "the stateliest under heaven." Cadbury hill is Camelot hill. Cadbury people have through centuries handed down from generation to generation the traditions which identify this place and that with the scenes of Arthur's story. High up on Camelot hill, on the eastern side, is a deep well, which, as far back as any records go (and they go far, indeed), has been known as "King Arthur's Well." Why should it be high on this hill except that

unless, indeed, they were the men who built it, as they built the chapel on the Tor. The modern English, to do them grace, did unearth St. Patrick's bones and prove the burial. Lord Byron, at the sale of Horne Tooke's library, purchased a curious old manuscript which told where St. Patrick relics were immured, and in 1823, some antiquaries, guided by this writing, discovered the tomb and found that its contents were identical with its written description. St. Patrick established the abbey, but its greatness and splendor date from the reign of Ine, the first Saxon king, who built the great church, which the first Plantagenet king rebuilt nearly five hundred years later. And so through the ages the cluster of fair buildings grew until there stood, at the foot of the Tor, a splendid range of architecture that was the admiration of the world, the pride of the pious, and the envy of kings. All that is left is a stately range of ruins in a gentleman's back garden! Beyond a stone fence, and in the middle of a pasture, is a curious, cupolaed building, all of stone from vane to foundation—the abbot's kitchen, with four monster fireplaces, where they could roast four oxen whole. Away yonder, in a country byway, on another estate, is the abbot's granary. In the High street



Bob Sleighting in Laurentian Mountains, Quebec

it once supplied the castle whose ruins are in evidence? Traces of a British road lead westward from Cadbury to Glastonbury. Within the memories of men still living the way was used as a bridle-path. How old it is we can imagine, for ever since there have been any property divisions in these parts, the boundary line of the manors and parishes has followed this old British road. And the only name it ever knew, as far as we can learn, is "King Arthur's Lane."

Leland, in the time of Henry VIII, saw Cadbury hill and Cadbury castle. The region was then full of its fame, and Leland wrote: "They that dwell about the foot of Camelot love to celebrate, extol, and sing the name of Arthur, once a dweller in the camp. That camp upon its mountain height was once magnificent and strong beyond all others. O! ye gods! How vast the depth of the fosses! How wonderful the earthwork of its ramparts! How precipitous its slopes! It seems a very miracle of nature and of art!"

The wind sets from the north. It slants down the Mendip hills and brings across the plain to the Tor the chime of the cathedral bell at Wells. The clock that tells the hour there is the famous old clock of Glastonbury abbey. It was one of the wonders of the fourteenth century, and is the oldest self-striking, count-wheel clock in the world. Time and men have dealt lovingly with Wells cathedral. And time would have tenderly cared for Glastonbury abbey, had men permitted, for the work was stout enough. But since Henry VII, Englishmen have wantonly let this ancient pile go to wrack and roadmaking. Joseph of Arimathea is nothing to them now, nor the memory of the pious ones who came from Rome but little more than a hundred years after the crucifixion and rescued the wooden chapel from decay,

a picturesque and ancient building, known as the Tribunal, is now the office of an alderman. Adjacent is a structure still more picturesque, built four hundred years ago by Abbot Selwood as the "Pilgrim's Inn," for the housing of pilgrims when the hospitable space of the abbey was filled. It is now, of all things in the world, the George Hotel! There is hardly a house in the town without a corbel-head, a mullioned window, a stretch of sculptured tracery, or a bit of panel plundered from the abbey. For the rest—seek it in the walls of the fields where the sheep graze, and in the underpinning of the road that leads across the marsh to Wells, and remember with what grace you may that you are in a land which boasts of its reverence for antique monuments!

The story of the sacred thorn-tree was purely local, but the legend of the Holy Grail spread over Europe, and with it went the legend of King Arthur. And now superior persons say that Arthur never lived, or, if he lived, was never conqueror of the world, nor even sovereign of Britain, but only a petty king who played the tyrant in Cornwall! The old bards were in the right, singing as they did of a king of men. And the laureate who made immortal by his deathless song the memory of the ideal knight,

"Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
who lived through all his tract of years
"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,"
was he not in the right?"

So then, here on the Tor at Glastonbury, in the isle of Avalon, you are in King Arthur's country, and the heart of it! "Legends," you say? Ah, but such legends!

Big Ben
Alarm
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The Big Showing at Corbin Camp

An Impression of a British Columbia Coal Field

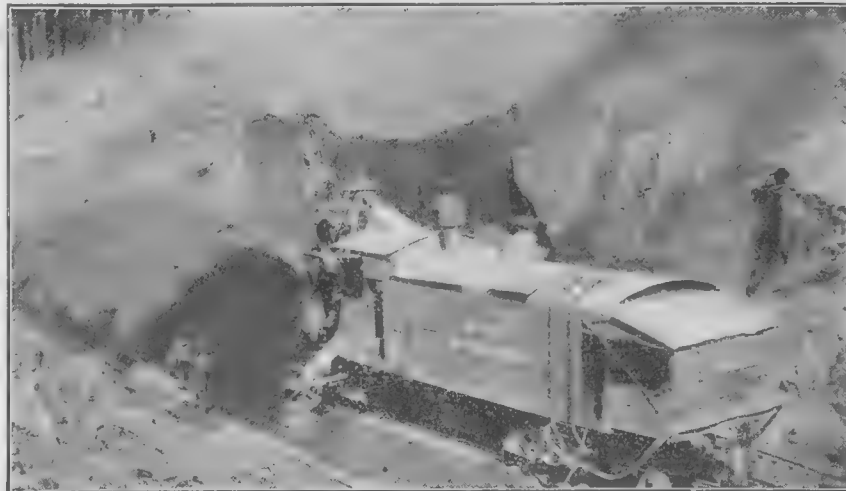
By Robert Halbon.

I shall never forget my first visit to Corbin mining camp; that collection of shacks and huts, hidden away in one of the great valleys of British Columbia. By many a twist and turn the Canadian Pacific Railway finds its way through the Crow's Nest Pass to McGillivray. By lonely lakes and towering mountains the ribbon of steel is laid. Clinging to the cliff's edge it winds in and out, following the river valleys and water courses, until at the innermost point of the famous "loop" McGillivray is reached. From this lonely station the Eastern British Columbia Railroad draws passengers and freight, up yet another lonely valley, to Corbin Camp. Now the long freight train halts with many a jolt and jar at a large saw mill, where between piles of sawn lumber dusky Hindu faces appear, in all their turbaned glory; or the engineer, regardless of the comfort of the few passengers, commences juggling with freight cars at lonely sidings, with the intention of dropping supplies for construction gangs, who find employment somewhere amongst these mountain fastnesses.

It is upwards and ever upwards to Corbin camp. It is a fight with the extremest of grades all the way, until the valley finally widens out, the trees on both sides give way, and long rows of shacks, as much alike as peas in a pod, appear on the left, stretching up the valley in regular rows. Amongst the stumps on the right is a half-finished hotel, which will some day prove a mine of wealth to its owner. With a series of jolts the daily train comes to a halt before the trading company's store, and the passengers climb out for their first view of Corbin camp. Around the store "the boys" are lounging, waiting to inspect the new arrivals. As they lie lazily basking in the warm spring sun before the doors of the store they look a brawny lot, from the big American engineer, who is a graduate from a Southern state university, to the "bohunks" or laboring foreigners, who earn their living in the mines with a pick and a shovel. The Scotch, the English, the Irish and the Welsh, all coal-mining peoples, are well represented. The glorious Scotch burr-r-r, as forceful and as natural as if heard on the streets of Glasgow or Aberdeen, seems well suited to the hill-country. But here, too, is the Englishman, with his ready assurance and almost unbearable conceit, chatting easily to the man from Missouri, who makes a picturesque figure in his big knee boots, with strong dark jeans tucked into them, a working shirt left carelessly loose at the neck, and on his head a straight-brimmed cowboy hat.

The crowd straggles up the high bank from the track to the boarding-house which, with the doctor's home and the pretty cottage of the mine-manager, stand a little apart. From the open windows of one of these the strains, so stately and grand, of Handel's "Largo" come floating. How incongruous are conditions in a mining camp. But the other houses are long rows of shacks, which go angling up the mountain side, with no pretence at variety alternating with stump-strewn paths and rough trails, but over one small place there flutters a Union Jack, which, together with a board over the doorway, bearing the inscription, "G.R. Royal Mail," proclaims it to be the post office. Spanning the valley is a high steel structure called "a tippie," to which come all the little trains of cars or "dinkies" loaded with coal from the mines far up the mountain side. Even now the eye can follow them, and the ear catch the low mumbling sound as they creep slowly down their miniature mountain railways, all of which converge towards "the tippie" where the coal will be picked over and weighed, tested and approved before it finds its way finally to a coal-car on the track below, and passes down the valley to the great world beyond. Far up, some 800 feet, one can see, against the dark background of the mountain side, clothed

with its pine and spruce, faint white puffs of smoke, which tell a story of construction work going on even there, and of machinery literally amongst the clouds.



Untouched as yet except by prospect holes.

Within the boarding-house some fifty robust and hearty men are eating their noonday meal. The great platters of pork chops are emptied as if by magic, and what follows them meets a similar fate, for the keen mountain air does not fail to whet the appetite. Then, too, the sooner the meal is over the longer there is to lounge and smoke before going to work. But in spite of all the haste this is no untutored or undisciplined gathering. Notice the Olympian majesty of the waitress, who is there to supply the wants of those grizzled and silent

men. Notice, too, the mannerly way in which one looks after the wants of another, and in particular the considerate way in which strangers are treated. Fascinated as the stranger may be, by the study of those men of the mountains, he cannot fail to be infected by the vigorous way in which they deal with their food. Unconsciously he finds himself in love with their refreshing strength, and freedom from convention.

"Up thar, sir," said Missouri Bill, one of the most outstanding of the many characters gathered round the doorstep, and whose acquaintance it was not hard to make: "Up thar there's a regular mountain of coal."

So saying, "Missouri," as he was familiarly called, pointed towards the faint puffs of smoke, so far up the mountain side that they might be mistaken for clouds, with the stem-end of his pipe, assuming at the same time a nonchalant air.

"Never seen the big showin boss!" said he, looking at me in a surprised and pitying way. "A stranger here, I guess," he added. "Waal! ye've jist got ter see it afore ye leave these parts. Jist 400 tons per comes out of her," jerking his thumb towards the big mountain.

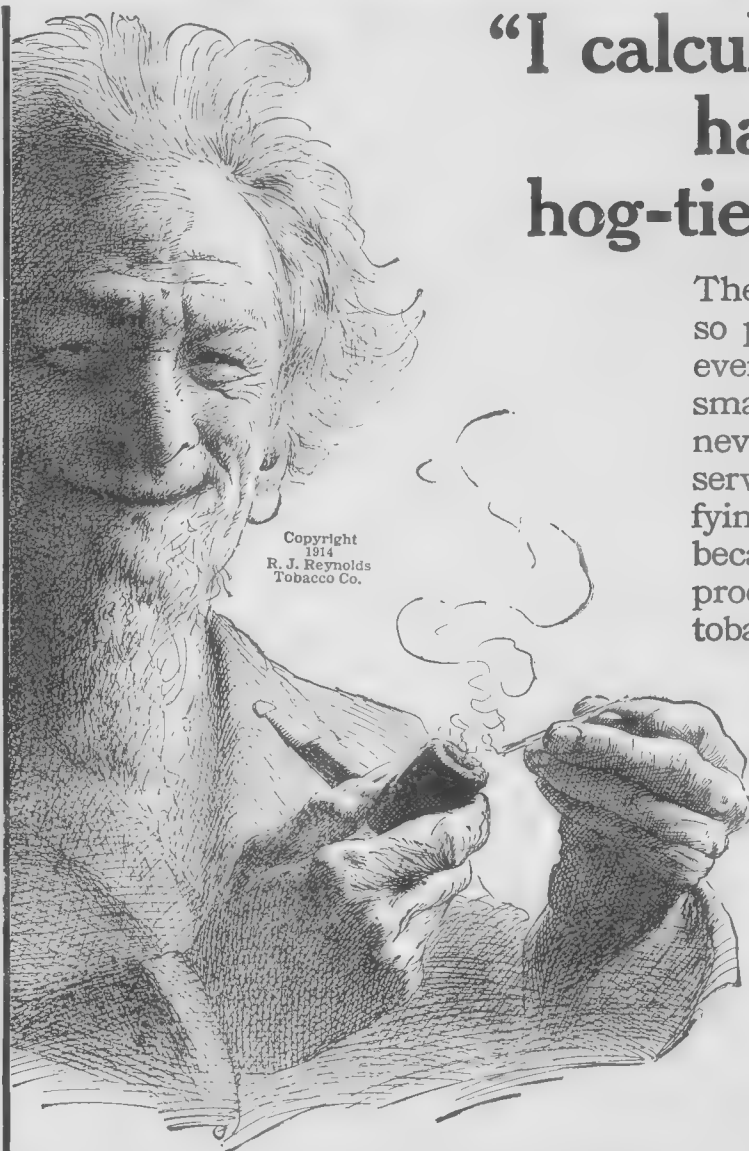
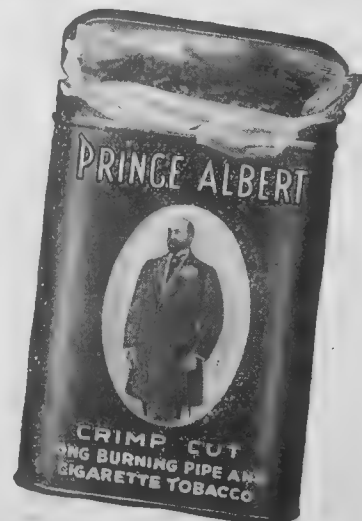
"Ye jist can't afford ter miss it, boss," and with this parting piece of advice the grizzled giant slouched off slowly to his work.

A strange rough fellow was "Missouri." To the people in Corbin camp he had neither beginning nor end of

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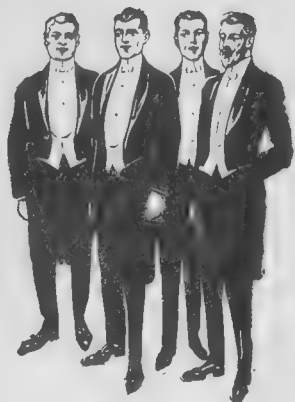
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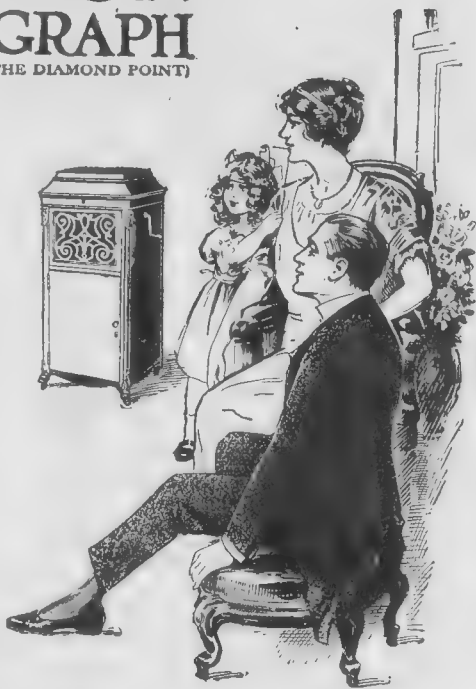
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days. Of home and friends, of father, mother, or friend, he never spoke. Some whispered that he was a fugitive from justice, and that his hands were even stained with blood. But it is not well to enquire too closely into the past records of men whom you meet in the society of a mining camp. If they have this secret, then it is their own affair.

So "Missouri" and his kind get a chance to begin again. The world would be in a bad way without such quiet retreats as Corbin can.p. "Missouri" told me however in strictest confidence, and with an unmistakable light in his eye—we were discussing prowess in drinking at the time—that he had got away with more whisky than that stove would hold. "That stove" was a huge box-stove which occupied a central position in the boarding-house kitchen. I give this as an interesting side-light on the character of the man.

The climb to "the big showing," as it is called, was made comparatively easy by taking the fairy road, which leads up around the mountain side amongst the overhanging evergreen trees. What glimpses there were across the yawning and silent valleys! What distant vistas appeared from successive vantage points! What pictures appeared at every turn; of long, rugged,

mining operations with as much ease, and apparently with as much divine right, as they do the engine-room of any steamship or ocean-going vessel.

Some two hundred feet higher up was still another excavation, where the scraper, fifteen feet in width, was being used to clover the few feet of overlying earth from the wealth of coal beneath. Here a happy and vigorous-looking crowd of men are gathered round a stationary engine, which they had roped down solidly to stumps and trees. By using a cable, which winds itself around a revolving drum, they scrape the surface earth and rubbish into a deep cutting, where it rapidly disappears before the onslaughts of a steam shovel. With an eye to usefulness it is carried down the mountain railway on flat cars, to fill in, and support, the trestle bridges, over which the heaviest of loads have to pass each day.

Standing at the edge of this cutting, one sees above it a great stretch of black shining coal, untouched as yet, except for a few prospect-holes, where the owners have bored their way in, for a distance of fifty or sixty feet, evidently feeling a little sceptical over the genuineness of this unique find. Higher up still is the dark belt of spruce and pine, which will have to be cleared off before



Shacks as much alike as peas in a pod.

snow-capped ridges, stretching off north and south for many a mile. Now the mountain stream came brawling across the roadway, drenching its banks with spray, and rushing down to seek the lower levels. At intervals there came glimpses of the zig-zag railway, which works its way up, by successive stages, to its terminus at "the big showing." Presently came a bend in the road, and the camp with its tents and cookhouse appeared, apparently glued on to the steep slope, and at once the air became filled with the calls of strange black-and-white birds of the jackdaw family—camp thieves they call them. Into the very doors of the tents they perched, calling in their impudent and strident way. But here, on the left, was a scene of activity of compelling interest, which, I suppose, is unique in the history of coal-mining. Rising before me was the slope of the mountain, a solid mass of black shining coal, and into it the children of men were gouging and burrowing at will. They had driven tunnels into it, and into these they hurried long coal-cars which seemed to appear from nowhere. With ease and despatch these were being rapidly filled from an overhead platform, and each day hundreds of tons of coal were finding their way down the steeply graded railway into the valley below.

"So ye cam' up to see the big showin', did ye?" said the genial Scot who was superintending operations. "Aweel; she's a beauty," he went on, standing back to survey this wonder of nature once more, with his thumbs inserted jauntily in the openings of his vest.

"Three hundred feet thick! ma certie! But there's nae feenish tae her." And so it seemed. Moreover the presence of this Scot as superintendent seemed to be the last touch, for the men of that breed seem to fill their place in all coal-

anything can be done at that level.

Far below, in the lower working, there are two hundred men laboring like ants at an ant-hill, trying in a seemingly futile way to pluck this enormous store of mineral wealth from nature's bosom. Beyond them the mountains and valleys stretch endlessly, at times halting abruptly in sheer cliff-like rocks, where, even at a great distance the anti-clinal folds are easily traceable, or again shading off, the one into the other, in a perfect way. How awesome are the silences! How profound are the heights and depths! The mountains lie stretched out recumbent like monsters on the watch.

This mountain of coal was possibly formed in the ages of upheaval, which produced the Rocky Mountain ranges and chains. For ages some deep depression had been filling with decayed vegetation and coal-forming material. For ages it had been pressed down, layer succeeding layer, until the upheaval finally came, with its irresistible force, elevating the coal deposit to its present place 1,600 feet above sea level on the wind swept mountain side. There it lay unclaimed for centuries, until the mountains were explored and the wandering prospector made his way to this wonderful find. This is the story of "the big showing," and such an enormous find must be but a beginning, for there is many another which the eye of man has never yet seen, hidden away amongst the recesses of those mountains.

Here on earth we are as soldiers fighting in a foreign land, that understand not the plan of the campaign and have no need to understand; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy.—T. Carlyle.

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The Christmas Spirit

Written for The Western Home Monthly by William Lutton.

MIRACLE is only chemistry. Magic is no longer poetry, but law. Infantile precocity points you, in derision, to the higher mathematics, when you hint the possibility in life of anything beyond high statute—made and provided. Pan would be sadly out of joint in a world which has reduced the origin of life to a chemical formula. Does anybody read "Alice in Wonderland," "The Arabian Nights," or "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" to-day? The comic supplement has at once killed romance and parental authority. It is sad enough but if we cannot persuade the child in the cradle to believe that Santa Claus comes down the chimney, the Christmas spirit is still a beneficent factor in the general life. The great event which Christmas heralds may be doubted. It may be scoffingly dismissed as a figment of the imagination. A tale which ought to have been in the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." It may, on the other hand, be so spiritualized as to be wholly dissociated with fact. It was a pagan festival. What then? It came, with pagan rites, to dissipate gloom; to make a break in the dullness of the year; to mark the halfway house, as it were; to break the back

Divine pity into the world. The Roman Empire was founded on and sustained by force. It perished for want of pity. It had become dehumanized by lust and cruelty. The domestic virtues had been destroyed by a system which consecrated the courtesan and dethroned the wife. And the cruelty in their games, their wars, their loves, expressed the temperamental genius of the people. Pity came in with the Christ child; and for two thousand years, in spite of many harrowing memories, in spite of the bloody wars, it has been the one operating quality in modern life which has redeemed it from brutishness. In so far as its effects upon the individual life and human relations are concerned, it does not in the least matter that the Event may be legendary; that the historicity of it may be successfully impugned. What we are sure of is, that this new and uplifting element in human experience came from the Divine. It is not the date, nor the fact; but the feeling. You may express the Christ-child in thirty-nine articles, or Westminster Confessions, if you like. You harden a tender feeling by formulae.

We do not think of creeds at Christmas. Higher and grander than creeds



Belgian Soldiers firing at a passing Aeroplane

of winter. Deep were the carousings; generous was the wassail; and large was the mirth in the younger days of the world. The drinking capacity of the old pagans was enormous. They were in no hurry to mind the clock. They continued their festivities for weeks at a stretch. Nobody paid taxes. There was no feverish speculation in real estate. The world was young and debonair, nor had modern care ridden it like a fury. Men still drink to forget the sordid and realize idealism; but they have a policeman and a patrol wagon now. No, Santa Claus does not come down the chimney any more; but out of the legend and fancy and deep carousing, and Druidical worship, and Norse revelry and rioting, the Christmas spirit grew. It was a star; a child; an event. Call it poetry if you like. It was a new ideal in the world. It was a more enticing standard of appeal. We had the drunken carouse which took no thought for the world out of doors. With the advent of the Christ child something wistful and tender and pitiful entered into the general heart. It is not religion. It is not theology. It is a beautiful spirit, which when it operates upon the individual life and the community, redeems. To many Christmas commemorates the event to which the whole creation moves. The idealists of all ages have followed a star, yearned for something better and higher than the life that offered. The knights of King Arthur's round table followed the gleam, the Holy Grail which ever eluded possession.

The Wise Men of the East followed the Star of Bethlehem, and found the Christ-child who brought

is brotherhood; and at the Christmas time we feel a new tenderness. We beam upon the world. We would take every creature into our embrace. Something of Divine pity for all that suffer steals into the breast. We run upon errands of love. We burn to serve. We are thoughtful for the happiness of others. We may call this compulsion by whatever name we please. We will not be far astray in naming it God. Every tender, wistful impulse is from the skies. There was human feeling in the world before the Wise men followed the stars, but not in large or public relations. The Event we celebrate drew to it, because of the simplicity, and beauty, and helplessness associated with it, the best and noblest feelings which humanity could feel. Upon that simple story of the Child, upon the later teachings of Him who found early shelter in the inn, there has been much incongruous engrafture; but it is the human not the miraculous element that wins its way into the general love. Nor must we suppose that all the world is so sophisticated that the symbols of Christmas have lost their meaning.

In millions of homes at this festive season Santa Claus is the embodied poem. His anticipated coming, the magic associated with his name, his wonderful gifts, expressing boundless love, and also a subtle understanding of child needs; the color he brings into the young lives—this is the exquisite idyll of infancy. Santa Claus is one of our lingering beautiful lies.

One supposes that we have no time for the things of the spirit. It is the dollar, not the soul; the material possession, not the uplifted and refined and

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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again, sir,
My heart is right
My face is bright
I bathe in
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spiritualized feeling. To believe loyally in Santa Claus is to give a poetic and saving start to every young life. That we so instinctively turn to the color and romance of Santa Claus gives to the parables of the master all their significance. Do not let the old saint go, even to physiology. The Christmas that Dickens loved to predict, with its burning and smoking pudding, its deep punch bowls, its savory smells, its happy though material merriment are almost impossible in the hurried world of to-day; but joy has many modes, though it represents a single feeling; and in this new land of ours, with "full and plenty," with youth and optimism, with a great future, we can bring to the celebration the identical spirit which made the old time festival so memorable.

Cynical creatures may say that Christmas sentiment is too sloppy; that though Smith may carry a turkey under his arm to the poor widow, he has an eye on a reward hereafter, or even counts notice here. That that "snuffly" sentiment which makes Brown blow his nose furiously when "Tiny Tim" proposed the toast, "God bless us every one" is cheap, and theatrical and unreal. These are the people who are blase at twenty in our hysterical life, and who have parted with reverence and feeling and respect for the sanctities or the spirituality of their nature. Tennyson makes the nurse in the hospital say that if it were not for the Christ she would

"ology" or "ism," but in what is of good and fair report, that is God.

In this spirit we may approach the great festival, not unduly retrospective, not unmindful of the happy spirits of the young, but eager to mingle with the bright life which sorrow has as yet untouched. Cherishing such thoughts and feelings, the Christmas festival in the broad and open West, over which the keen but stimulating air is blowing, may be as rich and happy an experience as the heart could desire.

Correct

"Pop," said Willie, "what is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my son," answered the wise father, "is a man who remembers a woman's birthday but forgets her age."

Full Measure

When little Bennie brought the milk in off the front porch one cold morning he found a pillar of the frozen fluid sticking up out of the neck of the bottle.

"O mamma," he cried, "I like our new milkman!"

"Is that so? Why?" asked the mother. Showing her the bottle, Bennie exclaimed: "Our old milkman barely filled the bottle, but this one heaps it up."



Belgian Soldiers. In front of the tree trunk a pit has been dug and covered with branches

give up: that it is the thought of the love of the gentle Master for the little ones that enable those who seek to serve, with bleeding feet, to sustain their faltering courage. And this, indeed, is the best expression all over the world of the influence of the Christ who was born in Bethlehem, and whose coming we celebrate—that, instinctively the world came, through his spirit to care for the little ones. There are cruelties which wring the heart; there are sorrows which no earthly power can assuage, or even understand; there are sufferings which make one doubt the existence of God; but there are also melting pity and service and sympathy. There are hospitals for crippled children, and homes for the orphans and old women and desolate people, everywhere. And the heart of humanity is seeking for a common ground, a common purpose in regard to the betterment of the race.

The wind may search the new home on the prairie; there may be a wistful longing for the old land and the dear ones who may sleep the long sleep there.

We have no binding traditions. We are free to make our future what we will. We can teach our young ones the new citizenship under glad conditions as to life and environment. The Christmas dinner may seem as inviting under the steel blue Canadian skies as under those which are dear by recollection. And when the heart rises in thankfulness; when the eye is wet with feeling; when the monitions come from the unseen and solemnizes the spirit; when the sacred memories throng and solicit notice and thrill with poignant tenderness and when mingled with it all, is the sense of recovered faith, not in creed or

The Passing of the Old Years

Written for The Western Home Monthly by "Frances."

The Old Year! the Old Year!

Come speed him on his way!
Unclasp his knotted, trembling hand,
And hurried "farewells" say!
A stranger stands outside the gate,
Attend, all eyes and ears!
The Old Year goes to meet the fate
Of hosts of marching years.

The Old Year! the Old Year!

Drifts out into the dark;
Gay watchfires blaze to hail the New!
And rising, swelling—hark!
"The Year is dead! long live the Year!"
Is shouted far and wide:
Alone, the Old will launch and steer
Adown Time's rushing tide.

The Old Year! the Old Year!

Sad, grey and battle-scarred;
By conflicts won, and conflicts lost,
His hours were made or marred:
He passes, 'midst the clashing roar,
Of clanging, brazen bells—
Into that void called "Nevermore,"
Of which no traveller tells.

The Old Year! the Old Year!

Somehow, we struggled through;
He brought us smiles; he brought us tears,

Now, we must face a "New!"
Old doubts and worries will assail.

In strange, unthought of ways;
But, God stands just behind the veil
That hides the coming days.

The greatest enemy of your skin

In the care of your skin have you reckoned with the most powerful, the most persistent enemy it has—the *outside* enemy?

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood—more to bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime.

Examine your skin closely. If it is rough, fallow, coarse-textured or excessively oily, you are providing the very best soil for the thriving of these bacteria.

How to make your skin resist this enemy

Begin this treatment tonight: With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands.

Then with the tips of your fingers rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin using an upward and outward motion. Rinse well with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment for ten nights and you will see a marked improvement. If your skin should become too sensitive, discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Use it regularly in your daily toilet and keep your skin clear and fresh, free and healthy, and its insidious enemies will invariably meet defeat.

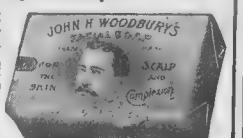
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"All Aboard for the Skeena"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.
(Photographs by the Author and Others.)

"ALL aboard for the Skeena." What an alluring call to the motley crowd that pressed forward along the pile driven wharf at Victoria. Surveyors with chain and axe and pole. Coast Indians and their "klootchmen" and little Japanese faced babies. Loose-coated John Chinaman gibbering to his countrymen. Tall silent Sikhs giving courteous adieus to other white turbaned men. Landseekers for the farming Eldorado of the Skeena and the Bulkley Valley. Tourists, commercial men, government officials—a jostling, laughing throng. A hoarse whistle booms out, a woman runs up, the gangway's in, we're off. Out through the picturesque winding "inner harbour," along the Straits of Fuca and about into the Gulf of Georgia. The May sun glittered on the hundreds of islands that lay green and fresh beneath its rays. Northward ever northwards the Prince Rupert forged its way until we arrived off the mouth of Campbell River. Here some early "big fish" seekers were afloat, one, evidently an Englishman was fast to a noble "spring" salmon, or "tyee," meaning big chief in the Coast tongue. We passed

heraldry and visiting cards all carved on great tall cedar poles. It was truly sympathy exciting to see some "end of the trail" Englishman receive a two-day-old newspaper, and stand eagerly scanning it for births, marriages or deaths. Nay! nay! the stockmarket page was the one first sought. Midnight. We passed out of the shelter of the Islands, and found that the big sound had been saving up a nice sou'wester for us. It had piled all the water up on end, and now dared us to cross. Well, we went at it. I say we, for, of course, I had to go along, don't

you see, and I hope I will never cross it in a small steamer. Our great three piper promptly and suddenly woke up the slumbering, snoring Fritz by neatly and expeditiously depositing him on his centre of gravity on the floor, rudely awakening me to visions of flying fat feet and mysteriously floating handbags and camera cases. We made a good crossing—at least the Captain told me so at breakfast table—as we passed along in the lee of the far distant Graham Is., the upper one of the Queen Charlottes. The centre of this immense island is flat and prairie like, but much of it is mossy and wet. Wonderful duck shooting here in the fall. Good crops have been grown; fruit trees also. But it is yet in the making, and is well worthy of close examination by the incoming settler. Now we pass over the great fishing beds. Hali-

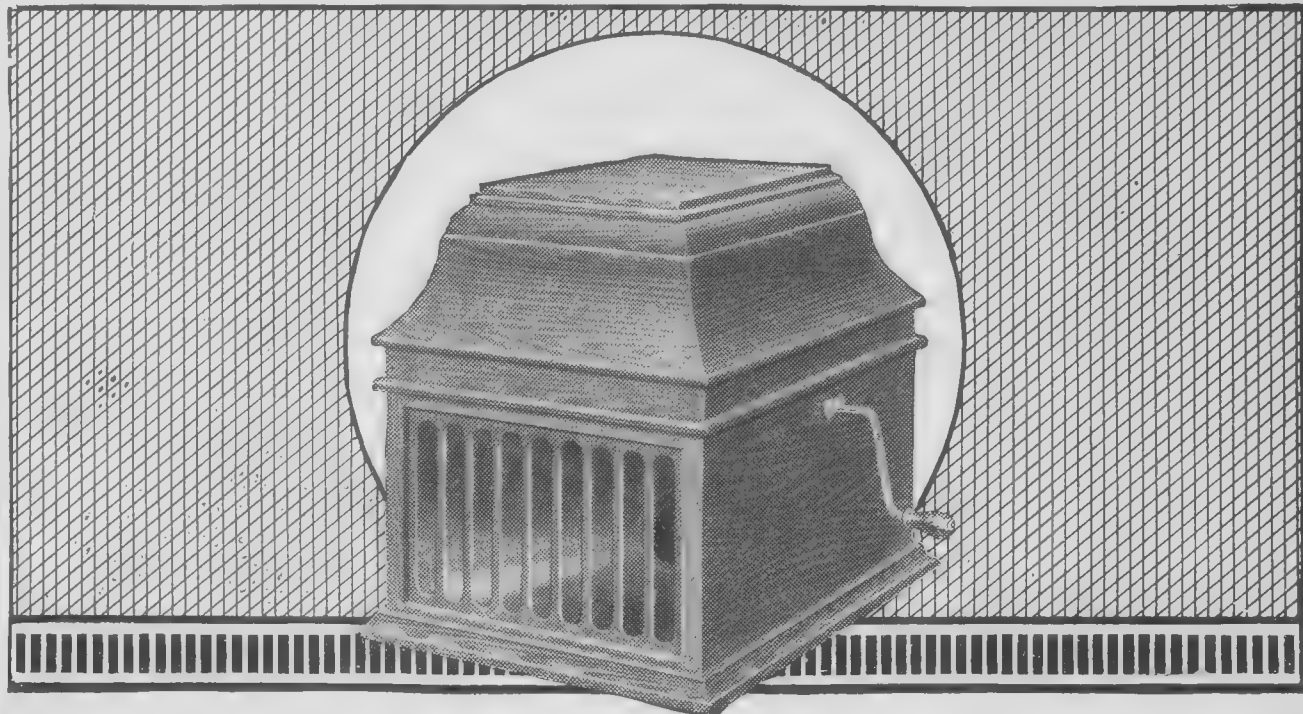
but caught here will twelve days later frizzle in England's waiting frying pans. Whales are taken by the little ninety foot tug that bobs in our wake. Truly, at times, the prey is as long as the craft, and gives it a wee bit of trouble to make the capture complete. One very unmannerly whale, objecting no doubt to the ceremony of implanting an explosive bomb harpoon in its interior department, took a flip with its mighty tail, and neatly severed the stern from the bothersome little puffer that buzzed about it like some marine wasp. Well they saved the men, but the tug lies fathoms deep.

More islands, some gaunt and grey, some red with granite and green with fir, and we are off the mouth of the Skeena, through Chatham Sound and in front of the most modern city of the Pacific Coast



A Prospector on the trail

closely to him, our "afterdrag" tossing his wee craft fearsomely, but he paid no attention, just stuck to that fish. His Indian guide barely glanced up at us. We saw the great silvery thing pop up out of the water, but our swift craft bore us away—away into the turmoil of Seymour Narrows, where the tide roared like a beast for its prey. Here, in a narrow pass, again narrowed by a menacing reef is its centre, leaps and boils and rushes the mighty waters that twice daily rise and fall and surge about the great Island of Vancouver, dammed into a channel not a thousandth part of their width. The tides here create a confusion that must be seen to be believed. At its full power of spring tide not anything man has builded can force its way against it, but it was "fair" to-day, as the Captain assured me. Fair! why it caught our huge passenger steamer, the stoutest, most modern boat the Grand Trunk Pacific could buy, and laid her over in its sluicelike currents as if she was but a native canoe. Another current, to port, sent her keeling in that direction. We carefully swallowed strange hard lumps that had seemed to shut off our speaking tubes, resettled our hearts, and swiftly keeled over to starboard. A truly exciting, wonderful passage we made of this celebrated "narrows." Fritz says he will hereafter prefer wide water—very shallow ones at that. He says, may-haps, his bath tub will give him all the sensations he will require. Poor lad, our stout ship was quite safe, and we have "Queen Charlotte Sound" ahead, not usually the most pondlike of waters. We passed quaint Indian villages, where the owners had their crests and



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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
81 West Richmond St., Toronto.

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—it will delight him or her also.

Prince Rupert. He of the "gentlemen adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay"—don't you remember the gallant prince that with a stroke of a pen gave half a continent to a few of his merry followers. The city lies on the foreshore of the densely wooded range, her white nests of men peeping out of the mighty forest. Here our hoarse blast sounds out, and the water part of the journey is ended. As soon as the steel is "linked up" easterners can come direct from Edmonton. We came not to see even this newest "end of the steel" for the Grand Trunk Pacific is rapidly nearing completion, and trains are running far up the river. "So we are not to be drowned again in Kitsalas," Fritz objects, as we have been afloat on everything from a shingle up. The lad and I last Thanksgiving Day figured up that we had only been drowned something less than thirty times. He says if you count the times his heart stopped beating in surf or rapid or sea you might as well make it an even fifty. Oh! this is an heroic country I can tell you.

Of up the Skeena. What a magnificent river, the second greatest in B.C. Here the steamboats still ply its swift waters, a noble contrast in our "contractors" train speeding along beside it. This overcomes the extreme danger of the Kitsalas Canon, where they had to warp the steamers through by cables, and if the bow touched the rocks inadvertently coming down your river steamer promptly turned broadside to the current

most energetic animal—man. Said hole contains that lure—silver. In this case it is the Standard silver mine near Hazelton, B.C. See the bags of ore piled high, and the patient horses that bear the prospector, ever present in these towering silent hills. Or again you come across an expedition in search of land, gold, silver, furs, hunting, fishing, what not. And they paddle up and down swift rivers yet unnamed and portage the great canoes across barrier, reefs and shallows, with herculean labor. Alas! from our high fling caribou trail they look but insects through the glasses.

Here is the white man again entering on his conquest of the lands that for ages have seen only the silent native amid their fastnesses. Go where you will the pick of the prospector, the axe of the lumberman or the spade of the settler has preceded you, and ahead of him passed the hunter, the trapper and the fisherman. So then, as to you and I, the past of this mighty land of mountain and forest is a sealed book. We dimly know that in some distant time, and from evidently some eastern land a fisherman's craft, driven mayhaps by storm and tempest, landed on this moist green coast. They grew, and in time over two hundred separate branches of Coast Indians peopled the land. How long ago was it you ask me? Come, Fritz has found a partial answer. Beneath the burned decaying root of a giant Douglas fir, a tree of mighty girth, some 500 to



Bags of Silver Ore, Standard Silver Mine, Hazelton, B.C.

and slowly but surely capsized—all credit to the hardy river captains that so often navigated the Canon with so very few accidents.

Past Port Essington. Ahead of us lies a valley, with valleys leading off the drainage basins of the mighty hills that surround us. In width two miles, gradually narrowing as we go inland. Many an island lies in the stream, big and little, covered with the richest earth, forested by alder and poplar and cotton wood. The large rainfall is excellent for fruits. As we go inland this decreases until about Ontario's standard is reached. Kitsumgallum and Lakelse are valleys of rich, sandy loam. The "devil's club" proclaims it to be the best of soil. There must be close on to a million acres here that are available for agriculture, and millions more ahead in the Bulkley, and the newcomers are all getting well grown, well ripened crops of fruit—potatoes and produce. As soon as the G. T. P. is finished this will be a garden valley. Already houses are peeping out of the bush on all sides. The land is easy to clear.

Many a strange sight you see in that great valley, a black bear grumpily deserts a partly eaten salmon. Up on the hills the caribou trails are deeply worn in every winter's snow. Goats are common game, and the waters are literally spattered with ducks and geese, and the smallest one, the lively "carreping" brant. On the dry unbleached rocks of the shrunken rivers the native hunters take off the great brown pelt that kept the grizzly warm and snug during the severe winter of the ranges.

Off you go up a trail, first beaten by the foot of bear, deer and wolf, now leading to a hole in the ground, made by the

1,000 years old, the busy fingers of the lad, digging in search of weapons of that far off age, drew up out of the hole the flattened skull of an adult—ask the grinning skull and sightless eyes. But beyond the centuries it took to grow the fir tree monument, as told by the wood rings thereon, we have no answer.

One laughing memory from the trip yet remains. As the "Rupert's" gangway was coming aboard at Victoria we heard a voice: "Ah! there, now. Yee's would lave me behind," and a buxom, middle-aged, red-faced woman, garnished with many a dangling bag and box, arms filled with packages, bustled up the ascending gang plank. Her black straw hat hung by its strings far down her back, disclosing a big round head, neatly covered with a clean white nightcap.

"More shame to ye all," she laughed out as she bundled in among the grinning passengers. She took the first cabin stairway, mirror lined on all sides, ahead of Fritz and I.

"For the love of Mike, I forgot to take it off," she gasped, and plump went the offending nightcap into her capacious pocket. Fritz and I retrieved the consequent shower of parcels, found her a stewardess and procured her a cabin amid general laughter, as she accompanied all our efforts with a chorus of "The nice kind man!" "Isn't he good to a poor widdy!" At dinner she sat directly opposite to us. With a meek little man, half-lay missionary, half quack, at her left, already she was deep in confidences with him. But she promptly killed her chances with her right-hand neighbor, a dignified, black clad tourist, by looking up as he paused dismayed before he drew out his chair

and saying, "Will ye get me a wee mouthful of soup!" Then, as he seated himself she made it worse by confidently remarking to me across the table, "Oh, lord, and I thought he was the waiter!"

All the way north this garrulous old widow kept us in shouts again confiding to me across the cloth. "I've lost me first man, but I've got a good farum for the next." Her moans and lamentations at the "devil in me insides" when she was seasick "wid never a man at all to help a body." Again, now recovered and in the cabin, on Fritz whispering to me, "take care, sir, or she'll marry you," she promptly rewarded him by a well-delivered box on the ear. "Ye little spalpeen, ye," she laughed out. All this made us regard her as the one joyful thing in the journey, and we bid her good-bye at Prince Rupert with regret.

A month later saw Fritz and I again on the main deck of the passenger steamer, we were watching her loading for her southbound trip when we heard a well-known voice exclaim: "Hurry up, ye goosene," and there, driving the meek little man up the gangway, was the cheery old widow.

"My!" she greeted me, "here we are again like pays in a pod—here's me man"—pointing to the little quack, "we was marriet in the town this morn," and—here she cut Fritz right off in the middle of a guffaw by a nice little motherly crack on the ear—"we'll sail the says together agin."

All the way south she entertained us. So some of the passengers got together, and bought her a nice little solid gold brooch, with arms of B.C. glittering in enamel on it. "God bless you all, I'll away into me—no, our cabin," she cried after we gave it to her. Methinks the suspicious moisture in her eyes would have welled out into true Irish tears had she lingered.

Any Question Met the Emergency

Stella: "Did he pop the question?"

Bella: "Yes; he asked, 'Is it hot enough for you?' and I told him it was so sudden."

Christmas in Canadian Song

With acknowledgments to the publishers, Morang & Co. and Wm. Briggs.

A Merrie Christmase untoe ye!

The wish is olde, the sweete refraine
Of that song carolled longe agoe,
When love crepte down o'er hille and plaine

Singing, full-toned, to heartes in paine,
"Peace ande goodwill!"

Lete white flowers grow,

A Merrie Christmase untoe ye!

—Jean Blewett.

Oh! fair and buoyant Christmas!

Well-spring of childish glee;

Gay jubilation and noisy mirth

Thrill round thy fairy tree.

Oh! roseate flush of Christmas!

Bright vistas crown the day,

When young hearts wake to tenderness

Beneath thy genial ray.

Oh! cheerful, hopeful Christmas!

Rest in the toilsome year!

The glory-glimpse illumed the soul!

Earth's cloudlets disappear.

Oh! sweet and tranquil Christmas!

Hours past and hours to come;

Calm retrospect of vanished joys:

Dear prospect of our home.

Oh! high and holy Christmas!

Unfraught of earthly leaven;

Our spirits chime in angel song,

And near the nearing heaven.

—Mrs. E. S. MacLeod.

All about Calgary

We are in receipt of a copy of the souvenir booklet published in connection with the recent International Irrigation Convention at Calgary. A great deal of very valuable information about the city is imparted, much of which has been collected and written up by Miss Irene Keane, whose R.N.W.M.P. stories are well known to our readers.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

That all the family
will enjoy

Nothing that you might select would be better received than a Columbia Grafonola. Let music add to the enjoyment of the Christmas season by deciding now on a Grafonola for either father or mother—or as a joint gift to both.

Time Payments if Desired

\$7.50 cash, and similar monthly payments are the easy terms we quote to Christmas buyers who do not care to pay cash. On these terms we will supply you also with 12 standard double disc records (24 selections) complete for \$75.00.

To insure delivery by Christmas mail your order as early as possible. We'll do our part.

Winnipeg Piano Co.
333 Portage Ave.
Winnipeg



\$65 Cash

(Without Records)

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.
SEND IN YOUR RENEWAL WHEN DUE



Eastern Excursions

DECEMBER 1st to 31st

FIRST CLASS ROUND TRIP FARES FROM WINNIPEG TO

2	EXPRESS	8-10 TO TORONTO	{	TORONTO Territory	\$40	ST. JOHN Territory	\$59.30
	TRAINS	AND MONTREAL		MONTREAL Territory	\$45	HALIFAX Territory	\$63.45
	DAILY	21-10 TO TORONTO					

Corresponding fares from other points and to all stations in Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces. Stopovers east of Fort William. Return limit, 3 months.

Pacific Coast Excursions

Tickets on Sale—DECEMBER 10, 11, 12 JANUARY 15, 16, 17, 18 FEBRUARY 9, 10, 11

FIRST CLASS ROUND TRIP FARES FROM WINNIPEG TO

2	EXPRESS	LEAVING AT 14-55 AND 22-35	{	VANCOUVER	\$50.00
	TRAINS			VICTORIA	
	DAILY			WESTMINSTER	

Corresponding Fares From Other Points. Tickets good going for 15 days. Return limit, April 30, 1915. Stopovers within going and returning limits. Standard Sleepers, Tourist Sleepers and Dining Cars on all trains. For further information, tickets and sleeping car reservations, apply to any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or to

A. C. SHAW, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

J. A. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Brandon, Man.

J. E. PROCTOR, District Passenger Agent, Regina, Sask.

R. DAWSON, District Passenger Agent, Calgary, Alta.

Max McD.'s Christmas Wisdom

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Max McD.

IN view of their instinctive taste for ceremonial and the strong strain of sentiment running through their nature, it seems strange that our North American Indians have not developed from their own sources anything corresponding very nearly to our Christmas idea. They have memorial festivals at which they offer gifts to their deities, partly in gratitude for having brought their tribe through some great crisis in the past, but more particularly by way of insuring similar favors in future crises.

But there is nothing corresponding to our Christmas. Contact with white people in the early days, however, brought about some changes in their holiday dates, and celebrations, which had been held nearly at the beginning of the year, were held about our New Year's time. It was the custom of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the early days of trading among the Indians of Western Canada, to take the end of the year and the beginning of a new year as the time for balancing accounts, and usually accompanied the settlement with a present of some sort. It became a time of giving gifts, and the Indians have adhered to the custom ever since preferring to celebrate New Year's Day rather than Christmas.

In the central part of the Canadian West the Indians long ago called Christmas "kissing day." The Chippewas down on the Mississippi first learned the custom from the old French voyageurs, and they in turn transmitted it to the Indians of the North. The voyageurs were in the habit of kissing each other when exchanging gifts and greetings. But these practices have now pretty well died out.

The notion of feasting and conviviality is the first one associated with any holiday in the minds of most Indians, in whose primitive ideals of happiness the full stomach takes an important

place. It is said that once the matron of a mission school, wishing to know how much of the significance of the Christmas occasion was borne home to the Indian mind, asked how many really understood what the day meant. Nearly all professed ignorance; but one old man assured her that he knew, and explained: "White man get heap drunk."

With the coming of missionaries to the great West of Canada, a new day dawned for the red man. Christmas became a day to be remembered. The old Indian orgies were put away and instead the tribe gathered on Christmas Day at the Mission school and were entertained

in royal style by the missionaries, or by the traders, or both combined. The Indians were guests, but were always encouraged to do as much as possible for themselves. On most of the reserves today a contribution is made by the people of the towns near the reserve for this Christmas dinner. Merchants and other business men donate groceries and candy; the government allows additional rations for the Christmas week; and all brought together, a sumptuous feast is provided.

On the Blood Indian Reserve in Southern Alberta, some 1200 Indians are fed on Christmas Day. Most of these dine at the Stand Off Mission, where the Sisters of Charity in the Convent school do all the work. St. Paul's Mission farther down the Belly River entertain a number in the Anglican school there. A touching scene in all the Christmas dinners on the Indian Reserves, is the pres-

ence of a number of old men and women who, never having been to school and learned to sit at the table and use knife and fork, squat against the wall of the room and are there served by kind-hearted teachers and employees, eating their food in the more primitive way to which they are used.

When the white people brought to the notice of the Indians the Christmas tree with its annual crop of beauties and benefits, the pretty fancy caught hold of their minds very promptly and in nearly every Canadian tribe it was named "the giving tree." There is a very pretty legend connected with the Christmas tree in the Indian wigwam, which may or may not have a historical foundation. It is said that many years ago, during the days of the medicine clans, a cedar tree was always brought in by the leading medicine-men in the early spring. Because of the length of its life the cedar was called "Grandmother." The tree was planted directly in front of the medicine lodge. But before it was put into place the people were invited to make offerings to the "Grandmother." Calicoes, shawls, moccasins, robes, etc., were brought and placed on the tree, chiefly by the children and youth, much the same as we do. The leading medicine man offered a benediction, and the gifts were distributed.

After the season of medicine ceremonies was over, in the late autumn, the tree was hung with little children's moccasins. A prayer was offered by one of the medicine men that the owners of the footwear might be blessed with long life and good health, and taking up the tree threw it into the river. As it floated down the river they sang till it was out of sight.

As a rule there is little Christmas giving, even to-day, among the Indians of Western Canada. Parents who are not too poor will sometimes make a donation of money or a part of their rations to the school in which their children are being educated. The kinds of gifts made to the Indian children at the schools are much like those made to white children. The traders on the Reservation, the contractors who supply the commissary, and others who depend upon the patronage of the Indians and the Government for their business, contribute more or less liberally. The school authorities themselves draw upon their slender purses for contributions.

The children are encouraged to make little souvenirs for each other—things made with their own hands. The girls do needle and crochet work which they present to each other and to their teachers. The boys construct mechanisms in the workshop and give these as Christmas gifts. The introduction of religious and industrial work among the Indians of the Canadian West has done much to make Christmas a new day with them, and to many, the real meaning of the Christmas season is now well known.

Indian Christmas Superstitions

Amongst the Indians of North America, gift-making and treats of various sorts are the rule on Christmas Day.

The Menominees of Wisconsin celebrate from Christmas Day till the sixth of January. This last holiday is always celebrated by a feast of very ancient origin, in which the chief feature is a cake with three beans cooked in it. Everybody who comes to the table must have a piece of the cake, and whoever finds a bean in his slice becomes one of the "Three Kings" of the feast and must bear his share in preparing the next year's celebration.

The Standing Rock Sioux have originated a Mrs. Santa Claus who accompanies Santa Claus on his rounds. She is usually impersonated by a young woman, wrapped in the old-time blanket and leaning on a staff. She carries a basket of apples for distribution among old persons and children.

The San Felipe Indians in New Mexico make an odd jumble of things Christian and pagan. For example they go to the mission church for Christmas morning service, and immediately on being dismissed start a dance which lasts three days.

The Laguna Indians still retain a custom handed down by their forefathers. Before Christmas they make clay sheep, goats, cows, horses, dogs, and vegetables, which they take to the church



White Bear, not a Polar Bear

LUX

WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS

If you'd enjoy the luxury of rare cleanliness---use

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Pure essence of Soap in flakes.

the one preparation most suitable for washing garments worn next the skin—flannels, woollens, dainty garments and filmy fabrics. LUX softens hard water—gives a rich, whipped-cream-like lather that actually refines the softness of the finest materials. LUX is invaluable in homes of refinement—it coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes. Try it.

Remember LUX won't shrink woollens—Price 10c.

AT ALL GROCERS

Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

on Christmas Eve and lay upon the altar, where the priest blesses them during the midnight service. They take the blessed effigies away and distribute them—the horse to the barn, the cat and dog to the house, the vegetables to the garden patch where, each can keep watch and see that the coming year is a propitious one for its kind. Then they have a dance lasting four days.

With the Western Canada Indian, the season is a season of giving gifts. At the Christmas time small things are exchanged between bucks and their children and between Indian and Indian. Sometimes the prosperous Indian will give a horse to the priest or to the school where his children are being educated.

Little Customs in Many Lands

A quaint Christmas custom in German cities is the "Jahrmarkt," the array of open booths with cheap toys, "Pyramids," ginger-bread, apples, nuts, all things that belong to Christmas. It is a sort of country fair, and is still an important event in smaller towns and country villages. In the larger cities the Jahrmarkt is disappearing. A vestige of it, kept up on Belle-Alliance Square in Berlin, is regarded merely as a curiosity.

Devonshire, England, noted for its apples, boasts a curious custom. On

Christmas Eve the farmer and his son stand beneath the oldest and best apple tree, all bearing a jug of cider, and sing a certain folk song. After passing the cider jug around, they betake themselves home to a good supper and much merry-making.

The Jamaica negroes collect all bits of odds and ends of finery with which to array themselves on Christmas Eve,

and choosing a king and queen, follow their leaders about making as much noise as possible, blowing horns, beating drums and doing mischief generally.

Firecrackers have been used to celebrate Christmas Day in the Southern States for many years. The custom originated, it is said, among the colored people, who considered that the noise added greatly to the jollity of the

celebration. The old-time Christmas observances in the south were famous festivals and had somewhat less of the nature of a religious holiday than the day in the Northern States.

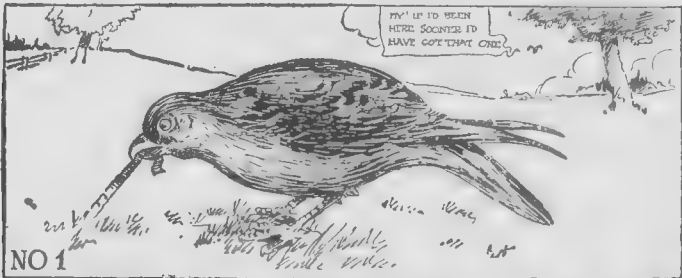
In Holland a pretty custom exists. On the night before Christmas, in commemoration of the Star of the East, the young men of the town assemble and carry through the dark streets a large bright star; all the people go out to greet it and give to the bearers of the Star of Bethlehem, as it is called, alms for the poor.

In Mexico, at nine o'clock at night, the Christmas ceremony begins. Forming in a procession, marching two by two, the family and assembled guests wander from room to room all through the house, singing the litanies as they go. Often the children are dressed as angels with white robes and tinsel wings. Finally, the procession stops before a closed door. Here a shower of fireworks is sent off over their heads. Then a group of the ladies of the family appear dressed in shepherd costumes. All unite in a hymn, supposed to be the voices of Joseph and Mary imploring admittance and a night's shelter from the cold and darkness. Within the room a chorus of voices refuse shelter, saying that there is no place for them. Again those outside the door beg for shelter and are again refused. Still



s.s. "Princo Rupert" at Prince Rupert Waterfront

What Well-known English Proverbs Do These Pictures Represent?



FREE \$5000.00 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY IN EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD'S GRAND PROVERB CONTEST—ENTER TO-DAY

FIRST PRIZE
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IN CASH

Grandest prize ever offered by any Canadian Magazine.

Can You Guess the Answers to the Above Pictures?

This is the most wonderful opportunity ever offered by a great magazine, to its friends and readers. \$500.00 in cash is the first prize that you can win. Other magnificent prizes, almost equaling it in value, make a total prize list aggregating over \$5,000.00 in value. Send your entry TO-DAY.

How to Enter This Great Contest.

One of our clever cartoonists has compiled a series of twelve Proverb Pictures, each one representing a well-known Standard English Proverb. We have chosen two of these pictures from the set (Numbers 1 and 4) which are shown above, and they are the only ones of the series which will be published in this paper. In order to start you correctly we will tell you that picture Number 1 represents that well-known

English Proverb "The Early Bird Catches the Worm." Now what proverb does picture number four represent?

You obtain entry to this great Contest by sending us the correct answer to picture Number four. This starts you on the road to sharing in this stupendous distribution of prizes. If your answer is correct we will write and tell you so and send you

FREE—A Fine Book of Standard English Proverbs and the Series of Twelve (12) Proverb Pictures, Completing Contest

The publishers of Canada's greatest monthly magazine are conducting this great contest. Therefore contestants are assured of its absolute fairness and squareness. In order to give an equal chance to every competitor we have published a fine book of standard English Proverbs and all the proverbs represented by the series of twelve pictures have been chosen from this book. Answer proverb No.

4 correctly and this fine book will be mailed to you free. With it you will receive the complete series of twelve proverb pictures which complete the contest. Thus, there will be no waiting or delay. All the pictures will be presented to you at once and you can set to work with the remaining 10 pictures, and find the answers that can win you your share of these wonderful prizes.

The senders of the winning answers, chosen by the judges in accordance with the conditions of the Contest (see simple rules below) will be awarded the magnificent prizes shown on the prize list to the right.

Prizes are provided for everyone successfully solving the twelve Proverb Pictures—Every Contestant will be pleased.

This stupendous Contest is being conducted by the Publishers of "Everywoman's World," solely with the object of introducing Canada's greatest home journal into new homes and to new readers. In addition to the fine standard book of English Proverbs, and the series of proverb pictures, each contestant will receive a free copy of the current number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. This is sent to you without charge because the publishers know that once this magnificent journal is introduced into the homes of the intelligent

people who will enter this great contest it will be wanted every month. There is no other monthly magazine published in Canada like "Everywoman's World," and you will be delighted to have the people in your home become acquainted with a magazine so live, bright and entertaining. Remember you do not have to be a subscriber in order to compete, nor are you asked to subscribe to "Everywoman's World" or send a single cent of your money. This great contest is absolutely free of all expense.

Read Carefully the Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest.

1.—Write on one side of the paper only, your solution to proverb picture No. 4, and give your full name (stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss) and complete address. Anything else but your answer to picture No. 4 and your name and address should be written on a separate sheet of paper and should be confined to fifty (50) words.

2.—Members and employees of this firm, or relations of members or employees are absolutely excluded from competing.

3.—Enclose with your answer two (2) two-cent stamps (4 cents.) This is to pay postage on the Book of English Proverbs, complete series of pictures, illustrated prizelist, and free copy

of Everywoman's World, which we will mail to you.

4.—Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded to any one family.

5.—All letters must be fully prepaid in postage.

6.—The Judging Committee will consist of five (5) prominent Toronto business men whose names will be published in due course. Prizes will be awarded to correct or nearest correct answers in accordance with handwriting and general neatness and contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges.

7.—Contestants will be asked to show

LIST OF PRIZES

1st Prize—FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS - (\$500.00)

2nd " Handsome Upright Concert Piano Value, 450.00

3rd " Shetland Pony, Cart and Harness 250.00

4th " Columbia Gramophone and Records 150.00

5th " Fine Diamond Ring 100.00

6th " Famous Kitchen Range 75.00

7th " Genuine Singer Sewing Machine 60.00

8th " Cleveland 1914 Bicycle 60.00

9th " Ideal Kitchen Cabinet 55.00

10th " Ladies' Gold Filled Watch 20.00

11th " Gents' Gold Filled Watch 20.00

12th " English Gold Lavalier and Chain 15.00

13th " Reliance Vacuum Carpet Sweeper 15.00

14th " 97-piece Dinner Set 14.00

15th " 26-piece Silverware Set 12.50

16th " English Gold Filled Bracelet 10.50

17th " 7 volume set of Chas. Dickens' Works 10.00

18th " Three Stone Pearl Ring, solid gold 10.00

19th " Ladies' Gold Filled Watch 10.00

20th " Men's Gold Finished or Gun Metal Watch 8.00

21st " Solid Gold Garnet Ring 6.00

22nd " Set of Edgar Allan Poe's Works 5.00

23rd " 21-piece Vienna Tea Set 5.00

24th " English Fountain Pen 5.00

25th " Set of Gold Filled Beauty Pins 5.00

26th " Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring 5.00

27th " Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring 5.00

28th " Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring 5.00

29th " Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring 5.00

30th " Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring 5.00

(Set with proper jewels for month of birth of winners)

31st " Cut Glass Fruit Bowl Value 5.00

32nd " Vaseline 5 o'clock Tea Set 5.00

33rd " Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper 5.00

34th " Pair Gold Filled Cuff Links 5.00

35th " Fine Heart Locket, 16-in. chain 5.00

36th " Ladies' Solid Gold Signet Ring 5.00

37th " Handsome Combination Dressing and Manicure Set 5.00

38th " Cut Glass Sugar and Cream Set 5.00

39th " Genuine Seal Hand Bag 5.00

40th " Handsome Doll and Go-Cart 5.00

41st " Combination Ladies' Purse 5.00

42nd " Beautiful Gift Parlor Clock 5.00

43rd " Solid Gold 10k Pearl Tie Pin 5.00

44th " Solid Gold 10k Pearl Brooch 5.00

45th " Men's Solid Gold Garnet Ring 5.00

46th " Imperial Water or Lemonade Set 5.00

47th " Handsome China Breakfast Set 5.00

48th " High-grade Carving Set 5.00

49th " Set of Embroidery Scissors 5.00

50th " 7 vol. set of The Home Circle Library 5.00

and in addition to the above more than \$3,000.00 worth of handsome valuable prizes will be awarded. Every contestant successfully solving the 12 pictures will be awarded a prize of value.

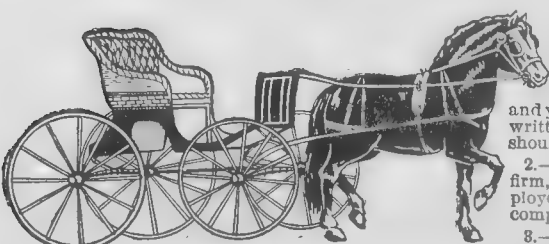
Complete Prize List will be Mailed to You.

the copy of Everywoman's World, which we will send, to three or four friends or neighbors who will want to subscribe.

8.—As soon as your answer is received and found correct we will write advising you and send you the complete series of proverb pictures and the Book of Famous English Proverbs, together with a copy of the current number of "Everywoman's World." Address your letters plainly to Contest Manager.



2nd Prize
\$450.00 Upright Piano.



3rd Prize—Magnificent Shetland Pony, Cart and Harness Complete. Value \$250.00.

again they sing, saying that she who is without is the Queen of Heaven, who has not where to lay her head; at her name the doors are thrown open wide and all enter singing.

In some parts of Germania, Scandinavia and Holland the custom is for all the children to offer a petition at the chimney corner on Christmas Eve to Kris Kringle, asking him to fill their stockings for Christmas morning, and many hopes and fears are confided to him. "Kris Kringle" is a corruption of "Christ-Kindlein" who is supposed to descend the chimney with gifts for all good children, and has in Germany superseded St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, the patron saint of children.

The Russian society man is bound during the Christmas holidays to kiss the hand of the woman he greets. But the custom of Christmas calls, like the former New Year calling of Canada, is becoming obsolete.

The Mistletoe in History and Legend

The mistletoe, which figures so prominently in Christmas decorations is a parasite, deriving its nourishment from the tree on which it grows and from which it seems to spring as if it were one of the tree's own branches. There are more than 400 known species, and about 150 of these are in evidence in different parts of the world at festive seasons. It is to be found growing on apple, pear, poplar, fir, and other trees of the same botanical family. It is very plentiful in some parts of the south of England and in Scotland. Most of the mistletoe used in Canada is imported from Great Britain.

The mistletoe was intimately connected with many of the superstitions of the ancient Germans and Celts. Strange and weird and awe-inspiring was the December ceremonial among the Celtic people of Western Europe, and most of all in the rites of the Druids, who observed the winter solstice in their great roofless temples at Stonehenge and Avebury, in Britain. In them, torches blazed at night, and mysterious ceremonies accompanied the cutting of the sacred mistletoe, which symbolized the continuance of life and of the means of life throughout the winter.

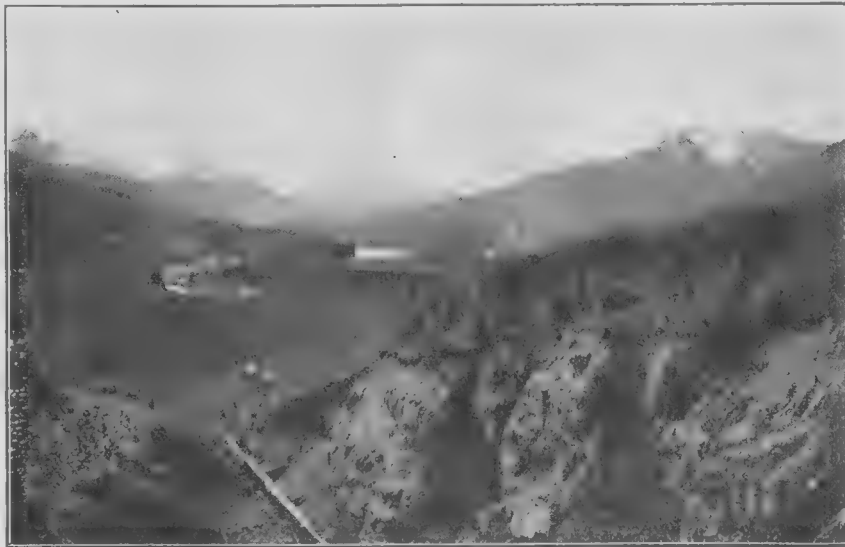
The Druids attached great importance to the mistletoe, and when it grew on the

sacred oak, invested it with healing virtue. It was said to keep away evil spirits, and to heal certain disorders. In midwinter the Druids sent around sprigs of ivy and mistletoe to remind people to decorate their dwellings with evergreens, in order to propitiate the sylvan spirits and secure protection from frosts and wintry blasts.

The mistletoe sprig is a potent mas-

brought offspring, to the sick, health. In fact it was the symbol of health, wealth, and prosperity; and the house that sports a branch of mistletoe at Christmas will never be unlucky.

It is from the Druids too, that the custom of decorating our churches and our homes with evergreen comes, for they believed that all the sylvan spirits flocked together on these boughs there



Mining Camp at Lone Creek, B.C.

cot, and the hostess who, following a quaint old fancy presents the guests or callers with a sprig, is not only presenting them with good luck and good fortune, but is doing what, of old, the priestly Druids did when they gave the worshippers of the Supreme Being, typified in the form of an oak, a portion of the parasite plant to keep religiously as long as it lasted. The mistletoe sprigs were supposed to give the power to perceive witches and evil-doers, and insured prosperity. To those whom the Druids disliked or wished harm to befall they refused the mistletoe sprig. No one could poison the holder of a piece of mistletoe, for the sprig would discover poison, no matter how cunningly administered, and save the owner from all harm. To childless folk the mistletoe

to remain until the warm weather. The covering of pillars, stairs and walls with evergreens is so old a custom that no one knows when it began. In old, as in modern days, the air was fragrant with the breath of pine and balsam. The ivy, the holly, the mistletoe were woven together in wreaths or garlands, or hung in great bunches from ceiling and arch. The laurel has been in use for festive occasions since the Romans made it the symbol of victory. No Christmas would be complete without the dark leaves of the holly framing its clusters of red berries. As for the mistletoe, have not the poets sung its praises and the romancers dwelt at length and with detail on the unique privileges it confers—the liberty to kiss whoever happens to be standing under it?

Its nature may be gathered from the comment of an English writer: "The maid who was not kissed under it would not be married that year." Out of consideration for the unmarried, therefore, it was hung in doorways and other exposed places where the unwary were most easily caught. It is a relic of Scandinavian mythology. Loki hated Balder, the Apollo of the North. Every thing "that springs from fire, air, earth, and water" had given its promise under oath, not to hate Balder, except the mistletoe, which was deemed too insignificant to be asked. Loki made an arrow of mistletoe, which he gave to blind Hoder to shoot and which killed Balder, who was restored to life at the request of the gods. The mistletoe was then given to the Goddess of Love to keep, and every one who passed under it received a kiss to show that it was the emblem of love, not of death. Some authorities allege that kissing under the mistletoe is a survival of the Saturnalia of the ancients.

Burning the Yule-Log

The burning of the Yule-log was a very old yule-time custom of the Scandinavians who, at the festival, kindled huge bonfires to the god Thor. Burning the log was practised in Scandinavia, England, Italy, some parts of France, and Servia. The charred ashes were supposed to have magic powers.

In the black Scandinavian forests great fires were kindled, fed with mighty trunks of pine and spruce until the flames shot far up into the heavens, defying the Frost King, and hailing his approaching downfall. Around these roaring seas of billowy flame gathered the savage, bearded northmen, basking in the ruddy warmth, quaffing great horns of mead and ale, calling with hoarse voices on their barbaric gods, and clashing their rude weapons; but on the night that was longest in the year, just before the great flaming wheel of the sun turned backward once again and when the Yule-logs were made ready to flare out, a terror, strange and sinister, took possession of the timid. Men and women and children whispered to one another that on this night there were many who suddenly put off their human forms and were changed into werewolves, fierce, ravaging, and thirsting for blood; and that these dreadful creatures roamed in the forest glades until the rising of the sun of the New Year.

A brand from the Yule-log snatched from the fire used to be carefully preserved, kept dry, and used to light the Christmas fire the next year, because it preserved the house from fire during the year, and subdued the spirit of the flames. Its powers were bestowed in the days of the Druids, when the Betlane fires were lighted and the brand secured from the fire to light the fire next year.

Lighted candles were a feature of the ancient Jewish Feast of The Dedication or Feast of Lights. This was held about Christmas time, and it is likely that lights were twinkling in every Jewish house in Bethlehem and Nazareth at the very time of the birth of Christ. Other authorities claim that the candles are a survival of the huge Yule-candle used as a sign of the Light that came into the world as prophesied by John the Baptist.

Moon Stories Connected With Christmas

It is surprising how many of the stories of the man in the moon are connected with the Christmas-tide. The Frisians say that one Christmas Eve an old man thinking of his next day's dinner, climbed the fence and stole his neighbor's fine cabbages. Just as he lifted his burden on his back, however, the Christ Child rode by on his white horse, carrying gifts for the good children, and spying the thief, said: "Because thou hast stolen on the Holy Eve thou shalt stand in the moon and be seen by everyone forever and forever." So there he is: and on every Christmas Eve, he is permitted to turn around once more.

Russian folk-lore tells us that this man in the moon was one who was seeking the isle in which there is no death. At last after travelling far, he found the longed-for haven and took up his abode in the moon. After one hundred years had passed, Death called for him one Christmas Eve, and a fierce struggle ensued with the man, who was victorious; and so the man stayed where he was.



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Xmas Party at Sprucedale

By E. L. Chicanot

"SO they've fired you, Fred," said Bob Andrews as he stood in the door of the little log shack shaking the snow from his boots and brushing the fast moistening flakes from his shoulders.

"I guess 'fired' is the right word," said Fred. "They've informed me as politely as possible, that my services will not be required after the holidays. They are going to engage Molly Otteridge."

Bob Andrews, a young farmer and Fred Moore, the district teacher had shared the former's shack for the past six months glorying in the freedom and

"That's all very well," said Fred starting up, "but that's not the point. I have some little pride, and it's got injured the way these fellows laid me off, and after I've done so much for the people and their children. Besides we were pretty comfortable here, old chap. I feel much like a bear being turned out of his warm quarters in the middle of winter."

"But, I tell you Bob, I'm going to get even with those trustees. I'll show the powers that be that I'm no worm."

Bob, who was pulling off his long boots, paused in his efforts to laugh.



Tobogganing from Dufferin Terrace, Quebec

independence of "Bachelor Hall." They had got along splendidly together, enjoying to the full each other's company. But this companionship was now to cease for without complaint of any kind Fred had been asked to hand in his resignation, as his position was wanted for someone else—the secretary's daughter.

"It's tough," he said to his friend, "to have to clear out of the place for that girl, just because she happens to be the secretary's daughter and another member of the board is 'sweet on her.' There I've been working away for the past six months, studying the nature of each child—for a teacher can't succeed otherwise—and now when I'm beginning to get right down to things it's hike off and start afresh."

"You've always got along well with the people," mused Bob as he filled up the kettle.

"Sure I have, and if there was more room here I'd express my opinion of the kind of people who will allow such a thing to happen. Why should they put up so tamely with the dictates of Otteridge and his lieutenant. I tell you there is something radically wrong with an educational system which leaves so much power in the hands of a few ignorant old hayseeds."

Bob laughed. "I don't see that you need kick much," he said. "There's all kinds of schools in the province looking for teachers. You can easily snap one up."

"Better take it easy, Fred," he said. "The way things are fixed they've got you and it's no use bucking."

Together the two friends set about clearing up and preparing for supper, the method being that common to bachelor establishments, viz., to put everything out of the sphere of action preferably in the wood-box or under the bed. Supper over they leaned back in their chairs, placed their feet upon the top of the stove and lit their pipes. This was the height of luxury, to be disturbed only by excursions to the wood-box for further supplies. Possibly with the thought of his forthcoming departure in mind, Fred was looking over the accumulated contents of his pocket-book; letters, envelopes, slips of paper, receipts and the usual conglomeration of matter to be found in a man's breast pocket. One slip he came upon, which he crushed in his hand, and opened the top of the stove to deposit therein. Then, as if upon second thoughts, he replaced the stove cover and again opened the slip of paper. He appeared pensively to be studying it and then burst into a roar of laughter. His friend looked up from the book he was reading to ask "What's the comedy?" and in return was handed the slip. Bob read it without any evident mirth.

"Awfully tickling isn't it," he said sarcastically. "I'm Scotch you know."

"You can't see the joke because you can't see beyond that slip of paper."

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Don't you see its possibilities? I told you I was going to obtain satisfaction from those trustees and—"

"But I don't quite see—"

"Of course, you don't, and nobody is going to see anything but the climax. But you will have the privilege of watching developments and also—er—assisting a little in the plot. Let me announce to you, that I'm going to give a swell dance and party in the schoolhouse on Christmas eve, and I have much pleasure in extending to you the first invitation. Now what do you think about that?"

"I think you're an ass of the most assinine class," returned Bob. "Why just now you're saving every cent to get to college next fall, and now you're going to make a hole in your pile to give a swell barbecue to people who didn't give a darn about you."

"Believe me, the worthy folk around here will think more highly of the modest pedagogue they let go, than they ever did before."

"Well! do your worst," said Bob, "only don't expect me to come and bail you out when you're seized for debt."

"No fear of that," said Fred, "though I have got a few little jobs for you. What do you say to an excursion to town this afternoon? There's not much time to lose, and I'll have to order quite a lot of things. I mean everyone within

"Well," said Fred, as he clambered leisurely from bed, "to-night's the night, and I'm going to have a pretty busy day. I'll have to get all my things packed up and then go over to the schoolhouse. Are you game to take me to town in the morning? I've got to catch the seven o'clock south-bound?"

"What! Quitting so soon?" said his chum. "You want to stay and see what impression this celebration has upon the people. It's sure to have some."

"Yes, you bet it will, and I don't want to see it. I want to preserve this young life of mine. It's just struck me I'm perhaps cut out for a diplomat. We can start about two o'clock, eh! and have lots of time."

"Sure, I'll take you in. I'm bound to get at the bottom of this mysterious business somehow."

Breakfast over, Fred set about the packing of his trunk and this accomplished and the cover safely fastened with the aid of Fred's one hundred and seventy pounds of avoirdupois, he wended his way to the schoolhouse, weighted down with a burden of many parcels, of many shapes and sizes.

When at night with the trunk on the sleigh, the two chums reached the schoolhouse they found the company had begun to arrive. Lights shone from the windows upon the snow outside and flickering lanterns here and there cast



The President of France on his way to visit the Troops at the front

driving distance to come to my farewell celebration. It's going to be some swell affair."

"Swell—yes. I guess that exactly describes the state of your head. You think you're a bloated millionaire. I'll be visiting you in a padded cell yet. Well you're the doctor, and if you say town, I guess we'll go."

Permission was easily secured from the school trustees to use the schoolhouse for the party and dance, and each gladly promised to attend, delighted that the teacher had taken so calmly his summary dismissal. Along the road to town everyone accosted was invited to the doings! Everyone was strictly enjoined to invite anyone else he met or knew or ever heard about—the province boundaries were to be the only limits. In town Fred seemingly had business all over, and made a considerable stay at the bakers' shop. Soon the sleigh was full to overflowing and Bob coming up viewed the pyramid of merchandise.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed. "You're enough for an army."

"This is only the beginning," said Fred. "The baker is to send out the more perishable edibles on the night itself. I tell you there's going to be a hot time."

"Yes for me," grinned Bob. "I only hope I don't have to tie you down before we get home. Have you ever been like this before?"

"Never! I never believed life held so much. A fellow has to turn loose sometime."

The long drive home was accomplished safely, Fred moving his seat from one part of the sleigh to another, as packages became refractory and developed the wanderlust.

Christmas Eve dawned bright and clear. The late sun glistening upon the frost covered panes made the windows sparkle and scintillate as if studded with precious stones of many hues.

their dim lights from many a shadow, as the men busied themselves unhitching and blanketing their horses. Whole companies were arriving at the schoolhouse door, sleighs deposited entire families; father looking quite unfamiliar in his joy-rags held the team; mother, gaily decked out marshalled her brood before her; boys and girls scrubbed and starched until countenances shone and limbs appeared unbendable, hurried inside to the stove, the girls glorying in their element, the boys looking most awkward and woebegone. Cutters drove up, and young men tenderly lifted their companions out; saw them safely inside; freed themselves of all further responsibility until the time to depart should come; and went off to the barn. Their less fortunate bachelor brethren arrived anyhow; some in sleighloads vociferously announcing their coming whilst yet afar off; many wending their lonely way in the saddle. Gay young bucks out for a good time and resolved to have it. Dozens and dozens of guests; some whom the host had never seen; many he never knew existed. All welcome nevertheless.

The room inside, with desks removed, and floor brightly polished, shone with the glamor of many a lamp and lantern. At one end stood a large Christmas tree, decked out with sundry presents—one for each child—and at present the great centre of attraction.

Everyone was gay, everyone happy; all had a nice word for the teacher: Sorry he was going away; hoped he'd come back, etc. And then with each starched master and miss made happy and sticky with the fruits of the tree the dance began and the hall rang with the caller's cries of "A la main left," and "recherche." The gay young bucks and the gristled old-timers, "honored their partners" and "bowed to their ladies," with the utmost grace. The giddy young

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The ache comes from the kidneys, which lie under the small of the back.

Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble.

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maidens and the buxom wives fittid around to the call of "Buffalo Girls," and everyone voted it the greatest dance for a long while.

And then the supper! What a spread! That supper is talked of in Sprucevale to this day. Sandwiches and cakes; coffee and tea; edibles people had never heard of before; delicacies with French names the teacher was called upon to translate. Such a display of the culinary art had never before been seen in the district. The teacher went up still higher in the general estimation. It was a shame to dismiss him. They couldn't let him go. Even the Secretary began to warm towards this generous provider and Miss Atteridge and the other trustee who "was sweet on her," thawed out under the spell of baker's provisions.

Then on with the dance again, waltz, twostep, quadrille, with a display of step-dancing as a side show of the big ring events. Then it was seen that the teacher had donned his coat and there was much crowding around and shaking of hands; many thanks for the generous spread and best wishes for the future. Somebody struck up "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and everybody joined in. At length Bob and Fred found themselves in the sleigh gliding merrily on in the moonlight towards town. "Bob," said Fred in the midst of a chuckle,

"No you don't," he exclaimed, pulling it back as the Secretary made to take it. "He said it was my security, and I guess it is. You don't come your games over me."

Secretary Atteridge leant over the counter and read from the paper.

"Charge any purchases of Mr. Moore to the Sprucevale School District."

B. T. Atteridge

The Secretary looked at his signature a second time and then gasped. "Great heavens," he exclaimed, "I gave him that one day to get some books for the school. What a fool! What a fool!"

"How was I to know that," rejoined the baker. "I've got the paper and I guess you'll have to pay."

"I guess we will," said the Trustee as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and then in rumination, "No wonder he was able to give everybody such a dandy time."

An Experiment in Happiness

It is doubtful whether anyone has ever succeeded in the deliberate pursuit of happiness. Shy and evasive, it is not to be caught in a trap. If it comes to us at all, it will do so of its own free will, and most likely as the reward of the performance of simple, everyday



Refugees flee from Belgium through Northern France

"You'll hear queer things about me after I'm gone, but don't let it interfere with our friendship."

"I won't," grinned Bob. "I'm just beginning to catch on. You are the limit. Got that paper now?"

"I've left it with the baker," laughed Fred.

There we will leave our evening's company, the older folk finishing the dance, the younger generation finishing the remains of the gorgeous repast, and Fred and Bob journeying on towards town and enjoying to the last their companionship together. We will jump over Christmas Day and the subsequent few days to the last day of the old year; the glamor of the party had scarce died down. Everyone commiserated with the few who had not been able to attend and the few who had not attended looked back upon it as something they had missed in their lives. The annual meeting of ratepayers would soon come round and Secretary Atteridge was daily receiving bills calling for payment. One came which rather puzzled him, being in fact for five boxes of powdered wax. He couldn't understand it, but put the matter down as a mistake and resolved to see about it when he went to town. The next mail brought two more bills from the neighboring town, for sundry toys and decorations. Then he began to open his eyes, and they opened to their fullest extent when others came next day, including the baker's. He hitched a team to the cutter and set off for town at once. The baker's bill, being the largest he called there first. Without preliminaries he held out the paper.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"That's for the stuff your schoolboard ordered," said the baker.

"It was," said the baker, "but look here," and he took a slip of paper from a file

duties, which we had never suspected as having any special merit at all.

A famous author writes of an experiment in his own life and how it resulted. He was successful, and the rewards of work which the world had stamped as brilliant, poured in upon him. But in his heart he was unsatisfied. He wearied of adulation, and of the ceaseless round of duties which society imposed upon him. He felt that the burden was a distasteful one, and that his life was filled with irksome tasks, much of which he regarded as unprofitable and time-wasting. So he resolved to seek seclusion, where, with his books and nature, he could devote himself uninterruptedly to the development of his best talents. He made his home on an island, lived on simple, rational lines, and was content to be a spectator and "let the world go by."

But a time soon came when he found to his dismay that he had taken the wrong turning at the fork in the roads. Happiness avoided him; his soul was even less satisfied than before. He was "somebody" no longer, for he had withdrawn from the battle of life and was useless to himself and to others as well. He discovered that he had been mistaken in believing he could live "to himself alone," and he saw that the natural, divinely ordained role of a true man is to live for others, to be in, yet not of, the world, and to bear his share of the general burden cheerfully in the place wherein God had set him.

B.C. Fruit Lands

On this page of this issue will be found an interesting advertisement of J. B. Martin, McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, who makes a speciality of British Columbian Fruit Lands. The announcement should prove of value to those of our readers who may be contemplating an investment of this description.

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No. 15½—Green, ½ pint.. 1.25



Newest model separable type full nickeled, heavily corrugated seamless case. A handsome bottle for home, office, store, factory or out-door use.
No. 16—Nickel, pint ...\$2.00
No. 16Q—Nickel, quart .. 3.25
No. 16½—Nickel, ½ pint for school children 1.75

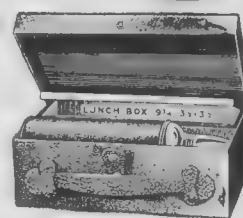


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THE LATE LORD ROBERTS

Great Britain has suffered an irreparable loss in the death in France on November 15th of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, which occurred while the greatest of all British soldiers was visiting the Indian troops. Lord Roberts had taken a notable part in the greatest campaign in an advisory capacity, and ever his first thoughts were for the betterment of the British soldier.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts was 82 years of age on Sept. 30 last. He was the son of General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B., and of the daughter of Major Bunberry, of the 62nd Foot, so that he may fairly be said to have been born a soldier. He was born at Cawnpore, in India, where his father served for half a century, and was brought to England at the age of 18 months. Educated at Eton, Sandhurst and Addiscombe, the future field-marshal was gazetted second lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery in Dec., 1851.

Earl Roberts was married on the 17th of May, 1859, to Nora Henrietta, daughter of Captain Bews, of the 3rd Foot. Lord and Lady Roberts have had their share of the sorrows of wedded life. Their first child, a girl, was born at Simla, but died a year later, and their second child, also a girl, died on the voyage from England to India, and was buried at sea. Their first son died three weeks after his birth, and the son who lived to manhood and followed his father's profession laid down his life at Colenso in the South African War, in a heroic effort to save the guns. Two daughters are living, Lady Edwina Stewart and Lady Aileen May. Lady Edwina is now the wife of H. F. C. Lewin, of the Royal Field Artillery. Lady Aileen Roberts is the heiress of the earldom. If, however, Lady Edwina should have a son, the title will pass to him.



The Late Field Marshal, Earl Roberts

Truer Patriotism

By T. Murphy

The Patriotism that shall be Ours after the War.

LIKE many another word in our English language which represents a lofty virtue "Patriotism" is often loosely used and our idea of what constitutes patriotism often becomes vague, crude and indefinite. There is need that we understand what we mean by patriotism.

There is a certain kind of patriotism with which we can have very little to do no matter what country it favors. There is a patriotism—a blustering, hectoring, noisy patriotism with which no thoughtful, intelligent man can have anything whatever to do. Dr. Samuel Johnson's definition of such patriotism is very well known. He once defined the noisy patriotism as the last refuge of the scoundrel. Such patriotism as that usually comes from the life that has little good in it of which to boast or from the career which is in itself a failure. Then it becomes very convenient to shelter oneself behind the greatness of one's country. The "Wise One" had something to say about "Wolves in sheep's clothing." Religion has suffered through wickedness borrowing the garments of light. But perhaps no other virtue has suffered more in this respect than has patriotism.

The great error in our patriotic feeling comes when we cry as some do, "My country right or wrong." No, the true patriot cannot uphold his country when it is wrong. He does not show his loyalty to Canada if he cries "Canada right or wrong." Such patriotism goes contrary to our moral consciousness. It drags a virtue into the gutter and that is exactly where virtue does not belong. We remember that Edmund Burk was as

true a citizen of Britain as ever lived, but he did not hold with his country in what he felt to be an injustice. I refer to the taxation of the Colonies; and when we hear as true a patriot and as great a statesman as Sir William Pitt exclaim, "England has no right under heaven to tax the Colonies" we applaud him, and his words. So we do the love of country nought but wrong when we drag it into unwillingness with wrong. The amendment to our patriotism would be "Our Country when she is wrong to make her right, and when she is right to keep her right."—That would express a truer patriotism.

He is a true patriot who shows a love for what is good and just in his country, but another mark is that there is no contempt for other countries, no scorn for other peoples, no disdain for other nations. Hatred for other countries is not to be mistaken for love for our own. We remember that the ancient Greek was a patriot, but somehow we do not

admire his patriotism for the other side of his patriotism was a feeling that everybody else was a Barbarian. The same is true of the Jew for the other side of his patriotism was an infinite scorn for the whole mass of the Gentiles. It is a godless thing to slight, or belittle one's own country, but it is just about as bad to depreciate other peoples' country. The truer spirit recognizes that there is a mission, and a destiny for all nations of the world. There is a brotherhood that will bind all together. It is a mark of the truer patriotism that there is no room on its basis for contempt for other countries.

The nobler and truer patriotism must see that a nation's worst enemies are not swords and spears. There are national foes that can be far more deadly than the battalions of an invading army. In the long run if any nation perishes as did ancient Rome it will not be the guns of another nation, but its own wrongs and injustices that will do it. Hence the truer patriot is willing to see the sin and wrong that exists in his own country and is willing to fight for their removal making his country good and true, pure and worthy.

There is also a breadth about the truer patriotism that we admire. Because a man says he loves his own country he is not necessarily thereby hindered from loving another's country. He is a small minded man, an insignificant man who worships only his own country and his own belongings and has no profound or affectionate regard for the whole world at large of which he is a part. A man with a patriotism with some breadth about it has never a vulgar coarse pride in the wealth, prosperity, or territory of his country only, but hungers for the justice, equity and purity of his country. He longs for the uplift of the nation and the moral cleansing of the people. This to our mind is another mark of the truer patriotism.

If You Wish to Be Well You Must Keep the Bowels Regular.

If the bowels do not move regularly they will, sooner or later, become constipated, and constipation is productive of more ill health than almost any other trouble.

The sole cause of constipation is an inactive liver, and unless the liver is kept active you may rest assured that headaches, jaundice, heartburn, piles, floating specks before the eyes, a feeling as if you were going to faint, or catarrh of the stomach will follow the wrong action of this, one of the most important organs of the body.

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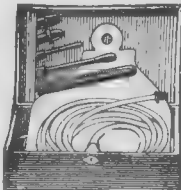
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Elements of Peace

The horrors of war had filled lonely hearts with piercing pain; armies of men lay bleeding and dead in fearful trenches; weapons of war belched forth clouds of powder and shot; countries wrecked and ruined bespoke a period of hellish raids; a suffering world pierced the atmosphere with cries of anguish and despair, and chaotic strife mocked at the spirit of Christmas.

Suddenly a vision appeared in the heavens. The pain in lonely hearts ceased; bleeding soldiers revived; weapons of war melted; a ruined country burst into new life, and the cries of a suffering world were changed to songs of joy—for the vision of a great Christ appeared before mankind, and the spirit of Christliness melted hate into love as the eyes of the world read the handwriting across the heavens—"Peace on earth good will to men."

The Price of Peace

It was a simple home, but there lived in it a girl so good and beautiful that everyone loved her. She did not go to moving picture shows, parties and the like, but spent her spare moments in de-

What was the vision—and who was was the girl? Have you guessed? Listen!

"Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. Thou shalt have a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord shall give unto Him the throne of his father David. And He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end."

What was the little verse that helped Mary?

"With God nothing is impossible."

What was the price of the peace in her heart?—A beautiful disposition.

"Take joy home, and make a place in thy great heart for her, And give her time to grow, and cherish her."

It is a comely fashion to be glad, Joy is the grace we say to God.

The Peace of Cleanliness

Girls are the same the world over. A beautiful girl with long black hair and lovely dark eyes is usually a fascinating girl. If she is womanly her fascination has a saving power. If she is selfishly evil her fascination has a dangerous influence. For good or evil a



Culinary Experts

veloping those qualities of love and usefulness that made a girl lovable and popular. When she was twelve years old she did not make her home people miserable by impatiently crying for new gowns and a good time. Her parents believed that their duty was to share their blessings, so they gave one-third of their income to their church and one-third to the poor. The other third they used for living expenses. A girl born in such a helpful generous home atmosphere could not have other than a mind filled with high ideals.

One day when she was alone a beautiful vision appeared before her; any girl who keeps her mind pure and clean must see beautiful visions. It is when dark thoughts are allowed to creep into a girl's mind that the place becomes too dirty for beautiful pictures. This vision assured her of high honor and happiness. She was very busy at the time, as she was spinning. She was a girl who would dignify any work assigned to her, and she did her work beautifully, because her mind was clear and hopeful, and she planned future accomplishments while busy with present duties.

The vision of her future appeared impossible, but the young girl did not rely on her own strength for all guidance. A little verse encouraged her when she attempted big things. Often a little verse will tide a girl over great trials. It is well to fill the mind with helpful quotations.

This girl made no protestations of her unworthiness, but determined to face any duty expected of her.

striking brunette creates marked attention—and so the brunette is highly responsible for many historical and modern tragedies, as well as numerous honorable and womanly accomplishments.

This particular girl was winsome—the most winsome young woman among all the girls of her set. She was beautiful, full of eager enthusiasm and industrious, and her heart was warm with tender anticipation of a future home. All girls dream of a perfect lover, but all girls do not make themselves worthy of an ideal lover. A worthy girl must know how to keep the home clean and neat, for there is peace in a home properly managed. A girl cannot learn this art in a day or a week or a year. It requires training throughout her entire girlhood. A clean home, clean fatherhood and clean motherhood, will create a peaceful home, and without this form of cleanliness no home can be protected by the angel of peace, for peace and cleanliness cannot be separated.

This lovely brunette cultivated the womanly graces that men admire. Most men can detect these graces. Her father had all kinds of servants, but any homely work was not beneath her. She was ambitious because her father's wealth had not dulled her into idleness. She did not sleep until noon, nor eat into a state of chocolate intoxication. It is well for every girl to learn sewing and cooking and housekeeping—it is bad for a girl to weaken into mental, moral and physical weakness by idleness.

All of Queen Victoria's daughters learned to cook and sew.

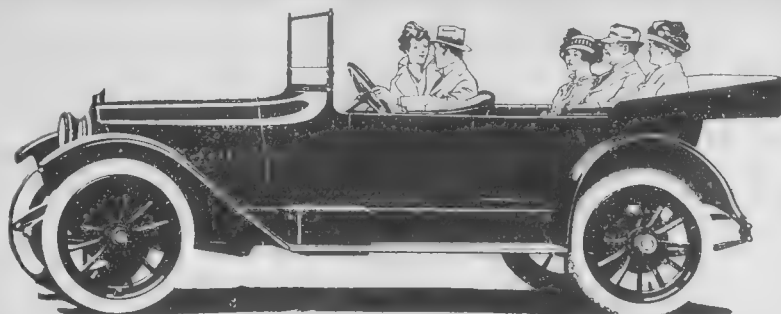
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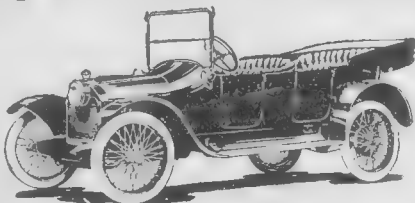
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This girl while busy at her work one day met a young man—splendid and admirable. He was a son of wealth, but had never met a girl who pleased him enough to attract his love. One day an Unseen Power guided him to her, and he fell in love with her immediately, and asked her to become his wife. Thus a clean-minded girl married a clean-minded man, and their union began in peace.

Do you know this girl?

"Isaac hastened to meet Rebekah, and he took her into the tent which had been his mother's. Since his mother's death he had been lonely, but Rebekah became his wife, and he loved her, and was comforted."

Peace that Passeth Understanding

The following scenes are mentioned by Dickens in his Christmas stories:

For Xmas pastime—Look them up in the most important Book in your home.

"What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see these images set forth on the Christmas tree?—An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travelers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a babe in a manger; a child in a spacious temple,

great world of womanhood the occasion must be made one of extreme rejoicing. The being who possesses the possibility of some day mothering a man child, a warrior, a brave, receives much consideration in most nations, but to us, the Sunset Tribes, she is honored above all people. The parents usually give a great feast that lasts many days. The entire tribe and the surrounding tribes are bidden to the feast. During these days of rejoicing, the girl is placed on an exalted position. Many thousands of years ago a great Tye had two daughters that grew to womanhood. These two daughters were young, lovable, and oh! very beautiful. Their father, the great Tye, prepared to make a feast, such as the Coast had never seen. There were to be days and days of rejoicing, the people were to come for many leagues, were to bring gifts to the girls, and to receive gifts of great value from the chief, and hospitality was to reign as long as pleasuring feet could dance, and enjoying lips could laugh, and mouths partake of the excellence of the chief's fish, game and ollallies.

The only shadow on the joy of it all was, for the tribe of the great Tye was at war with the Upper Coast Indians near what is now known as Prince Rupert. Giant war canoes slipped along the entire coast, war parties paddled up and down, war songs broke the silences of the nights, hatred, vengeance, strife, horror festered everywhere like sores on the surface of the earth. But the great Tye laughed at the battle and the bloodshed, for he had been victor in every encounter, and he could well afford to



Baby (with assistance) wins

talking to grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where He sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a seashore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon His knee; again, restoring sight to the blind; hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon the Cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The Feast of a Great Peace

The Two Sisters is an Indian legend, written by E. Pauline Johnson. Chief Capilano told the story to her as related to him from his ancestors. It had never before been revealed to any other English-speaking person.

The Two Sisters are the twin peaks, known throughout the British Empire as "The Lions of Vancouver."

This is the story as believed by Indians of the Canadian Pacific Coast, as quoted in the language of E. Pauline Johnson: "The Two Sisters are known to us as The Chief's Daughters, and to them we owe the Great Peace in which we live, and have lived for many countless moons. There is an ancient custom amongst the Coast tribe that when our daughters step from childhood into the

leave the strife for a brief week, and feast in his daughters' honor, so he prepared to royally entertain his tribesmen.

But seven suns before the great feast, these two maidens came before him, and clasped his hand.

"Oh! our father," they said, "may we speak?"

"Speak, my daughters, my girls, with the eyes of April and the hearts of June."

"We have come to crave a favor of you—you, oh! our father."

"It is your privilege at this celebration to receive any favor your hearts may wish," he replied, graciously. "The favor is yours before you ask it."

"Will you, for our sakes, invite the great northern hostile tribes—the tribe you war upon—to this, our feast?" they asked fearlessly.

"To a peaceful feast, a feast in the honor of women?" he exclaimed incredulously.

"So we would desire it," they answered.

"And so it shall be," he declared.

"I can deny you nothing this day, and some time you may bear sons to bless this peace you have asked, and to bless their mother's sire for granting it."

Then he turned to all the young men of the tribe and commanded.

"Man your canoes and face the north, greet the enemy and tell them that I, the Tye of the Coplanos, ask that they join me for a great feast in honor of my two daughters."

And when the northern tribes got this invitation they flocked down the coast to this feast of a Great Peace.

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The war canoes were emptied of their deadly weapons and filled with the daily catch of salmon.

Peace was made between the two powerful tribes of enemies, and a great and lasting brotherhood was sealed—their war songs were ended for ever.

Then the great Sagalie Tyee smiled on his Indian children. "I will make these maidens immortal," he said. So he set them for ever in a high place, for they had borne two offspring—"Peace and Brotherhood." And this is the legend of the two mountains that gained the peace of the Pacific Coast at Vancouver.

The Peaceful Gift

If you should please a person very much, and that person would offer as a reward any present you ask, what would you choose? What do you want very much? Is your choice a wise one?

I know of a girl who pleased her uncle, and he promised her whatever she should ask, and her request made her famous—just one deed made her famous.

She was a gay girl, and at a brilliant banquet she made known her desire—it was the life of a good man. This girl's name was Salome.

There are girls to-day who demand at this season gifts that sacrifice a man's honor and trust, which is more to him than life itself.

of motive stamps the value of an honest gift. The gift was honest—her love was great—and this is a breath of genuine Christmas giving. It was a beautiful letter of appreciation, and two hearts became better and bigger and brighter because of its contents. Fine ideas enlarge the soul, and give one visions of true Christmas joy.

The Pleasure of Peace

The spirit of Christmas is so potent that even the most hardened cannot escape it.

The early Christians made presents to their children on Christmas morning under the pretence that they had been dropped by the Christ child while passing over the houses at night.

Love—joy—hope—are the Christmas bells that ring peace into the heart of a girl. Love that brings sweetness into life, and attunes a girl's heart to celestial harmonies; joy that bids the sounds of strife and envy be still; hope that proclaims the gospel of goodwill and steadfastness to things high and holy—these are golden bells that ring the real pleasures of peace into the heart of a girl.

"Is Dobbs egotistical?" "Yes, indeed. Why, every time he stands on a street corner he thinks he's in public life."

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Hold-firm thy will for strife
Lest a quick blow break it."

Every girl owes to every young man with whom she associates the gift of pure clean inspiration. This is the only gift that will bring peace into the heart of man.

"Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose, but pay,
How she has cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift!
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,

Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made men brutes, and men divine!"

The gift of noble inspiration—woman's priceless peaceful gift to man!

Ideas of Peace

O let me be where Christmasses ne'er part!
O let me live where joy treads ever free!
O let me rest where peace waits watchfully,
In the warm manger of the Christly heart.

Things are great or small according to the eye that regards them. The smallest plot of land has one relation to infinity—its outlook to the sky. Great hearts open the outlook of cramped scenes.

A woman of my acquaintance was poor—very poor. She sacrificed much in order to donate a bit of money to the church. Wealthy men laughed at her contribution—but the value of an action is determined by its aim—according to real Christmas ethics—and inwardness

The Tour of a Smile

My papa smiled this morning when
He came downstairs, you see,
At Mamma; and when he smiled then
She turned and smiled at me;
And when she smiled at me I went
And smiled at Mary Ann
Out in the kitchen, and she lent
It to the hired man.

So then he smiled at some one who
He saw when going by,
Who also smiled and ere he knew
Had twinkles in his eye;
So he went to his office then
And smiled right at his clerk,
Who put some more ink on his pen
And smiled back from his work.

So when his clerk went home he smiled
Right at his wife, and she
Smiled over at their little child
As happy as could be;
And then their little child, she took
The smile to school, and when
She smiled at Teacher from her book
Teacher smiled back again.

And then the teacher passed on one
To little James McBride,
Who couldn't get his lessons done
No matter how he tried;
And Jamesy took it home and told
How Teacher smiled at him
When he was tired, and didn't scold,
But said: "Don't worry, Jim!"

And when I happened to be there
That very night to play
His mother had a smile to spare
Which came across my way;
And then I took it after while
Back home, and Mamma said:
"Here is that very self-same smile
Come back with us to bed!"

The Young Man and His Problem

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Winnipeg

TIME IS RADIUM

The greatest bookkeeper is the man who keeps the time-book. The greatest record is the record on the time card. The greatest face is the face of that mechanical contrivance which reveals the hour of the day. Time is above all value. It is dearer than money and more precious than gold. Time is radium. 'Baxter once had callers who said, "We fear we break in upon your time." "To be sure you do," said the man who hoarded his moments as a miser hoards his gold.'

THE TRUTH FITS

Truth always fits. Like the key in the lock, like an electrical fixture in its socket, like the teeth in a well organized mouth, like the two halves of the hinges of a gate, like the door of a high grade carriage, like the wheels to the track of a train. Truth always fits. Therefore tell the truth. A great lawyer once said. "A child can testify truly and maintain itself on cross-examination. A man may be able to frame his story and testify to a brief statement of facts involving a short, single transaction. But I cannot conceive of a case where even the greatest intellect can conceive a story of crime covering of duration, with constantly shifting scenes and changing characters, and maintain that story with circumstantial detail as to times, places, persons and particular circumstances, and under as merciless a cross-examination as was ever given a witness in an American court, unless the witness thus testifying was speaking truthfully and without any attempt either to misrepresent or conceal."

MOTHER

'James G. Blaine, the famous American statesman, doted upon the fond memory of his mother. He says: "The last message my mother left, in her conscious moments, was for me. The last word she uttered was my name." Daniel O'Connell, the magnificent Irish orator, when he first heard of the institution of slavery, exclaimed: "When first I heard of the idea of property in man, it sounded to me as if some one was trampling upon my mother's grave!" What a telling comparison plucked from the wing of memory! What an eloquent tribute to the one whose revered remains rested in that grave! This chain of sacred contributions, like a necklace of jewels, like a rosary of fond memories, like the glittering flash of an ever recurring thought, like a thing of beauty forever, runs through all the pages of history and biography. How poor the man who has never felt the pressure of a mother's kiss and in the corridors of whose memory there lingers no sound or echo of a mother's voice.'

JOHN BROWN

Truth must be personified. The man who believes something is the man who stands for his conviction. The man with a conviction is a center for the congestion of social influence and spiritual force. One man can more mould a multitude. 'Captain John Brown—the "marching-on Brown"—once said to Emerson, that "for a settler in a new country, one good believing man is worth a hundred, nay, worth a thousand men without character."

BE EVEN

Study to be even, steady, smooth, and sweet tempered. Forget your insults. Hide your injuries. Cover up your disappointments. Be indifferent to neglect. Be ever the same—kind, considerate and thoughtful of the wants of others. It was said of Charles Kingsley that: "The people loved him because he was always the same—earnest, laborious, tender-hearted; chivalrous to every woman; gentle to every child; true to every man; ready for, and vigorous in, every good work; stern only towards vice and selfishness; the first to rejoice in the success of the strong and healthy, and the first to hasten to the bedside of the sick and dying."

WAR TIMES

"The splendid period in the life of every nation has been its fighting period. Israel and the emancipation, Greece and the memories of Marathon, Scotland and the Covenanters, England and the Commonwealth, France and the Revolution, the United States and the war of the Rebellion, Japan resisting the encroachments of Russia. Nations have been benefited and blessed for ages by being thrown into the white heat of a great passion. The great monuments of our Christian civilization stand in unfading glory on the sacred soil where ten thousand battles have been fought for truth and righteousness."

YOUR THINKING CAP

'Every man should have his own private opinion on every vital question affecting the welfare of our civilization, and having his opinion, should express it in voice, ink and print. What the world needs, just now, is not an original thinker, here and there, but a generation of original thought. We are waiting for humanity to put on its thinking cap. We are anticipating the hour when the race will write its own editorials. We are looking for the hour when party names will indicate political progress and not be used by political tyrants to whip into line every unwilling slave in the realm of machine politics. We are dreaming of the day when the thought waves of the world will be so deep, thorough, vital and refreshing that every creed will be rewritten and every political platform reconstructed. So, my friends, if you have an opinion—speak it out.

"He is a slave who dare not be
—In the right with two or three."

A Christmas Greeting

To W. H. M. Readers

From Principal FALCONER, Toronto University

I HAVE pleasure in expressing the hope that in Canada throughout the coming year we may have a more real prosperity than any we have yet enjoyed. The crisis through which we are going is so terrible that it must have driven us all to consider more deeply than ever the fundamental basis of prosperity. We are all made to realize that sacrifice is essential for a strong national life, and while others far away are undergoing this sacrifice on our behalf it is our duty at home to do what we can to make the country worthy of that sacrifice. We should endeavor to understand the privileges of our Anglo-Saxon liberty, the true understanding of which involves on our part the performance of the duties connected with our social and public life.

Robt. A. Falconer
President

EQUIPOISE

When temperaments are properly matched the result is—equipoise. Courage matches caution. Generosity matches economy. Maturity matches inexperience. Hope matches doubt. Energy matches repose. Every successful marriage and partnership is built on a blending of personal characteristics. 'Charles Wesley said, "My brother is all hope, I am all fear"; but that is not quite accurate. Charles was in temperament as sanguine as his brother John, but one side of his nature made him fear the results of the very things which the other and nobler side of his nature made him do.'

THREE CIRCLES OF FRIENDS

'Every noble person has three circles of friends. First, the outer circle of those who sincerely wish him well. Second, the inner circle composed of those who are trying to assist him in every way possible. Third, the heart circle of love and affection—those who would die for him. The best friends are, or ought to be, in the home circle. Tennyson always addressed his wife as: "My Dear Friend." Queen Victoria found a friend in her uncle Leopold of Belgium. How he used to caution and advise her. His letters are full of suggestions such as these: "Prepare yourself for your position or you may become the victim of wicked and designing people"—"Keep cool. Do not become alarmed at the thought of becoming queen sooner than you expected."—"When you become queen, begin by taking everything as the king leaves it"—"When you become queen, do not speak to others concerning your youthfulness and inexperience"—"When you converse, never pass beyond the sphere of ordinary conversation"—"Never talk about yourself, your opinions or your sentiments"—"In high positions it is exceedingly difficult to retrace a false step, therefore let nobody hurry you"—"My object is that you should be nobody's tool."

TEARS

Never be ashamed of your emotions. It is noble to weep—when the occasion compels it. It is not childish to cry when the soul is refreshed by it. Great men are tender. True men are sympathetic. Big men are emotional. 'Edmund Burke was found in the pasture-field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said: "Why, the great man has lost his mind." No; the horse belonged to his son who had recently died; and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows.'

LOVE'S REWARD

Love's labor is never lost. No kind deed ever failed. No sympathy was ever misplaced. No genuine charity was ever squandered. All true labor which is unselfish and for the good of others must bring its reward. How sweet to see the expressive tears stealing down over the face of some one whom we have tried to help. 'Beautiful indeed was the love of a little girl for her teacher when the child called her mother to her bedside, and with her dying breath said: "Mother, don't tell my Sunday-school teacher I am dead, for it will break her heart to know it."

A FALSE FRIEND

'A false friend is the most dangerous creature in the world. Beware of those whom you love but cannot respect. Henry VIII was playing cards when he received word of the execution of Sir Thomas Moore, whose death warrant he had signed at the instigation of Anne Boleyn, with whom he was at that moment playing cards. Flinging the cards on the table in a spasm of remorse, he exclaimed: "Anne Boleyn, thou art the cause of this man's death," and immediately left the room. Anne Boleyn was indeed a false friend. Under her influence Henry VIII reached the lowest point in his degradation and from which he never recovered himself.'

GREAT BOOKS

Read the great books—they survive the years and span the centuries. They are to be found in every library. They are apt to be quoted and referred to in every address and sermon. They have out-grown their original copyrights and therefore are among the cheapest of publications. They put iron in the blood and add nerve to the spirit. A certain writer says: 'It is not speaking with exaggeration, but with strict measured sobriety, to say that Boswell's "Life of Johnson" will give us more real insight into the History of England during those days than twenty other books, falsely entitled "Histories," which take to themselves that special aim.'

HOW TO CURE SORROW

Sometimes sorrow comes into life very early, and when it does come into one's experience early, its effect is crushing. How shall we stand it? What antidote have we for it? How shall we endure soul-pain and travail of heart? The remedy is in the consecration of sorrow. Do something for others who are broken hearted. A great preacher once said: 'I knew a mother who buried her babe on Friday, and on the Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath-school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness.'

THE SPIRIT OF GOSSIP

Never believe what you hear about a man if it contradicts what you know about him. One gossip can stay a saint. One serpent can kill a king. One slanderer can ruin a great reputation. Just a word, a hint, a suggestion, an interrogation, a wink—and the dastardly deed is done. Said an American orator: "Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character, I will take off from it twenty-five per cent for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off seventy-five per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining twenty-five per cent. Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it."

Fur Fortunes from Freak Foxes

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Francis J. Dickie.

OUR fortunes from freak foxes is the latest business enterprise of fur men and traders in the Northland of Canada. The black fox, the most valuable fur bearing animal in the world to-day, owing to its comparative rarity and the ever increasing demand for its fur, is rapidly becoming diminished in number in its wild state. For this reason fur men are now extensively devoting themselves to the rearing of the animal in captivity. The business of fox farming is Canada's one great business romance. It was started some twenty years ago in Eastern Canada in the province of Prince Edward Island by Charles Dalton then a yeoman farmer of Tignish county. Dalton started with one pair of black foxes bought from an Indian. To-day he is a Senator and very wealthy largely through his successful operations in these animals. Up until the spring of 1913 the business was practically all confined to the Prince Edward Island province. However, in the spring of 1913 a boom was started in the north country with the city of Alberta as the central point. Here buyers from all over the continent became congregated all at once desiring wild black fox puppies. William H. Kane buyer for the Kane farm of Ogden, Pennsylvania was the chief buyer, taking out \$237,000 of the animals. James A. Kane, the head of this firm was also a pioneer of the business. At first a pioneer with Dalton, he later began operations for himself at this point.

With so many buyers eager and ready to pay good prices, fox puppies reached a tremendous value. As high as \$5,000 for single live animals with good black or silver grey pelts was paid and in several cases \$15,000 for a well matched pair. Like every other commodity that is the object of a boom the market in foxes is now suffering a little from this inflation of prices. In the year 1914 prices for live puppies averaged about twelve hundred dollars with a fair demand. Over a dozen farms are now operating in the province of Alberta and under the careful and legitimate management of sound business men and experienced fur farmers the fox business shows every sign of being a coming industry.



Surprised.

As yet the black fox has not realized that he is captured. By means of a long cord fastened to pan of trap and camera shutter the fox was snapped as the jaws of the trap closed upon his leg.

Besides being the most valuable fur bearing animal in the world the black fox is also a mysterious animal and apparently a freak of Nature. The question as to whether they are a distinct species or only a freak of Nature, however, is a much mooted question among fox farmers and trappers. Up to the present time it does not seem to have ever been satisfactorily settled. The fact remains, however, that in a litter from a red fox father and mother one and even two black foxes have been found while vice versa two black foxes bred together will often have one or more red ones in their litter. In the wild state, however, the black fox is conceded by many to be a freak; but breeders, beginning with two black foxes have found that after breeding four generations down the progeny remain black, although before the fourth generation there is often a "throw-back." William H. Kane of the Pennsylvania farm is the authority for this latter statement and with some hundred pairs at present on this farm and twenty

years experience in the business this can be taken as fairly reliable and authentic.

The demand for the animals alive has also made a new form of hunting among the Indians and white trappers of the great north land that lies for three



Worth its Weight in Gold.
A silver grey fox, one of the most valuable species of fur-bearing animals in the world.

thousand miles from Edmonton, Alberta, to the Arctic Sea. Where before they shot or trapped the black fox, they now wait for spring and, locating a den, dig the young puppies out alive. The pups are born in the latter end of March and the first weeks in April and in the wild state are from five to eight in number. In captivity there are seldom more than four to a litter. So great was the number of live young animals taken out in 1913 that the Government passed an act making it compulsory for any buyer or breeder taking pups out of the province to pay an export license fee of one hundred dollars (\$100). This law went into effect in 1914 and in many ways will protect the provincial fur farmers.

ENGLAND

(By Gerald Massey)

There she sits in her island-home,
Peerless among her peers!
And Liberty oft to her arms doth come,
To ease its poor heart of tears.

Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
Of a past she can never forget:
And again shall she herald the world
up higher;
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old looked forth
In their fear, as they heard her afar:
But loud will your wail be, O, Kings of the Earth!
When the Old Land goes down to the war.

The avalanche trembles, half-launched, and half-riven,
Her voice will in motion set:
O, ring out the tidings, wide-reaching as Heaven!
There's life in the Old Land yet.

The old nursing Mother's not hoary yet,
There is sap in her ancient tree;
She lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
Through her mists, to the Sun and the Sea—

Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
Or a star in a dark cloud set:
Ye may blazon her shame—ye may leap at her name,
But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, you will find the Old Land
Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!
She will fight as she fought when she took her stand
For the Right in the olden day.

Rouse the old royal soul; Europe's best hope
Is her sword-edge for victory set!
She shall dash Freedom's foes down Death's bloody slope;
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

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The Philosopher

CHRISTMAS AND THE GREAT WAR

Once more, as yet another year rolls to its close, we approach the holy Christmas season. Not even war can deprive Christmas of its meaning, which lifts the mind above the sorrows, labors and storms of life, bidding us look up, as the wise men laying sumptuous gifts at the feet of an humble babe looked up to a star brilliant above all the planets. To the inward, seeing eye of faith that guiding star shines with undimmed splendor, high above the smoke of even the most terrible artillery. War is an unspeakable horror, with all its hideous carnage and waste and devastation, yet who that believes that the life of humanity is more than a blind and unmeaning struggle can doubt that from this great struggle good will be evolved? Never before have armed forces fought with principles at stake of such vital importance to the progress of humanity. This is a war for the readjusting of the world, and after the crash of this greatest storm in history, there will be the dawn of a new day, in which the true meaning of Christianity will shine

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT OF GERMANY

Above the din and smoke and terror of all the thunderings and destructions of the war, sounds "the low, sad music of humanity"; and in the spirit of the teaching of Jesus, we can think with sorrow and with pity of the old, vanished Germany, and of all that it meant to the minds of the rest of Christendom. It meant, as the London Times said in a reminiscent article soon after the war began, "cradle-songs and fairy stories and Christmas in old moonlit towns, and a queer simple tenderness always childish and musical, with philosophers who could forget the world in thought like children at play, and musicians who could laugh suddenly like children through all their profundities of sound." Is it not true that many of us who are middle-aged, looking back to our childhood days, find that we used to think of Germany chiefly as a land of fairy tales and songs and toys, the home of the kindergarten? The Germans used to be regarded as a kindly people, who had learned the wisdom of cheerfulness and contentment and were without malice in their hearts against any other people. They led the world in more ways than one, and with it all there seemed to be something lovable in their good humor and simplicity, even when they were old and fat and very learned. But they have changed all that. They have gone to school to evil teachers, and they have imbibed evil teachings all too assiduously. There is ingrained in them something docile and obedient, which has made them industrious scholars in learning their new lessons. If they were not so submissive and docile, they would never submit to the system of government of which the kaiser, self-proclaimed ruler by Divine right and accountable to no one but himself, is the autocratic head. As the old Germans would sacrifice everything to philosophy or learning or music or industry, so the new Germans have sacrificed everything to war. They had always been industrious apprentices in arts and sciences, studious learners; of late they have become industrious apprentices in a systematic devilry. And they cannot, apparently, conceive the truth that they present the spectacle of a whole nation, by some malign miracle, having been converted to willing evil instead of good. Their learned men argue endlessly, with as frequent mention of God as is the Emperor's practice, that their theories of war are wise and necessary. They are all unable to see that there must be something essentially and fatally wrong in theories which leave Germany without a friend in the civilized world—theories which inculcate a deliberate return to barbarism. The influences of the Christmas season should make us hope that the Germans of the future will look back to the present time and to those wicked theories which have poisoned the German mind, as to a terrible nightmare. The Germans of the future will, and must, return to their right minds. Otherwise there would be no meaning in all the highest beliefs and intuitions of humanity. Will the Germans of the future be, like their ancestors, noted for a certain lovable childishness? All we can say is that they will be haunted by terrible memories.

A CHRISTMAS SHIP

Has there ever been a Christmas season in which the angels' song of peace on the first Christmas night has been more terribly overborne by the sounds of war? Has there ever been a Christmas with a more appalling burden of sorrows in the lands where the actual carnage and devastation of warfare have been going on and the lands where the war has made itself felt by the bereavements it has inflicted? A more fitting way of honoring the season, a way more in accord with the spirit of Jesus, than that which has been inaugurated in the Christmas Ship movement, it would not be easy to imagine. As the London Daily Telegraph has said, it makes an intimate appeal to the heart. This admirable idea, which originated with a Chicago newspaper, and has been taken up with great enthusiasm throughout the United States, is that the children of the United States should unite in sending Christmas gifts to the children in Europe whose fathers have fallen in the war. These gifts are to cross the Atlantic

in a special Christmas ship which will fly, in addition to the Stars and Stripes, a white flag bearing the single word, "Inasmuch," and will sail from port to port, immune from the dangers of war, like a Red Cross ship. Truly it will be a ship laden with the light and warmth of Christmas, on a voyage of love and wisdom, for which the future of the world should be the better.

A TURNING POINT IN HISTORY

"It's a great war," writes a young cavalry officer in a letter home, which is quoted from by a correspondent of the London Times. "Isn't it luck for me to have been born so as I'd be just the right age and just in the right place?" It is a terrible war, forced on civilization by the German effort to make brutal German might the master of the destinies of humanity; and, the fight having to be made in defence of civilization and all that makes life worth living to the races which have in their blood the determination to be free, is it not fine to know that the spirit in which our young men at the front are doing their duty is the spirit which finds expression in the above quoted words from a letter hastily scribbled on the march? It is the spirit of the Canadian young men who have answered the call, as it is the spirit of all the brave men who are fighting for the right in this tremendous struggle, which will be known to all succeeding ages as the greatest turning point in human history. There is in it nothing of the

A Christmas Greeting

To W. H. M. Readers

From Principal Mackay, Westminster Hall,
Vancouver, B.C.

THE Christmas Greeting "Peace on earth, Good will to men" seems like hollow mockery when everywhere there is war on earth and the bitterest hate. But the Prince of Peace brought earth its first taste of Peace by way of the Cross, and in His name we have an opportunity to bring a wider peace by the sacrifice of life in this bitter struggle. We cannot all go to the front, but we can all lay down our very lives in unselfish labor for the sake of our brother men, and so make this war the death of war. In the meantime, every true follower of the Prince of Peace may be filled with the peace of God that passeth all understanding, even in the midst of war's alarms. May this peace sustain and steady us in these trying days and prepare us for an era of good will to men that shall some day include the whole world.

selfish pleasure of vulgar excitement. What could be more inspiring than the hope raised by so plain an issue between right and wrong in a struggle in which the future of the world is to be made? Fortunately indeed, are the young men who are acting so splendid a part in this historic time, doing nobly so plain and glorious a duty, fighting for the future of the world and the faith upon which the future depends, which they can now uphold with their lives and in the hope that after their victory there will be a new age for them to live in. This is what is in the mind of the young man who in a hasty letter from the front wrote the words quoted above. It is what is in the minds of the fighters who are defending the future against the dominance of brutal might.

DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSITE TEACHINGS

Never before, or since, the days when Jesus walked this earth and uttered the teachings of Christianity, have there been teachings so diametrically opposite to the spirit of Jesus as are the doctrines of Nietzsche and the other German writers in accord with Nietzsche, which have poisoned the dominant mind of the German nation. It is true that Nietzsche knew that he was not a Christian, and did not profess to be religious, whereas there is constant mention of God in the public utterances of the German Emperor. But the fact is that Nietzsche's philosophy and the conduct of the German war machine are symptoms of the same disease. Nietzsche, a man of genius whose brain was diseased and who died insane, was a physical weakling and had a morbid admiration for strength. He believed in, and in his writings preached the doctrine of, a system of human society based upon the Superman's sense of superiority to other men. By Superman he

meant the minority who are stronger, abler, more masterful, than the average run of humanity. This his disciples in Germany have translated into the doctrine that there should be a civilization and a morality based upon the German's sense of superiority to other men. This sense of German superiority is their fundamental, basic article of faith. Christianity, on the contrary, is based upon the dogma that there is an equality among men because of their immortal souls; and from this we derive the principle that the highest type of man does not vaunt himself upon being superior, and, if he does, he by that destroys in large measure his true superiority. Nietzsche declares that there is no equality of any sort among men. It is impossible to love the mass of mankind, he cries, because they are plainly unlovable—they are stupid, weak and ignorant, incapable of understanding or appreciating the things which fill the minds of the Supermen. But, according to the Christian doctrine, if you try to love them, you will find them lovable. Nietzsche declared that it was the duty of the Supermen to themselves and to the world to dominate the world. That is to say, as his teachings have been taken in Germany, the Germans should dominate the world. Essentially, as the result is proving, this is a stupid view. The teachings of Nietzsche have thus had the effect of making men stupid. Whereas the truths of Christianity make stupid men wise.

CHRISTMAS TO COME

Christmas is the children's festival, and men and women must make themselves as little children in spirit before they can gain admittance into its fulness of meaning. But the men and women living in the world in the Christmas season of this year cannot escape wholly, even for a time, from, at the very least, thoughts of the war, if the war comes not actually home to them in bereavement or loss. The little children in the world—outside those of Belgium and the other devastated regions, for whom every feeling heart must bleed—do not realize what the war means. But men and women, all the world over, must realize it, and, realizing it, how can they take joy in this Christmas season save in reliance upon the hope of the Christmases to come, when the advance has been won for the cause of humanity, for which so heavy a price is now being paid in blood and treasure? It is not idealism, it is plain common sense to believe that humanity must make progress towards the elimination from the world of both extreme poverty and the slaughter of war. We must believe it. Not to believe it is to believe that the cause of humanity is a sinking ship, and that all that can be accomplished by the most heroic endeavors does not avail to keep the leaks from gaining on the pumps. To say nothing of the higher assurances we have, must not even the materialist, who disregards spiritual things wholly, if there is such a person, take the view that common sense must eventually triumph, and the human intellect, which has devised such astounding engines of destruction, on land, on sea, under the sea, and in the air, as are in use in this war, must be forced eventually to devising some scientific plan of dealing with the necessity of abolishing the evils of poverty and war? But we have higher assurances than any that are based on such considerations. Terrible as the war is that darkens this Christmas season, its terrors cannot narrow the largeness of the hope that the human soul has held ever since the angels' song was heard by the shepherds watching their flocks by night

THE HOLY LAND AND THE WAR

One of the outcomes of the war may be the restoration of Palestine, or part of it, to the Jews. It may come from the "carving of Turkey," or Turkey may find it to its advantage, before the end of the war, to yield up for a monetary consideration the sovereignty of the Holy Land to the Zionist movement. The Zionist organization, which has at its head a number of the world's leading Jews, abandoned years ago the idea of acquiring territory elsewhere than in Palestine, and has settled down to the development of Jerusalem and its environs. Already great progress has been made under peculiar difficulties, and it is not to be doubted that Jewish philanthropy would provide further millions for a real Jewish Holy Land. It would be a development of world importance, and of unique historic interest. But it remains to be seen whether the project will be realized.

FLATFOOTED

Take your stand. Be flatfooted. Let people know exactly your position on every vital question. Speak your mind about God, the church, the Bible, the Christ, the Sabbath and religion in general. Dr. Talmage once said: "I had a friend, in Syracuse, who lived to be one hundred years of age. He said to me, in his ninety-ninth year, 'I went across the mountains in the early history of this country. Sabbath morning came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My comrades were all going out for an excursion. I said, No, I won't go, it is Sunday. Why, they laughed. They said, We haven't any Sunday here. Oh! yes, I said, you have. I brought it with me over the mountains.'"

Wire Fence Prices

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Buy Sarnia Fence NOW before the Prices advance. Owing to the raise in the price of wire all styles weighing 11 lbs. or over, and styles 7-26 and 15-50P, advance 2c per rod, and all lighter fences advance 1c per rod. MAIL US YOUR ORDER TO-DAY.

For the coming season we are making a specialty of service. During last season we had considerable difficulty in making deliveries, which was due chiefly to the fact that it was handled through an agency, at the same time all orders having to be shipped from our Factory at Sarnia. For the coming season we are putting in a large stock of our product at the head of the lakes which we are handling ourselves and in consequence shall be able to ship all orders promptly.

Sarnia fence is sold direct from factory to farmer, cutting out all agents' commissions, dealers' profits and giving you your fence at first cost.

Sarnia fence is made in what is conceded by the best industrial experts, to be the best equipped and the most economical fence factory in America.

The enormous amount of material that passes daily through our factory

has resulted in a most economical system of handling. We can handle our present large tonnage to a better advantage to-day, than we could our small tonnage three years ago.

Sarnia fence is the best known fence in the Dominion of Canada to-day, which is due largely to the fact that our fence has lived up to every claim we have made for it. From the first we have used a most rigid

system of inspection that insures our customers of getting the most perfect fence possible.

We buy our wire on the open market of the world, and our business is of such a tremendous volume that we are in a position to demand the best. Our wire is galvanized to the highest possible standard, and is all full government gauge No. 9 wire.

Stop for one minute and think what

price you were compelled to pay for fence before the Sarnia Fence Company came into the field and in recalling old prices, think where they would go if our competitors could get rid of us. For the past four years, we, with the support of the farmers, have managed to keep the price of fence down, and with your further assistance we will continue to do so. We want your order whether for one bale or a carload.

WE SET THE PRICE, OTHERS DEVOTE THEIR ENERGY TO TRY TO MEET OUR PRICES

CASH WITH THE ORDER SAVES EXPENSE AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT OF THE SAVING IN THE PRICE

5-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.—Has 5 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 10, 10, 10, 10. Weight per rod 6½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

6-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.—Has 6 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9. Weight per rod 7½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

7-40-0 HORSE, CATTLE AND SHEEP FENCE.—Has 7 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 5, 6, 6, 7, 7½, 8½. Weight per rod 8½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

7-48-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.—Has 7 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11. Weight per rod, 9 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

8-40 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.—Has 8 line wires, 40 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 7, 8. Weight per rod 10½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

8-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.—Has 8 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 7, 9. Weight per rod 11 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

9-48-0 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.—Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod 14 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

9-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.—Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod 12 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

10-50 HORSE, CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOG FENCE.—Has 10 line wires, 50 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4, 5½, 6, 8, 8, 8. Weight per rod 13¼ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid

7-26 MEDIUM HOG FENCE.—Has 7 line wires, 26 in. high, 30 stays to rod, top and bottom, No. 9, filling No. 12. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4, 5½, 6½. Weight per rod 6½ lbs. Price per rod, freight paid

15-50-P STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE.—Has 15 line wires 50 in. high, 24 stays to the rod, top and bottom, No. 9, filling No. 12. Hard Steel Wire, spacing 1½, 1½, 1½, 1½, 2, 2, 2½, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7. Weight 12 lbs. Price per rod, freight paid

WALK GATE.—3½x48. Freight paid

FARM GATE.—12x48. Freight paid

FARM GATE.—13x48. Freight paid

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STAPLES GALVANIZED.—1¼ in. in per box of 25 lbs. Freight paid

BRACE WIRE.—No. 9 Soft. Per coil 25 lbs., freight paid

STRETCHER.—All iron top and bottom, draw very heavy tested chain, extra single wire stretcher and splicer. The best stretcher made at any price. Freight paid

NOTE—All Fence put up in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls. Barb Wire prices on application.

GUARANTEE:

We guarantee our fence to be made from the best galvanized hard steel wire, both stay, line wire and knot, and to be as perfectly woven as any fence on the market and of full Government gauge No. 9 wire.

We also make special fence according to your specifications, any height up to 8 feet. Please Note—Quotations to other points in Canada, Newfoundland and United States on request. Western Canada customers please note—Carload prices on shipments of 24,000 lbs. or over. We pay freight on all railroads with the exception of electric lines and steamship lines. Remit direct to SARNIA FENCE CO., Limited, by Post Office Order, Money Order or Bank Draft TO-DAY:

These prices are lake and rail. Should you require your fence before the opening of navigation, it will be necessary to add 1c. a rod to the above prices.

The Empire in Arms

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Donald MacMaster, M.P., K.C., D.C.L.

We are all unhappily only too familiar with the subject of my observations. This will exempt me from troubling your readers with too many details. I will, therefore, plunge in medias res, and I am quite sure they will understand why I adopt this method of treatment.

The Germans could have gone from their own country directly into France, but not so easily they thought as through Belgium. They consequently made Belgium the door-mat for the German Jack-boots, desolated that fair land, laying waste its countryside, slaying men, women and children, and destroying the finest treasures of art and architecture. There is nothing more wicked and shameless in all the records of war. Nor is there anything more heroic than the magnificent, although unequal, resistance of the Belgian King and the Belgian people.

How has this war come about? The Germans say that England is responsible for it; but how can that, with any truth, be said? All our interest was in the maintenance of peace, and we tried in every way to retain peace and refer the immediate subject outstanding to a conference of the Powers.

Germany would not have that — that way peace lay — Germany did not want peace. She wanted war, and in order that she might conduct the war in her own interest tried to bargain with us to remain outside and neutral. We asked both France and Germany if they were prepared to respect Belgian soil and Belgian independence by not pressing their armies through Belgian territory. Both France and Germany (Prussia), as well as Russia and ourselves, were parties to a treaty to respect Belgian neutrality. France at once assented, so did Bismarck when asked the same question in 1870, but the Germany of 1914 would give no assurance, and on the 4th of August, in defiance of all international obligations and of good neighborhood, proceeded to march through Belgium (with whom she had no quarrel) to attack France. Now, it is important to have the German point of view on this outrageous proceeding.

This is the statement made by Dr. Bethman Hollweg, their chancellor in the Reichstag, on 4th August last:

"Gentlemen, we are in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. . . . We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxembourg and Belgian governments. The wrong—I speak openly—we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. . . . Our invasion of Belgium is 'contrary to the dictates of international law,' but 'we must hack our way through.'"

It is the merest trifling with truth to say that we brought on the war. We never have desired war, nor had we any material interest to serve by war. We wished for nothing better than to be left alone to develop our world estate.

The truth is we were unprepared for war. Our standing army was small in numbers, our militia was not on a war footing, and our navy, strong and glorious as it is, was short of fast cruisers capable of hunting down promptly the various commerce destroyers created by Germany and judiciously distributed in the distant seas. Germany was prepared on sea as well as on land, and had been preparing for this war for the last thirty years. To her the moment was opportune to strike: she was carrying out the old Prussian policy of Frederick the Great, who said: "He is a fool, and that nation is a fool, who, having the power to strike his enemy unawares does not strike and strike his deadliest." She did hope and believe that Great Britain would stand out, but even if we did come in, the Emperor and his generals had every confidence that they would "walk over French's contemptible little army." They know better now.

Unprepared as we were, it is better that the war should have come now. The war was bound to come sooner or later against the British nation, because we are the nation whose destruction Germany sought as essential to her own aggrandizement, and as it was certain we would have to fight Germany sooner or later, it was better to have the fight out when we had powerful Allies with us, than to face the conflict singlehanded. Fortunately for us, the very madness of German statesmanship forced Austria to press her humiliating demands on Serbia to such a degree that Russia, the natural protector of the Slav races, was compelled to intervene, with peaceful intentions, asking Austria to stay her hand until wiser and disinterested counsel could prevail. Then came the insolent notice from the Kaiser that unless Russia stopped mobilization, in a few hours, a state of war would exist between Russia and Germany. This brought Russia on the scene, and with Russia came France as Russia's ally.

Now, the object of Germany was clear, to violate the neutrality of Belgium, march her army through it by the shortest route, crush France before she could get ready, and when crushed, turn her entire army against Russia, which it was expected would

be slow in mobilizing, and which could be easily held in check by the Eastern German Armies, until France had been crushed and the Western German Armies set free to co-operate in the subjection of Russia. Had this plan worked out it is perfectly possible that with France crushed, the united German Armies, with the Austrian-Hungarian forces, might have successfully withstood the Russian advance, and might have closed the war with France humbled and prostrate, its seaboard just opposite our own transferred to Germany, the Belgian Kingdom wiped out and Germanized, a large slice of Russia added to Germany, and Serbia an Austrian province.

I say that would have been one result if that scheme had worked out, and it might be an interesting aside to query what would have been our position if we stood aside and permitted this to be done? How long would it be before we were wiped out, if

but also our gallant sailors, who had to face unequal contests in old and under-gunned ships. They, however, fought, and died, game.

There is a fourth reason for the failure of the German scheme. Russia did come on grandly and quickly with her mighty and victorious legions, and taught the haughty German that it would require more than all his strength to stay her sure advance. There can be no doubt that we owe, and acknowledge, a great debt of gratitude to Russia for relieving the pressure in the western theatre of war.

I have said that for thirty years Germany has been preparing for this war. Her statesmen, her soldiers, her writers, her professors, and her preachers have instilled into the German mind that Germany must trust to the sword to enable her to acquire an expanded Empire—a world Empire—larger and greater than our own, an Empire, in fact, dominating the world.

Von Bernhardt frankly confesses it in discussing "the next war." The idea is crystallized in the song "Deutschland über Alles" (Germany above all), and in the watchword "World-power or Downfall." These are the stakes for which Germany is playing to-day, and the main obstacle to the achievement of her purpose is the British Empire, which stands in her way, and must be rent asunder in order that Germany may get her share of the earth. We are the lion in the path, and for this reason this nation is more bitterly hated in Germany than all the other nations on the face of the globe. We are hated too most heartily for coming into the fight at this time. We were told before the war that our own title to our great overseas possessions rests upon priority in robbery, that we are a decadent nation, that our pretence to power is a sham, and that we must make way for the culture of Germany! We are next told that the highest culture is born of war, and that the supreme object of nations is only achieved by war. That is the German belief, and there are Germans to-day, so self-deceiving as to believe that this war has been brought on by England, and many more Germans better informed mendaciously asserting the same thing.

Our Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, has said that we have gone into this war in deference of our own honor and to uphold the public law of Europe. That is undoubtedly true, but there is even more than these involved in this struggle, the greatest that the world has ever known. The very existence of our Empire is in issue, and that issue will be decided on the battlefields of Europe. Our great Dominions have realized the momentous character of the issue, and they are sending to us their best in men and material to lighten the titanic burden that is falling on the Motherland. They wakened up early to a sense of duty, and Canada was foremost in the coming. Verily one is proud to be a Canadian. This is "Canada first" in reality. Australia, too, has covered herself with glory; the Sydney has run down the Emden. But we may ask have the people of the United Kingdom fully realized to the full the issues that are at stake? I doubt it. The response from those that have volunteered has been noble. But there are others, and it must be admitted that there is some ground for abstention from service, altogether apart from the question of patriotism. Many see that the provision for dependents in case of death or permanent disablement is insufficient. This must be remedied. Others see that equality of service is not demanded, and that shirking is privileged. This should not be.

We were not prepared for this war. We had not sufficient trained men ready to take the field, and we had not the arms and equipment for those that required training. We must lose heavily in human life and in money for lack of foresight and our lack of preparation. And this is the great lesson that this struggle teaches us, that never again shall these islands be without 1,000,000 of men previously trained to serve their country at the outbreak of war, with ample arms and equipment to enable them to render prompt and efficient service. This does not mean the maintenance of a standing army of 1,000,000 men in time of peace, but it does mean that every youth must undergo a course of training that will teach him how to fight for his country in self-defence and for self-preservation. For unpreparedness, even if happily we do succeed now, we shall pay a triple price in gold and blood. Meantime what is our duty? We must strain every nerve to make good these deficiencies. Fortunately, the nation is united in its purpose, united, perhaps, as it never was before. The people are splendid. The rich and the poor, the titled and the untitled, the idler and the toilers are vying with each other in rendering service to the country. Some are giving in blood, others in gold. Some in blood and gold. As this is the home of freedom for all, I hope that before the close of this war we shall have heard the last of comparisons between the classes and the masses, for we are proving by the day's work that we are all one in heart and soul

(Continued on Page 56.)



Donald MacMaster, K.C., D.C.L., for many years a leader at the Canadian Bar and now Unionist Member, Chertsey Division, Surrey, Imperial Parliament

we would have to fight singlehanded this new and powerful German Empire with an army twenty times greater than ours and a fleet in all probability larger and stronger? But there were just a few reasons why the scheme did not work out, and why we hope and believe it never will work out. The first is the glorious, the heroic resistance of Belgium, which delayed the invaders until the French got time to find themselves.

The second reason is the prompt presence in France of "French's contemptible little army," that made such a splendid stand and in every one of the battles upheld the honor and fine fighting qualities of British soldiers. There is nothing in war that exceeds the valor, the skill and endurance of our army at the front.

The third reason for the scheme not working out is the presence of our superb navy, which has sterilized the German Grand Fleet (so-called), stopped all German imports and exports, protected our own commerce to such an extent that we scarcely feel the pressure of war, though the greatest war the world has ever known is raging almost within our hearing.

Right well, too, has our navy upheld its traditions of the sea, though the larger opportunities for conquest were denied them by the timidity, or should I say the caution, of their opponents. So much may not be said for the Admiralty who appear to have grievously underrated the number and gun-power of the German armored cruisers on the high seas, and this exposed not only much commerce to destruction,

The Housekeeper's Union of Lenare's Corners

By M. E. Ryman.

WEN Jack Melvin, Will Holbrook, Phil Gardner and Horace Dunlop came West to take up claims, the old locator, Lenares, who had driven them out forty miles from town remarked as he halted his team on the bank of a sharp bend in a swift flowing river: "There, boys, there is the prettiest piece of land in the province, deep, rich soil, no end of pasture, plenty of good water, all the fish you want, coal for the digging up in yonder canon, berries along the valley to keep you in sass the whole year for the picking, with the corner stake right back there," pointing with his whip in the direction of the iron stake half a mile up the prairie. "Just build your shacks near enough together to be neighborly, so the women folks won't get lonesome, keep your fences in good shape so you won't be quarrelling over your stock getting into your neighbor's fields, and if you don't get your money's worth out of it and make a good living you won't do it anywhere."

"It's a long way to haul grain," observed Melvin.

"Tush!" sniffed the old driver. "There'll be a railroad through here by the time you've raised enough to haul. This country will all be settled up in a year or two, and railroads, towns, telephones, rural delivery, everything you need will follow soon's the settlers show themselves ready for 'em. Shouldn't wonder if there be a town right here 'fore many years. Look at that river! 'nough power running to waste there to supply a city."

The old fellow's enthusiasm was contagious. The "boys" lost no time in filing on the land, and the following spring they came out with their families, pitched their tents in the shelter of the bluffs and proceeded to erect their claim shanties according to the old locator's suggestion, calling their settlement Lenares' Corners.

Money was not over plentiful, but they helped each other, exchanged work, and by neighborly co-operation, the first summer passed away pleasantly leaving them well satisfied with the season's work.

For the sake of economy, they had built their granary together, dividing it into four large bins.

Inside the diminutive houses, the women, one bride, two with two children apiece, and one with three, strove to make the small apartments homelike: and though none thought of turning back, the visions of the airy kitchens, cool dining rooms and restful porches of their old homes would force themselves upon the occupants when the hot sun, pouring its intense rays upon the low roofs converted the rooms into veritable ovens.

All welcomed the cold weather when the heat could be regulated to suit the needs of the family.

When spring opened up, all discomfort was forgotten in the excitement of getting in the crops and gardens, but as the hot weather came on, the overheated rooms became almost unbearable.

One afternoon the men were away to a "farmers' meeting," and the women were gathered in Doris Gardner's little room, it being the coolest as there were only two to cook for, when Mrs. Melvin remarked: "I wish we could have 'Unions' for the inside of the house as well as the out. I believe my head will burst with the heat some day."

"Wonder why they don't?" queried Mrs. Holbrook.

"Just because women havn't brains and willpower enough to invent and carry it out," retorted Mrs. Dunlop.

Little Mrs. Gardner gasped, stared, and exclaimed: "Let's co-operate!"

"Do what?" chorused the others.

"Co-operate," replied Doris.

"What? How? Where?" were all asked at once.

Doris rapidly unfolded her plan, amid the admiring exclamations of the others.

That night, when the men came home enthusiastic over their own meetings,

they were quite overwhelmed by the new Union at home, but laughingly agreed to the new innovation.

The next morning, they all repaired to the granary and in a short time, by changing the partitions, it was converted into a summer kitchen, dining room and pantry. Each bin had its own door and window, thus giving plenty of light and air when well screened.

As each had a cow, chickens and a good garden, it was not hard work for the women folks to prepare delicious meals for the united families. They made out their menus a week ahead and took turns in preparing the different dishes.

Even wash day lost its terrors as they found that co-operation saved soap, water, which had to be hauled from the river, and much hard work, while the cosy homes were always delightfully

cool to return to after the work was done.

When threshing time caused them to retreat to their own apartments, they found that there had been an actual saving in the grocery bills, besides the comfort of cool sleeping rooms and all voted in favor of the Housekeepers' Union of Lenares' Corners for the coming summer.

A Christmas Wish

A wish, a thoct for ane an' a'
On this glad Christmas day
As gathered i' the ancestral ha'
The near and far away

Meet ance again in converse sweet.

While everywhere the bells repeat

A message frae the Mercy Seat.

A wish, a thoct for ane an' a'

When ye again maun sever,

May God's guid haun' protect ye a'

An' keep ye safe forever.

Aye lichtsome be yer lot an' may

The memory o' this happy day

Shed gowden gleams across yer

way.

—H. Isabel Graham.

McKENZIE'S

1915



CATALOG

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BY DECEMBER THE 21st—Remember that date—that Catalogue should be in your hands.

"Have you got one?" That is the question you must ask yourself on December the 21st.

If not, fill in Coupon below and forward to us at once, and we will see that Catalogue is sent you by return mail.

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WINNIPEG - CANADA

Recalling the Past

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Alexander Fraser, M.A., LL.D., Litt. D., F.S.A. Scot. (Edin.), Toronto

WHEN Britons are once again shedding their blood like water on French soil, and Highland soldiers are proving the undying valor of their race, the Scottish mind is responsive to the traditions of the ages in whose hoary annals the old friendship between the Scot and Frank assume a venerated if an indistinct and elusive form. The press touches the tradition with gentle finger, statesmen recall it as an inspiration to service, and the soldier is made to feel that in the long past a bond was formed that appeals to the national imagination, and stirs the heart to-day.

This silken thread is known as the ancient league with France, an alliance that has meant much for both countries, and whose origin has been invested with no little romance. From the comparative chaos of prehistoric times a few facts emerge. It may be taken for granted that at an early period Christianity flourished in Ireland, the northern part of which was then known as Scotia and its inhabitants as Scots. Before Columba's time Scots had passed from Scotia to Albyn, and formed the Dalriada settlement, corresponding generally to Argyshire. We need not enquire closely whether all the men of learning and note of Columba's time, and for two or three centuries subsequent to it, whose names are associated with Iona and modern Scotland, and who were known as Scots, were of Irish or Albanic origin. These terms were almost interchangeable, and the blood was largely kindred. When, therefore, we read of Colman or Aidan, the Scot, in England, or of Gillenus Scotus, John Scotus, or Clement the Scot, in France or Germany, we need not argue that because the northern part of Ireland was of old known as Scotia, all the men designated Scotus, down to the ninth century were necessarily of Irish birth. A parallel case is furnished by Canada. The Scots who fought with Wolfe at Louisbourg and on the Plains of Abraham settled on the lower St. Lawrence, and later on in Nova Scotia. They soon became absorbed in the earlier French population, so that while such names as Nairne, Fraser, Macpherson, Forbes, Campbell, are still to be found there in considerable numbers, many of those who bear them have but a faint idea of their origin, and are more French-Canadian than the French, in language, religion, and customs. So with the descendants of Scots who settled in Upper Canada about a century ago. They are Scottish-Canadians, but as a rule prefer to be known as Canadians. There is no reason to suppose that at the time of King Achaius of Scotland, or Western Albyn, in the ninth century, the descendants of Scots that had emigrated from Scotia four centuries before had not in that long interval become genuine Albanic Scots, regarding Albyn as their country and home, the real Scotland.

This prepares us for the possibility of some kind of interchange of courtesies between Achaius and Charlemagne, to which period the annalists assign the old league with France. The legend is to the effect that Charlemagne having observed with approval the labors of the Scottish missionaries on the continent of Europe, and being impressed with their piety and learning desired to establish them in his country. With this in view he sent an embassy to Achaius (the latinized form of Eochy uaine) King of Scotland (Albyn), the result of which was a bond of friendship or friendly alliance. Tradition says that when the learned monks, headed by John Scotus, landed in the shores of France they said to the expectant people: "We have no worldly riches to bestow; but if any man desireth wisdom let him come to us, for we have it to sell." One is reminded of the Glen Urquhart innkeeper's remark to Dr. Macdonald, quoted in his "Men of the Glen": "No; we haven't factories in 'The Glen,' but we have schools, and we export 'M.A.'s"; and it is a tribute to the national character, then in process of formation, that tradition fastens pre-eminence in learning on it. It was

supposed that John Scotus, who died in 884, was the first teacher in the University of Paris. The University as such was organized only at the close of the 11th century, but it is quite probable that Scottish John did teach in Paris, and established such a reputation that it was considered an honor to connect the movement culminating in the University with his name. Be that as it may, he left the impression of his personality on the country, and a number of his fellow-countrymen rose to continental fame as well. The possibility that France and Scotland should have drawn together in the congenial field of mutual enlightenment before the 10th century is a pleasant situation to contemplate, and however meagre the evidence may be as to the reality of the belief, it held the Scottish and the French mind, and the fact that the ancient alliance was accepted as true, exerted an important influence on succeeding generations when military and political interests combined to suggest the utility of co-operation.

The assumption of English sovereignty by the Normans was not accompanied by a renunciation of their continental dignities and possessions. William ruled England and Normandy at the same time. Henry Plantagenet acquired more territory in France than was controlled by the French king himself, besides securing supremacy in Ireland and the feudal allegiance of Scotland from

William the Lion at Falaise. No monarch in Europe had a more brilliant prospect, and it behoved his neighbors to combine for their own protection. France and Scotland looked to one another, and the spirit of the ancient league revived under the stress of threatening conditions. William, the Lion, sent ambassadors to France in 1168 to negotiate an alliance against England, and as this is the first treaty of which authentic evidence has survived, it is often referred to as the old league, notwithstanding the persistent tradition of the Achaian alliance. The treaty became effective without loss of time, and the harrying of Northern England began. In one formidable inroad King William himself was captured and sent to France to the victorious Henry, and it was on that occasion that the disgraceful—to both monarchs—exaction of Falaise was forced and yielded to. Scotland proved a thorn in the side of England and Shakespeare's description held for centuries:

"For you shall read that my great grandfather

Never went with his forces into France, But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, That England, being empty of defence Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood."

—Henry V.

The advantages of such a friendly arrangement are obvious. France and Scotland were each vitally opposed to English dominion over their respective countries. The treaty enabled both to act in concert against the common foe. As long as a policy of territorial aggression was adhered to by England, the allies stood to derive mutual benefit from the arrangement, and as a matter of fact such was sometimes the case. A defeat, such as the disastrous debacle at Flodden, for instance, should not be charged against the alliance with France, but against the bad generalship of the Scots. It is now generally accepted that after the battle of Falkirk, Wallace visited France, was well received, and strengthened the bond of unity already existing between the two countries. But there can be no doubt, for the records are authentic, that John Baliol, when Edward I made his tenure of the Crown intolerable, not only repudiated the latter's overlordship, but in 1294 entered into a definitive treaty with France, and the relationship



ALEXANDER FRASER, LL.D.
Ontario Archivist.

thus formed became a factor in international diplomacy. The circumstances are interesting. Edward was a vassal of the king of France for the Duchy of Aquitaine, and became involved in a quarrel with his lord superior, similar to that which Baliol had with Edward. On being summoned by Charles of France to appear before him, Edward renounced his allegiance and prepared for war. Similarly, when Edward called upon Baliol and the Scottish nobles to assist him against Philip, Baliol renounced his allegiance to Edward, summoned a parliament at Scone, and engaged in a treaty of offence and defence with France, which included the marriage of the daughter of Charles of Valois and Edward, the eldest son of Baliol. John Baliol was captured by Edward I and thrown into the Tower of London. Philip invoked the treaty and appealed to the Pope on his behalf, with the result that Baliol was liberated and passed over to his estates in France on which was the castle of Bailleul. Again in 1300 Edward yielded to the pressure of France, and granted a truce to the Scots. Philip never ceased to plead for the Scots during the stormy years of Edward's attacks.

The great king, Robert Bruce, sent Randolph to France in 1326 when a treaty was concluded with Charles the Sixth, and nearly half a century later Robert the Second made a treaty with Charles the Good. In his ninth year King David II and his child-queen were sent to France out of danger's way, and Philip the Sixth extended a royal hospitality to the youthful pair, and to the Scottish nobles in their train. France reciprocated Scottish assistance occasionally on Scottish ground, but the general and more satisfactory policy was that each nation should fight the common enemy separately. There was a time, however, when the fortunes of France were at an exceptionally low ebb, and Scottish soldiers fought with great effect on French soil. At Bange, in

Anjou, a victory, famous in the annals of France as Bannockburn is in the history of Scotland, was won by the Scots army under the command of the Earl of Buchan. John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, was a son of the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland. When the call for help came from France, he headed the contingent and performed the wonderful feat of conveying seven thousand men in oared galleys along the English coast and down the Channel, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English warships that had been warned of the expedition. On landing in France this force covered itself with glory in the face of great odds at Bange, where the English forces lay. Buchan, their commander, was raised to the dignity of Constable of France, an office in influence next to royalty. The fame of the victory attracted another body of Scots under Archibald, Earl of Douglas, whose prowess won for him the great Duchy of Touraine. At Crevant in 1423, and at Verreuil in 1424, the Scots fought with desperate courage. Victory, however, was not theirs; instead they lost heavily, leaving 3,000 dead in the latter engagement. Both Buchan and Douglas fell, their honors short-lived, but their names immortal. The contingent also fought with the Maid of Orleans at Pathay and the Battle of the Herrings, and the remnant left after these battles formed the renowned Scots Guard of the French kings over whom Sir Walter Scott has thrown the glamour of his genius in "Quentin Durward." The traditions of France and Scotland have it that Charlemagne had a Scots bodyguard of twelve, named Scotisgilmor—the tall Scots knights; the chief of whom was William of Scotland, a legendary hero. However that may be, there is no question that Charles VII formed a corps of Scots gendarmes in 1422, and in 1440 the Scots Guards. For a long period of time this body held the position of personal attendants, as guards for the French kings, and ever proved most faithful and most valiant. The members were drawn from good Scottish families; it was regarded as a high honor to serve in the corps, and the "Garde Ecossaise" became so firmly established as a French institution, that the name was retained long after Scotsmen had ceased to join it.

The ancient league of which these facts were conspicuous evidences, had other features as well. Commerce sprang up between the two countries, and was encouraged. The products of Scotland found a ready and profitable market in France and French wares in Scotland. Social customs were contagious, and penetrated the northern kingdom. French modes as well as words to express them found lodgment in life and language, and Scottish law courts were influenced by the procedure and methods of those of France. The venturesome Scot found scope for his talent not available in his native country, and thus a virile, sturdy element was added to the population that enriched to a considerable extent the Gallic blood of France. In his interesting paper on the Scot in New France the late Macpherson Lemoine, Quebec, traced many French-Canadian families of seigniorial or official standing, who were among the earliest settlers in Canada, back through generations in France to a Scottish ancestry in the days when the ubiquitous Scot, under the good will of ancient treaties and alliances, found shelter and sustenance in the fair provinces of Gaul, as in our time their descendants of both countries find homes under a no less generous flag on the fertile plains of Canada.

To America.

Were the conflict in Belgium a fair fight on equal terms between man and man, then, without question, the duty of Americans would be to keep to the side lines and preserve open minds. But it is not a fair fight. Germany is fighting foully. She is defying not only the rules of war, but all the rules of humanity. If public opinion is to help in preventing further outrages by her forces, and in hastening this unspeakable conflict to a close, it should be directed against those who offend.—R. Harding Davis.

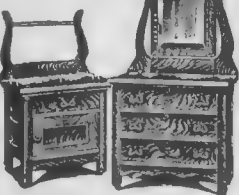
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Stand to match, containing one drawer and one cupboard. No. 200A—Price...

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Size 9x20 20-in. oven 6 9-in. lids. Price. 46.75

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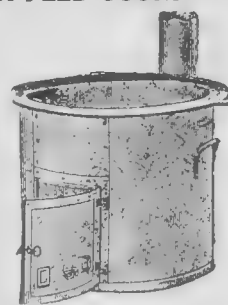
Heavy steel body, large fire pot, full nickel base, illuminated feed door, Duplex centre grate, large baid ash pan. This is just the heater for you if you want to have a comfortable home on the coldest winter nights. Built to give the greatest amount of heat with a minimum amount of fuel. Made in three sizes, as shown.
112 12-in. fire pot. \$13.75
114 14-in. fire pot. 15.50
117 17-in. fire pot. 19.50



SAVE 5.00 ON EXTRA HEAVY STEEL BODY STOCK FEED COOKER

Kettle is cast iron, and may easily be removed from jacket. Jacket is made of cold rolled boiler plate steel. Fire door is large enough to admit rough chunks of wood. Fitted for 6-inch pipe.

30 gallons wine measure. Weight 210 lbs. 3rd class freight \$9.75
40 gallons wine measure. Weight 285 lbs. 3rd class freight \$12.00
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75 gallons wine measure. Weight 400 lbs. 3rd class freight 20.00
Coal Grates will be furnished extra for 3.75



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\$49.50



This beautiful set is made of hardwood, finished surface oak golden or early English finish.

Buffet is 46 inches wide and has three small drawers, one large drawer and double cupboard, leaded glass doors. China closet is 30 inches wide, 58 inches high. Table has 45-inch top, and extends to 6 feet. Diner set consists of five small and one arm chair, upholstered in imitation leather, strongly constructed, brace arms on small chairs. Don't hesitate to order this set on account of its low price, we have sold hundreds of them and guarantee you a first-class value.

Order the set from this advertisement or send for our catalogue.

No. 301 -Price, complete, 9 pieces. \$49.50

Solid Oak Fumed 3 Piece Library Set



3 Piece

\$19.85

The large 3 piece Library Set has imitation Spanish leather covering, ball spring seat, strongly constructed.

You will find this one of the biggest values ever offered, worth fully \$10.00 more than our price. Table has 24 x 34 in. top, long lower shelf, two side bracket shelves, and neatly designed large arm chair, full upholstered seat and back similar to design. \$19.85
Large rocker is very comfortable. Order from this advertisement. No. 1324.

Quarter Cut OAK BUFFET and CHINA CABINET \$21.75

The case is made of genuine quartered oak, highly polished, has bent glass ends with three shelves for china or fancy articles. The center has large glass cupboard and two drawers neatly carved and fitted with locks and wood knobs. The case is 40 inches long, and is finished with heavy claw feet. Has Bevel Plate Mirror, 8 by 30 inches in neatly carved frame with two small bracket shelves. Hundreds more like this in our big catalogue. No. 1011 \$21.75



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Purchase your coal oil direct and save 10 to 20 cents per gallon over what you will pay locally. We supply only the finest grades, put up in 45 gallon barrels.

128X—Monarch Brand—This oil gives a white even light and will not smoke the chimney. Barrel \$2.00 extra. Price, per gal., F.O.B. Winnipeg 25c.
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130X—Farmers' Special Brand—Similar to that sold at 28c. to 32c. per gallon. Buying in large quantities enables us to save 30 to 50 per cent. Barrel \$2.00 extra. Price, per gallon, F.O.B. Winnipeg 21c.
131X—Our Bright Light Brand—An excellent grade of oil. May be used in the house lamps and will give a steady light. Barrels \$2.00 extra. Price, per gallon, F.O.B. Winnipeg 19c.
132X—Engine Kerosene—We sell a large quantity of this oil for Engines and can make you special prices for large quantities. Barrels \$2.00 extra (returnable) per gallon, F.O.B. Winnipeg 17c.

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\$3.00

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Words by
HUGH MACKAY, M.D.,
Winnipeg

JOHNNY CANUCK

Music by
J. T. COCKING,
Bandmaster, 78th Cameron Highlanders,
Winnipeg

SYMPHONY
1st time only
Allegro

VOICE
Song

PIANO
p

CHOIRS
1st p. 2nd ff

SYMPHONY, after each verse
ff

SOLO

CANADA

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' London.)

England, father and mother in one,
Look on your stalwart son.
Sturdy and strong, with the valor of youth,
Where is another so lusty?
Coated and mailed, with the armor of truth,
Where is another so trusty?
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone,
He is yours alone.

England, father and mother in one,
See the wealth of your son.
Forests primeval, and virginal sod,
Wheat fields golden and splendid:
Riches of nature an opulent God
For the use of His children intended.
A courage that dares, and a hope that endures,
And a soul all yours.

England, father and mother in one,
Hear the cry of your son.
Little cares he for the glories of earth,
Lying around and above him.
Yearning is he for the rights of his birth,
And the heart of his mother to love him.
Vast are your gifts to him, ample his store,
Now open your door.
England, father and mother in one,
Heed the voice of your son.
Proffer him place in your counsels of State:
Let him sit near, and attend you.
Ponder his words in the hour of debate,
Strong is his arm to defend you.
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone,
Give him his own.

"She Shall not be Ashamed"

Written for The Western Home Monthly.
By S. J. Wigley

I traversed the great Dominion
Gathered speech from the East and West
These words to the Great White Mother
From those she has nursed at her breast.
These from her wide scattered children
These are the words they send forth:—
"When ye are grown weak in our service
Then shall ye know our true worth."

Newfoundland:

"I stand on my guard at the Gateway
I answer the call of your ships.
Though I am all alone in the ocean
Yet this is the word from my lips:
By the great white bergs that
scar my shore
A first-born's right I claim—
Death in the forefront of battle
Lest aught my birthright
shame."

Maritime Provinces:

"Go carry this word to our mother
And say to her when in sore need,
The choice is her own of my sea-born
There are Nelsons still in the breed.
Our mother love's never in question,
We fight when the storm cloud looks
black,
For us has the sea not a terror,
Come then and take, if ye lack.

Quebec:

"I've drained once the dregs of the gall
cup,
Drunk deep in the waters of strife
I turn but one face to the nations,
Will stand by this oath with my life:
By the red blood mingled on my
heights,
In the name of the glorious
slain:
My people and lands, thy people
are
And one we be—though
twain."

Ontario:

"I've proved the red steel in my scab-
bard,
And to none do I yield the palm;
You'll find I'm ready in tempest,
I've waited and watched in the calm.
And now when the storm cry is loudest
And the thunders of war do not slack,
Give the sign to your 'all-ready' children,
My grey wolves shall answer you
back."

Prairie Provinces:

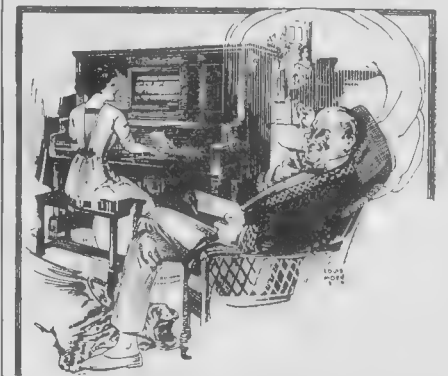
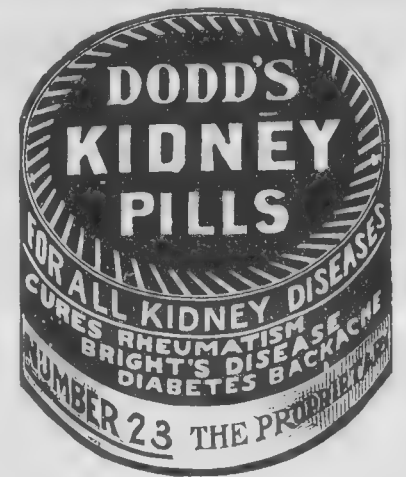
"There's a rustling in our wheat lands,
There's a whispering on the plain:
And a million voices shout aloud.
To the cry from the far-off main:
We're one with you on ocean,
Are one as we live by bread;
Thy life's our life, thy strength our
strength,
By us are the children fed."

British Columbia:

"I'm strong in my snow tipped moun-
tains,
In valleys all sheltered I rest;
Your search-lights oft sweep my wide
waters,
'Tis here the East meets the West.
And this message I send to my mother,
When she calls to me over the sea:
Take of my wealth in the forest,
Of all my great riches make free;
Who dares now to tarnish your bright
fame,
Must the cost of it count up with me."

Yukon:

"Where Deneb burns low in the north
sky,
We harvest the bright yellow gold;
And mother, think you that we heed not,
In these lands of ice and dread cold.
From the uttermost parts will we gather,
Yea, come from the ends of the world
Lest ye be ashamed in the gateway,
When the blood stained war flags are
unfurled.
That ye be not ashamed in the council,
When fierce foes claim more than their
due,
For mother, the children are sharing
The burden of Empire with you.



FOR SALE Pianos, Players, Organs

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DOHERTY ORGAN, 5 OCTAVE CABINET STYLE, in walnut
case, very fine organ in perfect order; was \$125; selling at
\$70; \$10 cash and \$6 monthly.

THOMAS ORGAN, PIANO CASE, IN MAHOGANY, 11 stops;
4 sets of reeds; used 3 months—was \$135; selling for \$100, \$10
cash, \$6 monthly.

CANADA PIANO COMPANY, one beautiful upright piano in
San Domingo mahogany, slightly used, \$-5

EVERSON PIANO, LARGEST SIZE IN GENUINE DOUBLE
veneer mahogany case, Not having entirely new, varnish
slightly checked. Regular price \$425; selling for \$300. Terms
\$20 cash, \$8 monthly.

EVERSON PLAYER PIANO, LOUIS XV. DESIGN IN BEAU-
tiful burl walnut case, automatic sustaining and loud pedal.
Varnish slightly checked. Original price \$700, selling for \$485.
Terms \$20 cash, \$12 monthly.

ENNIS & CO. PLAYER PIANO—ORIENTAL DESIGN IN
Spanish mahogany; automatic tracker, loud and sustaining
pedal. This piano returned to us through customer moving
away. Was \$700, balance unpaid \$490. Terms \$20 cash, \$12
monthly.

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS, Louis XV. Player Piano in figured
walnut, 88 note equipped with automatic tracker, soft tone
lever, melody buttons, tone sustaining lever and tempo lever.
This is a magnificent instrument, was \$650, original price less
moved away; balance due on Player, \$660. Terms \$25 cash
and \$15 monthly.

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ed with each player piano

A GENEROUS ALLOWANCE MADE FOR USED UPRIGHT
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The Wife and the Homestead

By Mrs. Ona B. Lacy.

THE relation the wife bears to the homestead, is a question of vital importance to several thousand women in the great Northwest. So far the government has never given it an adequate solution—I doubt, if it has even given the question a serious consideration.

The relation the wife bears to the homestead is difficult to define. She occupies a place somewhere between that of a hireling and a slave. She is a hireling in the sense that she gets her board and clothes, a slave in a sense that she must work for one master with no future save what he may give her.

The wife comes out to this new country with her husband. He takes up a homestead and a pre-emption, in most cases. They start in together on six years of hard, nerve-wrecking work. Long, cold winters must be contended with; the sod turned and the ground put in shape for the crops. Often they are miles from the nearest neighbor. The wife seldom goes to town; she must stay at home and look after things while her husband is away, and when she could go alone there is no spare horse for her.

To her lot, falls the hundred little things that must be done, but, considered of no importance by the man. Caring for the poultry, doing all the cooking, and the other housework for a growing family. In rush season, if help be scarce, she must try her hand at outdoor work.

Many times, she is a woman of refined tastes, reared to enjoy such things as music, libraries, clubs and churches. I have personally known of cases where women have lived on the prairie for five or six years, and never during the time, had a new hat, coat, dress, or anything decent to wear in public. The husbands' held the purses' strings, and decided these things were not necessary for their wives. Yet, there was always money enough for anything they themselves might decide to buy—that's a grey horse of another color. Some farmers are always buying labor-saving machines for making their own work lighter, who would think their wives were crazy if they demanded water and sink, and a few other convenient things for the kitchen.

What is she getting as compensation for all this toil? In a number of cases, only board and enough clothes to keep her from actually being naked. Worse, she cannot promise herself anything in the future, it's all the man's. The government has given him the land with no strings to it. His wife has no more to say in the disposal of it, or in the disposal of the money afterwards, than has his hired man. So, what is there in the homestead game for a woman? Some will say that they can trust their husbands to do the right thing, even though the government offers them no protection. True, there are men who can be trusted, but there are others whom believing women have trusted to their sorrow.

In the matter of woman's rights, law is inconsistent. If a man can be trusted to do the proper thing by his wife and property, why can he not be trusted in the other relations of life? Man has not trusted himself in dealing with man. He has made laws that define his rights and has fixed the penalties for their violations. But, when a man deals with his wife, she must rely on his honesty—she has no recognized rights other than, he must give her shelter, food and clothing—things that he would give to any hireling. There is no mention of a partnership wherein the wife is to share equally with the man.

Why can't the Canadian government give the husband the homestead and the wife the pre-emption? Is it fair that the husband should absolutely control both?

Some of the very young will ask where Love is all this while. In most cases, after four or five years of married life, you would have to make a pretty careful search to find Love; and, after you did find him, he would be so smothered under the cobwebs of cast off illusions as to be well nigh dead. Now, what the Canadian

CLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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S.C. RHODE ISLAND RED COCKERELS FOR SALE—Price \$1.00 and \$1.50 each. T. Brewis, Hazel Dell, Sask. 12

HIGH CLASS S. and R. C. REDS and White Orpingtons from imported stock. Also Indian Runner ducks. Low prices. J. C. Stockwell, Kelowna, B.C. 12

S. C. WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, about 40, from \$1.00 to \$3.00 each, and a few pens. Write for prices. L. H. Gardiner, Broomhill, Man. 2-15

60 LEADING VARIETIES of poultry, geese, ducks, turkeys, guineas, pheasants, pigeons, rabbits, fox terrier, rat dogs, peafowls at a very low price. Must make room for winter. Write for prices. G. R. Damann, Northfield, Minn. 1-15

PARTRIDGE WYANDOTTES for sale in all ages, and values from \$1.50 for females and \$2.00 for males and up or pens; stock selected from over 500 birds of my own breeding; write stating needs for domestic or exhibition stock; satisfaction assured. H. H. Groff, Simcoe, Ont. 12

FOR SALE

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings. \$50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark, Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

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send you by mail just 30 handsome bottles of our delightful Royal Japanese Perfume to sell among your friends at only 10 cents a bottle. Six different odors—White Rose, Arcadian Violet, Lilac, Carnation, Heliotrope, etc.; no trouble at all to sell; everybody wants two or three bottles. You will sell them all in an hour. Then return our \$3.00 and you will receive at once, the complete hockey outfit of fine quality skates, rubber puck and hockey stick which gives you the opportunity to also win the additional present of fine hockey gloves or hockey boots without selling any more goods. Hurry boys! We arrange to stand payment of all charges on your outfit right to your door under our reimbursement plan.

DEPT. H. 78

TORONTO, ONT.

In the Christmas Dawn

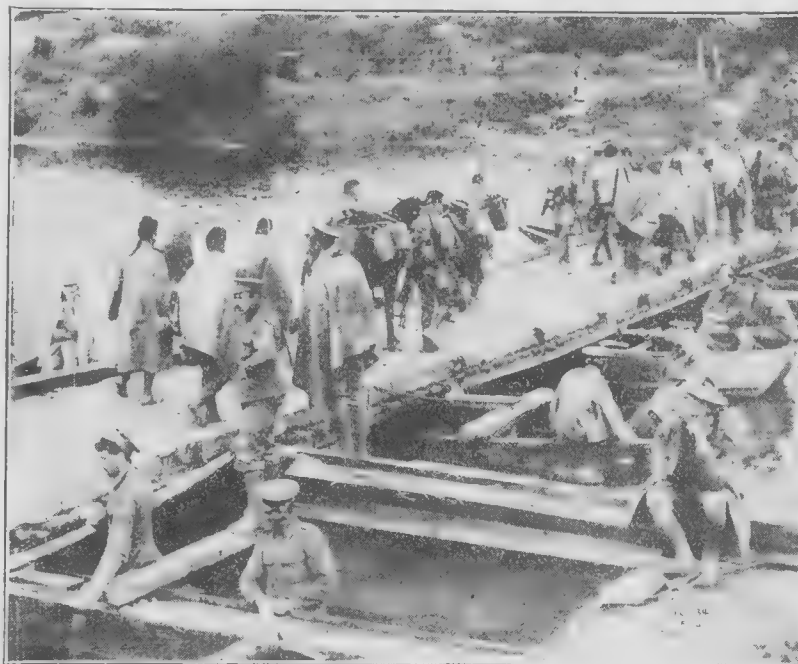
By J. D. A. Evans

"Listen! Poltrethen bells are ringing the Christmas chimes. Do you hear them, Tony?"

She is watching, waiting for him. Ah! then he will know, even also as he is known.

More beautiful and romantic scenery than the coast of North Devon, panoramic picture of rocks, headlands and rugged cliffs, is not found in the forty fair shires of England. Poltrethen, a village situate upon gigantic cliffs in the vicinity of the adjoining county of Cornwall, is an old world place which in summer months is invaded by tourists and overseas visitors who visit its church which has withstood the fury of Atlantic gales from century 'ere William the Conqueror defeated the English Harold at battle of Hastings. And allusion to the village of Poltrethen is made by Charles Kingsley in the pages of *Westward Ho!* You may also read of its quaint stone cottages in the more recent Devonian story known as *Lorna Doone*.

Valley. The alarm clock hanging from a wall in his bedroom has just sounded; he arises from bed. But during the early morning hours Bransby's mind has wandered into dreamland; one has appeared before him, stood at his side. He thinks for a moment, she, Dorothea, sleeping within a snow-covered grave in Eastern Canada, and who for more than twenty years has dwelt amidst the sanctified at the Great White Throne. He wondered. Ah! how well he realised that this Christmas morning she was in the land where earth's tears are known no more. Could she glance down upon him from her home amid the seraphic host, perhaps she knew what those long years of sorrow had meant to him; the anguish when she as a flowerlet had been cut off and flown through the gate of the City beautiful? In the brief moments of his dream she had stood before him in her garment of snowy white, how strange she appeared? And he was standing on the Devonshire cliffs, echo of Poltrethen bells stealing across Tor Valley sounded



A Highland Regiment crossing a pontoon bridge near the battle ground of the Aisne

The afternoon of Christmas Day. Across Tor Valley the bells of Poltrethen echoed sweetly. Along the driveway of Pennington Court Tony Bransby strolls; at his side walks Dorothea Penning. Bransby has a few days previously arrived home in England from Manitoba, wherein for several years he has farmed; ere another yuletide Dorothea and himself would be residing in his prairie home within a district a few miles from the great city at the gateway of Canada West. As they walk toward the cliffs, the bells are commencing to ring out the Christmas chimes with their message to the countryside that in the long, long ago lonely shepherds on fields of Bethlehem were sore afraid, and angelic choir chanted in strain triumphant the glory, peace and goodwill which since that eventful night have formed the true spirit of Yuletide from icebound zone of Arctic Ocean to distant shores and coral straits.

On a lovely April morning the bride and Bransby, amidst peal of Poltrethen bells, passed through the gateway of the church. Two days later the couple walked to a tender awaiting passengers at the landing stage of Liverpool. But, ere another Christmas Day, Bransby was alone in the world; Dorothea, the joy of his life, lay in a cemetery on the banks of the St. Lawrence River. Twenty-three years have passed away since she entered into the presence of the King of righteousness and love and glory with whose spirit she was filled, in whose love she died.

Christmas morning has been ushered into the world. Ah! Bransby recollects that day twenty-three years before when Dorothea and himself stood upon the Devonshire cliffs and listened to the bells of Poltrethen echoing across Tor

to his ears, the Christmas chimes he remembered in the long, long ago.

"Listen! Poltrethen bells are ringing, do you hear them, Tony?"

Then there had come a faint sound of singing, the voices of that great host of little children, they who stand amidst the golden streets of the City of God, the highways into which none that defileth can ever enter. He had heard Dorothea speak, sweet tones of a voice silenced by the sting of death. Ah! perhaps this Christmas morning she was watching for him, waiting for a day when Tony's life journey too had run its course and he, as with herself, would have entered into a glorified immortality.

Her spirit had vanished from his sight that visit in the Christmas dawn. He opened the door of his house and peered outside, then walked towards the stable. And as he trudged across the snow the bells of the cathedral church on Red River's bank rang out in the frosty air with the message of Yuletide once again. Then, as he stood listening to them, he murmured: "Now we see through a glass darkly; then, face to face. I shall know, even also as I am known."

Upon the morning of Christmas Day, Bransby, in his home on the prairie, will realise that life's happenings so wrapped in mystery as they appear, will, at a later day, be fully explained. A sweet voice may whisper to him that a Yuletide is drawing near when Dorothea will not return to earthly scenes as a vision of dreamland in the dawn of a Christmas morning. She is standing at the gate, watching, waiting for Tony; he, she loved so dearly, and whose years of sorrow have been spent within view of the light of Winnipeg's electric lamps glittering above the winter snow.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

Enclosed find \$ for year's subscription to The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

So much that has always been associated in the mind of the world with Christmas, is so manifestly impossible this year, that it is with very mingled feelings that any writer attempts to set down thoughts suitable to the season: "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men" seems an utter mockery with nearly the whole world at war, and every invention of science being employed, to mutilate and kill human beings not by ones and twos but by hundreds of thousands. To speak of a "Merry Christmas" is an insult to the world's sorrow, even a "happy Christmas" can come to but very few. What then is left to us as an exercise of the Christmas spirit? It is summed up in the one word "giving". This does not mean the giving of elaborate presents to people who do not really need them, nor does it mean merely the giving of money to philanthropic or patriotic funds, but it does mean the giving of ourselves more and more for the comfort and well-being of the community. The drawing tighter of the neighborhood bonds, the gathering up of the old friendships that have been allowed to slacken in more prosperous times. The seeking out of those who need our friendship in their hours of loneliness and grief. Hardest task of all it means giving kind thoughts and service to the people from Germany and Austria who are resident amongst us. In this I am not including those Germans or Austrians who have been loudmouthed in their disloyalty to Britain and offensively partisan in their declarations of pro-German sentiment. Those can be dealt with only by the law. Those I have in mind are the many German and Austrian women and little children, who know little or nothing about the matter. They know only that men are at war and the direct result to them is that mother can get no more washing to do and the children have no bread. In the country districts it too often means the children are marked sheep at school. The present war is like nothing that has been before. Its paradoxes make it so hard to keep any bearings. Nearly all the Christmas customs prevailing to-day in English speaking countries came to us originally from the Germans. Germany gave us Luther and our Protestant faith and to-day Germany has joined hands with the Moslem with the avowed hope of seeing the Crescent prevail against the Cross. No wonder people find it hard to adjust themselves and "to do justly and love mercy" under such conditions. The only way to keep sane and reasonably sweet, is "to do the work that's nearest, though it's dull at times." Helping when you meet them "lame dogs over styles" whether the "lame dogs" be English or foreign speaking. To help your town, district, community, neighborhood keep as nearly normal as possible. To remember that the old charities need your work and your money as much as the new patriotic funds and work, and that while you do the one you are not excused for leaving the other undone.

The Thought of to the season: "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men"

seems an utter mockery with nearly the whole world at war, and every invention of science being employed, to mutilate and kill human beings not by ones and twos but by hundreds of thousands. To speak of a "Merry Christmas" is an insult to the world's sorrow, even a "happy Christmas" can come to but very few. What then is left to us as an exercise of the Christmas spirit? It is summed up in the one word "giving". This does not mean the giving of elaborate presents to people who do not really need them, nor does it mean merely the giving of money to philanthropic or patriotic funds, but it does mean the giving of ourselves more and more for the comfort and well-being of the community. The drawing tighter of the neighborhood bonds, the gathering up of the old friendships that have been allowed to slacken in more prosperous times. The seeking out of those who need our friendship in their hours of loneliness and grief. Hardest task of all it means giving kind thoughts and service to the people from Germany and Austria who are resident amongst us. In this I am not including those Germans or Austrians who have been loudmouthed in their disloyalty to Britain and offensively partisan in their declarations of pro-German sentiment. Those can be dealt with only by the law. Those I have in mind are the many German and Austrian women and little children, who know little or nothing about the matter. They know only that men are at war and the direct result to them is that mother can get no more washing to do and the children have no bread. In the country districts it too often means the children are marked sheep at school. The present war is like nothing that has been before. Its paradoxes make it so hard to keep any bearings. Nearly all the Christmas customs prevailing to-day in English speaking countries came to us originally from the Germans. Germany gave us Luther and our Protestant faith and to-day Germany has joined hands with the Moslem with the avowed hope of seeing the Crescent prevail against the Cross. No wonder people find it hard to adjust themselves and "to do justly and love mercy" under such conditions. The only way to keep sane and reasonably sweet, is "to do the work that's nearest, though it's dull at times." Helping when you meet them "lame dogs over styles" whether the "lame dogs" be English or foreign speaking. To help your town, district, community, neighborhood keep as nearly normal as possible. To remember that the old charities need your work and your money as much as the new patriotic funds and work, and that while you do the one you are not excused for leaving the other undone.

To keep informed upon the war, but to discuss it as little as possible, above all to avoid repeating or dwelling upon stories of atrocities. It was Edward Garrett who said "It is not well for our souls to go down among dead sins," and while atrocities are happening all the time, the moment one is committed it is a sin beyond recall, and our dwelling upon it only embitters our own souls, without helping the injured or preventing it recurring while this awful war continues. When the war is over it will be the duty of every woman to strive without ceasing to obtain the power to insist on international laws which will make a recurrence impossible. All Britons can at least comfort their souls that their cause is just and that motherland and colonies are in this war because Britain's word was pledged to defend the weak. With work to do and these thoughts to reflect upon even Christmas 1914 need not be wholly without the Christmas spirit.

A good many readers of the page will be anxious to know how the attempt of the Winnipeg women to meet the need of the unemployed has succeeded. The

Work for Women

Central Bureau which has now been open for over two months, has proved pretty conclusively that if women, and more especially the young women, are willing to go into the country and take such work as offers, there need be none of them unemployed this winter. It would be impossible to put into the space of a few paragraphs the amount of volunteer work that has been done in connection with this bureau by the women of Winnipeg. Numbers of women volunteered to take turns in interviewing applicants, and they went to this work day after day as if it was something they were being paid handsome salaries for. A great connection between city and country has been worked up, and while there are a number of women who have not yet received the help they need, and while there are a number of women still without employment; on the whole the workers and those requiring help have been got together in an intelligent manner and to a far greater extent than has ever been the case before. The outlook is that never again will the city be so overcrowded with women out of work, and never again will the women on the farms find it so difficult to get help.

In Mrs. A. W. Wheatly who was secured as general secretary was discovered a woman with not only excellent training for the clerical work, but with great natural ability for getting the right girl for a situation.

The Local Council of Women of Winnipeg, who started the work, have now applied to have it taken over by the city of Winnipeg in connection with the city's labor bureau, or that the city make a grant for the work. It looks at the mo-

ment of writing as if the latter would probably be the final arrangement. Whatever is done for the future the women of the West have amply demonstrated that they are not only willing but able to intelligently help each other when a crisis arises.

Agnes C. Laut the well known Canadian author, calls attention to the forehandedness of Canada in this matter and advises American cities to go and do likewise. This was in a recent article in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, a paper with the largest circulation in the world.

In cases where homes and no wages have been offered in the country, it has not been possible to do much in the way of sending girls for the simple reason that there have been homes with wages for more girls than were willing to go to the country. After Christmas, however, it will be different. Mrs. Wheatly tells me that the greatest difficulty is to place the woman with one or more children. Of these there are quite a number still unemployed. I know how difficult it is in many country homes, where the houses are small, to take any one with children. But there are homes where it could be done, and I am sure that Mrs. Wheatly would welcome applications of this sort. The address is Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg. It seems that some mistake has arisen about the payment of fares. The writer of one letter addressed to this page seemed to think the fares were paid by the city. The concession which has been secured is a half fare rate on the railroads.

This seems odd advice just as winter is setting in, but my attention has been specially called to the fact that few boys and girls on the farm learn to ride. The recent enlistments have produced an astonishing percentage of men from farms who while perfectly familiar with horses, still cannot ride. From personal

observation I know that fewer women can ride than men. It is a very useful accomplishment. There are not many farms in the West that cannot boast of a horse of some sort, that could be used for the purpose of learning.

We seem very remote from the possibilities of invasion at present and still it might really happen to us any day. A temporary victory by the Germans might be followed by raid of Germans from the South into Canada. Germans resident in the United States are exceedingly hostile, and would jump at any excuse. The ability to jump on a horse at a moment's notice to carry a message, might mean the saving of lives and property. It is a useful accomplishment easy to acquire and almost every western farm affords the means of doing so.

Very especially should women teachers be strictly warned not to remain in school houses, alone after the children have left. It is a very common practice for teachers to stay after 3.30 or 4 o'clock to correct exercises and write letters, because the school house is warm and quiet. More than once, even in the months of January and February, I have come upon schools, entirely remote from any dwelling, where a young girl was all alone, perhaps just locking up when it is too dusk to see without lights. It is an unsafe thing at any time, but this winter it will be doubly so. The general run of country schools have but one exit, they are veritable traps, with their storm windows and one door. Personally I believe that every woman teaching in a country school, that has no dwellings very near to it, should, in western parlance "pack a gun." A small revolver backed by a knowledge of how to use it, would be a powerful weapon in dealing with toughs. Of course it will be said that few outrages have been perpetrated on teachers in the Canadian west.



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When I was down at the factory in October and saw this new "White Beauty," just out of the designer's room, I said, "Every woman who sees this cabinet will fall in love with it."

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And now the new "White Beauty," completely coated inside and out with thick, hard white enamel, is the most sanitary kitchen convenience that has ever been introduced into Northwestern Canada. Bugs can't find a lodging place in it. You can clean it out with a damp cloth. It will stay perfectly white and sanitary indefinitely, and will last a lifetime. It is beyond question the most beautiful and practical finish I've ever seen on a kitchen cabinet.

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And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

A Christmas Eve and a New Year's Day

By W. R. Gilbert

FOR the past two or three years Dr. Kenelm Lennard had been going rapidly down hill. It seemed as if nothing could stop him. He had exhausted his patients and his friends alike. Excepting his little daughter, Enid, only his wife remained to him in his moral wreckage, and she had suffered all, endured all, and forgiven all to no purpose.

you?" "Just a 'tittle," Enid confessed, candidly. "Oo see, mummy, there is almost nossing left of her 'cept her legs. I 'spect Santa Claus will bring me a C'is'mas box one before I wake up again, eh, mummy?"

For answer Miriam lifted Enid on her lap and folded her arms about the child's neck. "Mummy," pleaded the child, when she presently looked up again,

A Christmas Wish for the West

By the Hon. Sir GEORGE E. FOSTER, Minister of Trade and Commerce

Ottawa, Nov. 19th, 1914.

Editor of The Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir:—I have received the October number of The Western Home Monthly, and congratulate you, not only on its magnificent appearance, but on the interesting and high-class reading matter which it contains. I can quite understand how welcome a visitor such a paper is in thousands of families throughout the land.

If any word of mine would serve to further commend your publication or increase its circulation I am very glad to add it, and at the same time to wish the pioneer dwellers in the West, who are so bravely meeting the demands of new development in pioneer conditions, and who are succeeding, and who are on the whole so desirable, A Merry Christmas.

The older parts of our country have almost passed out from the memory of our own pioneer times. As newcomers, filled with the same hope and indomitable spirit, they opened up with infinite toil and endeavor what are now our well cultivated and well settled areas. We owe them a great debt for what they have done and suffered in these pioneer efforts, and in after years the teeming population of the West will be under equal obligations, and I hope, will give equal recognition to the self-sacrificing efforts of the settlers in the West during the closing years of the nineteenth, and opening years of the twentieth, century.

To all I say A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year, sobered as it must inevitably be by the grave conditions which face the Empire at the present time, and which all parts of the Empire are meeting with wonderful unanimity and loyalty.

George E. Foster

Miriam Lennard had been a beautiful woman at one time. Now the wreck of her beauty was vivid to her every time she looked in the mirror. She had often asked herself why she had suffered her husband for so long. Not once, but a hundred times she had thought of leaving him.

This Christmas Eve about eleven o'clock Miriam was in the front room of their little house in Kestrell Grove, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her head bent down. What would be the end?

Her thoughts crowded on her so fast that she had almost forgotten Enid, who was playing with a broken doll. Presently the child came toddling round the table and peered into her mother's face.

"Mummy! Mummy!" she cried. Enid's voice startled Miriam from her bitter dreaming. "Yes, dear, yes!" she answered, holding the child's face in her hands and making an effort to smile. "I thought you were playing with your dolly. You are not tired of her, are

"don't cry. I 'spect daddy will soon be home now."

"Yes, he will soon be home now, dearie," Miriam repeated slowly as she hid her face in the gold curls of the little head she had drawn to her bosom again.

"You shall go to bed now dearie," said Miriam at last, "and mother will sit beside you till the sleep fairies come, shall she?"

"And you won't cry, mummy, will you?"

There was that in the child's accents which made this a pleading as well as a question. "No dearie, I—but let us go." Miriam faltered and together, hand in hand, she and Enid went upstairs.

Afterwards, in the quiet of the sitting room, Miriam counted the minutes of her lonely vigil. Christmas eve had now passed into Christmas morning. Until half an hour ago she had heard the shouts of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" in the street outside. They had been the greetings of passers-by, or of people gossiping round their doors. When these shouts had died away it seemed to her that for a while she

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could hear a thousand faint echoes whispered afar by the keen breezes of the night. But now the greetings and the echoes had gone out of the air, leaving it empty of sound as her life was empty of hope. She could no longer hear the laughter and music and bustle in the houses of her neighbors on each side of her. The only sounds audible to her now were the beating of her heart and the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece.

At half past two in the morning Miriam was still alone staring at the cold ashes in the fire grate. Brooding had become almost a settled habit with her of late. If Kenelm were not at home before midnight she would wait up till he came in.

Whether in such circumstances she said much or little, or even nothing at all, she was an equal provocation to a man primed with liquor ready to quarrel with the first defenceless object he could find, and in any case best left to come to his senses in his own time and in his own way.

It was nearly three o'clock when she heard the familiar footfall of her husband on the pavement. She started up in her chair. Her wet eyes grew bigger and brighter as fear took possession of them. She heard the crunching of the gravel path, and pressed both hands against her breast hard, as if she would crush even its flatness down. She heard the gate creak and her heart jumped to her throat so that she gasped for breath.

Kenelm, with thunder in his face at the sight of Miriam, lurched into the room. She did not move from her chair: did not speak; dreaded even to look at him. But the dog at her feet bounded forth, not with a bark of welcome for her master, but with a growl as if the figure just entered were a menacing intruder.

Without a word, but with a glare which sufficiently indicated his mood, Kenelm gave the animal a savage kick under the jaw and heavy drops of blood commenced to fall from its mouth. Whining piteously, the dog crawled back to Miriam and hid itself in the folds of her dress.

Until Miriam heard the dog's cry and looking down saw the blood upon her dress, she was only half conscious of what had happened. Now it seemed that at last a new nature had come to her. Kenelm had not time to see what she did. She herself hardly knew what she did until it was done but in an instant she had stooped down and turned upon him and the heavy end of the poker crashed through Kenelm's hat to his head. He reeled giddily, dropped.

White to the lips now, Miriam knelt by his side, and held her ear to his mouth. She could feel the sickening waft of his breath upon her cheek—he had been stunned; that was all. The suddenness rather than the strength of Miriam's blow had temporarily paralyzed.

In the bedroom a little white robed figure waking and finding nobody to answer her call, crept affrightedly out of bed. Softly, bare-footed, Enid entered the sitting room and when Miriam rose from beside her husband's prostrate form, reassured, it was to see Enid gazing at her.

"Mummy!" cried the child in alarm. Miriam quickly hugged Enid to her. "Mummy!" repeated the insistent voice, half smothered at Miriam's breast. "What's daddy doin' 'ike that? Why was oo kneelin' by him, mummy?"

For a while Miriam did not know what to say. She hugged the child still closer to her and after a while answered. "Father has fallen asleep dearie. Come, let us go."

"But isn't daddy coming, mummy?" queried the half stifled voice.

"No, no, dearie. He—he prefers to—to stay where he is. He is better there till—till he wakes again. Come dearie. We will go to granny's."

A few minutes afterwards, Miriam, with the child snugly nestled in her arms, was hastening from the house through silent and deserted streets.

A week later, on New Year's Day, it chanced that Kenelm Lennard was out visiting patients when from the other side of the street a child's voice called to him. He heard it above the whirr of the traffic.

"Mummy! mummy! There's daddy. Daddy! daddy!"

The attention of Miriam, who was taking the child shopping with her, had been for the moment distracted, and al-

most before she was conscious of missing the little hand from her own, she was toddling after her father across the road. Kenelm had turned on hearing the call but was compelled to go forward by the rush of vehicles.



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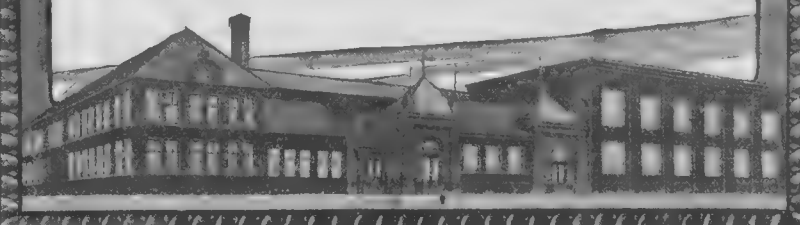
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Suddenly he heard another voice—an agonized cry, unmistakably that of Miriam.

Kenelm looked into his wife's eyes. "Come home, Miriam," he whispered, "and from this New Year's Day let us try afresh—for the child's sake."

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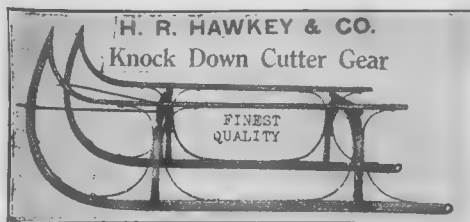
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Stories and Legends of Yuletide

Christmas celebrates the birth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. On diversified dates and in different parts of the world we read that Protestant, Catholic and Greek churches observed this religious event. Festivities pertaining to the day may be traced to the ancient rites celebrated in Scandinavia, Rome, Greece and Egypt, wherein the pagan people feared, as the days shortened in the darkest month of the year, that the sun was dying, and observed with rejoicing when the sun began to remain with them for a trifle longer each day.

From time immemorial we have heard of the singing of Christmas carols. The first carols were modeled on the songs composed to accompany the choric dances and caroling—a combination of dancing and singing—which descended from the pagan rituals into the Christian church. Many of the carols dating from the fifteenth century resemble the folk songs, and numerous curious legends are preserved therein. Carol singing was greatly in vogue during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We are indebted to the greatest of our English writers, among which were Milton and Ben Jonson, for many beautiful carols. The celebrated, "Hark, How the Welkin Rings," more commonly known as "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," was written one century later by Charles Wesley. We read that the earliest printed collection of carols was issued about the year 1621. This collection contained the famous "Boar's Head" carol, which is still sung every year at Oxford College. Although the custom has died out in Scotland and many of the continental countries, the carol is existent in Germany and Italy, also in France, where it is known as "Noel."

The first Christmas tree to be erected in a home is credited in an ancient legend to one, Saint Winfried, who was a missionary to the Scandinavians in the eighth century. He essayed to expound to the people that the Druid priests had made them worshippers of trees only, and not of a living God. On Christmas Eve, it is stated, a huge oak tree, around which the people had gathered to offer a human sacrifice, was hewn down by him. As the mammoth oak fell to the ground, it was as if a young fir tree appeared miraculously beyond it. Then speaking to the astonished people, Winfried said: "Here is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Call it the tree of the Christ child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall. You shall go no more into the shadows of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home with laughter and songs and rites of love. The thunder oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home in all Germany where the children are not gathered around the green fir tree to rejoice in the birthright of Christ."

The custom of kissing under the mistletoe is still carried on to some extent. About one thousand years before Christ the romantic Scandinavians, when honoring their great god Thor, built huge

fires called "Yule" fires. It was imagined that the higher the flames towered through the forests the greater pleased was Thor. Very soon it was discovered that trees upon which mistletoe clung would give the brightest fires. This was thought to be due to the great Thor himself, who caused the mistletoe to grow on those trees to make known to his people which were the better for burning in his honor.

We are accustomed to acknowledge December 25th as the birthday of our Saviour, but whether that is the authentic date on which Christ was born or what people first celebrated the festival on that date remains unknown. Following the triumph of Christianity the prejudices of the early Christians against the celebration of birthdays as heathenish, died out. During the period between 337 and 352, Pope Julius directed Saint Cyril to ascertain the correct date. Saint Cyril reported that the Western churches observed it on December 25th, although various other churches kept the day in January, April, May, March and September. So immensely satisfied with Saint Cyril's report was Pope Julius that he immediately declared December 25th as Christmas Day. Our observance of that date has descended to us from that decision.

Religious rites pertaining to Twelfth Night are still observed in some form. To commemorate the Magi's offerings the British sovereign each year places by proxy three purses on the alms dish for presentation on the altar.

The custom of decorating the Christmas tree is associated with the ancient Teutons, who were sun worshippers. To them the expanding of a huge tree was symbolical of the sun rising higher and higher in the heavens, and the embellishing of our Christmas tree is supposed to be symbolic of the sun tree, the lights representing the flashes of lightning overhead, the apples, nuts and balls symbolize the sun, moon and stars, while the little animals represent the sacrifices made to the sun god. Another interpretation, as stated by the early Christians, attaches new meanings to its decorations. In this instance the fir with its lights represented the Christ, who was the beginning of a new life in the midst of the wintry darkness of heathendom, the tree of life, the Light of the World. "Purely Christian symbols were introduced, the angels, the anchor, cross and heart, the star of the east and the golden threads, called Lametta, which represent the Christ child. Under the branches of the tree lies the Babe in a manger, watched over by His parents, and surrounded by sheep and oxen."

We are wont to wonder why Christmas centers around a star. At the time Jesus was born in Bethlehem, Rome boasted that "Miliarium Aureum," the Golden Milestone, from which her great military roads diverged, marked the center of the world. To-day that stone is in fragments, while from the star that marks in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the place where Jesus was born, and commemorates the star that shone in the heavens over Bethlehem on the first Christmas night, radiates the influence that inspires the populace criticizing and making all men akin.



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Western Home Monthly War Illustrations

Showing incidents in the great struggle being waged by the allied troops of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Russia for the maintenance of honor among nations.



The King, Queen and Lord Kitchener leaving Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plains, England, after reviewing the Canadian soldiers. The King is seen almost directly under the sign post. Lord Kitchener is at the right of the illustration.



German prisoners captured by the French at Arras.



Enjoying a game of football in the Canadian camp at Salisbury Plains, England.



The Canadian contingent marching across the parade grounds at Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plains, England, where they were reviewed by the King, Queen, Lord Kitchener and the late Earl Roberts.



The Late Lord Roberts' last inspection. "Little Bobs," as he was affectionately known, whose sudden death on the evening of November 14, came as a shock, is seen in this photo, which was made November 4, at Salisbury Plains, during his inspection of the Canadian troops there.



British convalescent camp in the north of France, where wounded soldiers are regaining health and strength before returning to the firing line.



German artillery becoming bogged in a flooded area in Belgium.



Fighting King of Belgium and French President Poincaré reviewing Allies at Fumes. In the rear seat of car the King is at left of the President.



An exciting incident in the town of Senlis, France. After being in occupation of Senlis for three days, burning the town and shooting the mayor, the Germans were suddenly surprised by a dash of Turcos, who whirled into the town in taxicabs, and after a fierce fight drove out the invaders.



A German trap for British military cars. Broken glass is spread upon the road that the tires may be punctured and the occupants of the cars held up under the enemy's fire.



Canadian contingent armored motor corps on Salisbury Plains, England, in which the King was greatly interested.



Powerful British guns with the Allied forces.



The Germans in camp near Ostend. This picture of the German camp behind the fighting lines between Ostend and Dixmude serves to show the type of German soldier the Allies have to overcome in the battle to determine the possession of the Belgian coast.



A scene in the village of Pau, France, showing 300 German war prisoners being escorted by French soldiers to a detention camp.



Canadian soldiers returning to quarters after a hard morning at field practice on Salisbury Plains.



A scene at Salisbury Plains, where the Canadian contingent are encamped, showing the troopers marching across the field to be reviewed by Lord Kitchener and Earl Roberts.

The Empire in Arms —(Continued from Page 42)

and purpose. Let us hasten to support the men at the front, who are laying down their lives for us. One hundred years ago our forefathers in a long and bloody war against an aspirant for world-power, purchased for themselves and for those who succeeded them one hundred years of peace. We are the inheritors of that bounty. Now, after the lapse of the century, the burden has been cast upon us under almost similar circumstances of purchasing another hundred years of peace for ourselves and our successors. This is a great task, much greater than has fallen to the nation before, but if we are true to duty we shall do it, and if we are not true then we will deserve the fate that unmistakably will await us in this life and in the pages of history. If we succeed, then I think we may forecast that our descendants will not have to refight the battle a century hence, for by that time these islands and our Dominions—Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa (to say nothing of India and our other great Dependencies)—will number at least 300,000,000 of free men and British born, whose voice and power will be effective to proclaim and maintain "peace among themselves and with all nations." Let us then do our duty in our day, avoiding vain and boastful speech, thrice armed, by the justice of our cause, putting our trust in God. And here I recall the noble words of Lincoln when his country was involved in war, but how applicable in our situation:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether,' with malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let

us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all things which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Envy, jealousy and grasping greed are at the bottom of German aspirations in so far as the British Empire is concerned. The despoiler of Belgium occupies a poor pedestal from which to reproach British statesmen or the British race. It is true that part of our acquisitions are avails of war, but we can say with truth that we have governed the conquered honestly and in their own interest; and when they were fully qualified for it, the most absolute rights of self-government were ungrudgingly conceded. Take for example Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, Australia and Newfoundland. To the minds of many foreigners, indeed, these great self-governing states are mere dependencies, or tributaries of the United Kingdom; nothing is farther from the truth—they are absolutely self-governed, and practically independent nations. Their constitutions are very charters of liberty, and in these it is expressly provided that the King reigns as absolutely at the capitals of the respective self-governing Dominions as fully as he does at Westminster.

King George V. is a many-headed sovereign. If he is not personally present, he is as actually present for the purpose of ruling and reigning at Ottawa, Melbourne, Wellington, St. Johns, Cape Town (or Pretoria) as he is at Westminster.

It does not lie in any German's mouth to reproach the British "rag" with rapacity or public robbery. We have not forgotten the partition of Poland. This great Empire which is ours to enjoy and maintain was created, it is true, in times and circumstances of trial and battle, by a race that had the "wit, plan and the strength to execute," and were equal to facing every danger on sea and on land. As Watson has truly said:

"Time and the ocean and some fostering star
In high Cabul have made us what we are."

And for what we are and for what we have been as a people, and as an Empire, none of its sons need blush for shame, while each may rejoice in the possession of justice and liberty, an inheritance that will not be sacrificed to the greed of any despoiler. We may not have succeeded in every venture, but on the whole, our showings are the best and the greatest of any of the nations. We have taken hard knocks and have given hard knocks, and in the end survived and prospered.

Shelley truly says:

"Beaten back in many a fray,
Newer strength we'll borrow;
And where the vanguard stands to-day,
The rear will come to-morrow."

Let "UPWARD AND ONWARD" be the watchword of our struggle in the cause of humanity and civilization.

Let the Hun say what he will, the history and tradition of our people are worthy of our affection and deepest reverence, and that they will receive. I am hoping, I am sure, that this disastrous war will teach the Germans at least one inefaceable lesson as regards the people of the United and Sister Kingdoms of the British Empire, a lesson that is crystallized by a Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, in beautiful and undying words:

"There are people who are loyal to the glory of
the past,
Who hold to hearts' traditions and will hold them
to the last;
Who would not sell in shame the honor of their
name,
Though the world was in the balance and a sword
thereon was cast."

Donald Macmillan

What the World is Saying

The Prairie Food Supply.

During one week in October, 518 homesteads were taken up in Western Canada. This is a victory at home to sustain victories abroad.—Toronto Mail and Empire

Culture.

The noble spirit which German writers claim is inspired by war includes espionage, sailing under false flags, and butchering helpless wounded.—New York Life.

The Alternative.

If Germany were to win, the whole civilized world would be obliged to bear continuously, and to an ever increasing amount, the burdens of great armaments, and would live in constant fear of sudden invasion, now here, now there—a terrible fear, against which neither treaties nor professions of peaceable intentions would offer the least security.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Japs Want to Cement Friendship with Russia.

The people of Japan are reported to be desirous of converting the Russo-Japanese entente into a formal alliance. The two countries only a few years ago were engaged in a terrible war, the worst in modern times up to the present outbreak. To-day they are virtually allies and the old bitterness seems to have vanished. When antagonists that were stand together to fight a common enemy the past is forgotten.—Montreal Herald and Telegraph.

Will Need Recreation.

Germany intends to make a showing at the Panama Exhibition next spring. Dr. Schultz, a member of the German commission to the big show, says he hopes the war will be ended with the winter, and that the army of German visitors who had arranged to come will be free to do so. It is difficult to foretell what will be the opportunities for leaving Germany within the next year or so. Germans are likely to have much need of recreation at that time, however.—Ottawa Free Press.

Russia's Evil Genius.

German influence, long very potent at Petrograd, has always been exerted on the side of the reactionaries. "Germany," says Mr. Schauman, was "Russia's evil genius." Having now shaken herself free from the influence of Prussianism, Russia seems to be breathing a new and more invigorating atmosphere. All over the vast domains of the Czar, liberal ideas are in the air.—London Chronicle.

Exploded Hopes.

The Kaiser is now assuring his soldiers that "the enemy will be beaten." He is not now so sure of dining in Paris as he was early in August, and there are no invitations put yet for that function.—Vancouver Province

Modern Application of an Old Practice.

Struggles of gladiators were among the ancient devices for allaying discontent among the sustainers. War seems the device of the Prussian landed aristocracy to accomplish a similar result.—Kansas City Star

Dr. Krupp.

A dispatch says that the university of Bonn has conferred the degree of doctor on Herr von Krupp, the gun manufacturer. One is left to wonder whether it was doctor of science, philosophy or laws.—Chicago Tribune

A Mountain of Human Tragedy.

There is hardly an excuse for a special correspondent who writes about his own little adventures and risks and discomforts. They are trivial against all that mountain of human tragedy which reeks up to God.—London Spectator.

The United States View.

While the American public is indifferent about many things, it is not indifferent about the rights of smaller states, the sacredness of treaties or the question whether might makes right.—New York Evening Post

Bismarck's Manuscript Memoirs in London.

Bismarck was so secretive about his third and last volume of memoirs that he confided the MSS. to the Bank of England for safety. The volume is now in custody there. Possibly that is the reason for the Kaiser's desire for a raid on London.—Chicago Herald.

The Road of Oligarchical Privilege

The German political system has travelled the road of oligarchical privilege with a naive confidence in its divine origin that would do credit to the piety of a churchman of the days before Wycliffe. It takes more than brains to shape the course wisely with such a start. It takes idealisms and human realizations that are lacking, not so much in the German character as in the German education and machinery of life.—New York Tribune.

Armies Now Protect Forts.

"The French army still bars the road to Verdun," says a Paris despatch. And a critic remarks upon the fact that forts used to protect armies, while armies now protect forts.—Toronto Star.

Will Be a Gain to the World.

The destruction of Essen, Wilhelmshaven, and Heligoland ought to be a condition of peace with Germany. Certainly the disappearance of these phenomena would be a gain to the world.—Halifax Herald.

Regardless of the Cost.

As an American observer once said after viewing the massed rush at the annual German manoeuvres one fall, which are being repeated now in the war "Dead men do not seem to enter into His Majesty's calculations at all."—New York Press.

Where German "Efficiency" Has Failed.

The comparative failure of German efficiency exhibits itself in the fact that in the two highest of human activities, statesmanship and literature, the Germans are easily outranked by the English and the French. German statesmanship, not municipal government, bear in mind, is medieval.—New York Nation.

Cataracts of Projectiles.

It has been asserted more than once that war relic dealers have been known to bury bullets and other missiles in the field of Waterloo, later on to resurrect and sell them to curiosity hunters. There will surely be no need of such petty fraud in the case of the battlefields of to-day. Enough shells and bullets are being fired now to make souvenirs for a thousand years.—Montreal Gazette.

Home Life.

There is an independence about home life that makes it worth far more than its costs. Most city women nowadays will buy bread from a baker, but will not buy cakes. She must have cakes and pies made at home because none other are quite like them. And tea or coffee—one does not get either anywhere but at home so made that it is fit to drink. It costs a lot to have a home of one's own, to have your own food specially prepared, to have your own piano and your own books and pictures, and your own cat and dog, but there are none others like them, and they are worth far more than the cost, even although nobody else would take some of them from you as a gift.—Toronto Globe.

The Working of a Modern Mine

Written for The Western Home Monthly by James Harold Thompson.

The modern mine, as mines go in British Columbia, is an institution harboring within its borders men of all trades, and some representing professions. To those who are not conversant with the workings of a modern mine the pay roll would be of great interest. This monthly sheet gives one an idea of the actual expense for labor in operating a prosperous mining property. Those who draw salaries from the company are not all residents at the mine; and, under the heading of "non-

resident salaried employees" we include the doctor. He may reside at the mining camp, some distance from the mine. Also the attorney, whose practice keeps him in a distant city. The men who come under the head of "miners" are the nucleus around which forms a coterie of trades, equal in variety to those in a modern village. One is reminded of a quiet peaceful country town when, climbing up the mountain trail, you hear the clanging music of the anvil at the mine's blacksmith shop.

Up along a tortuous trail your panting horse carries you until far above you see, at what appears to be within a stone's throw of the apex mountain, the bunk-house. Perched above an overhanging precipice, it stands alone in its solitude, surrounded by a bleak and barren landscape, here and there the charred remains of a tree adding to the uninteresting aspect of the miner's home.

In this unpainted, barren-looking building, in company with the miners, live men representing a diversion of trades which have nothing to do with the handling of pick or drill. First in importance comes the cook, and his assistants—commonly known among the men as "flunkies" or "slingers." The average salary of a mining cook is \$90

per month, while his helpers, who are practically apprentices, receive from \$50 to \$80. The mine employing seventy-five miners always has upon its pay roll at least twenty-five men of other callings. These non-miners employed by the company fill the positions of blacksmith, tool-sharpener, timbermen, timber-framers, carpenters, sawyers, teamsters, assayer, draughtsmen, engineer and bookkeeper. If any other artisan is required he is immediately imported—many times regardless of expense.

All materials used in and about the mine are of the best quality obtainable; and of articles in constant use, such as dynamite, dynamite caps, picks, drills, etc., a sufficient supply is always kept on hand. The manager of a mine

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has but one object in view in buying supplies—i.e., to secure the best quality. The warehouse of a modern mine is a miniature department store in many respects. The stock on hand covers every want of the mine and its occupants. Some of the mines in the Kootenai District of British Columbia are supplied with all the latest equipment for mining and preparation of ore previous to its shipment. These prosperous companies operate a saw-mill to furnish lumber for timbering the mine, a concentrator plant for the concentration of ore, and a steam compressor plant, which produces power for drilling, all of which comprise the expensive fixtures necessary for mining in some localities. However, such mines as are operated on this elaborate scale are few, compared with those of equal value which still hold to the old pioneer way of transporting ore to the nearest shipping point by pack train. These pack trains are composed of mules, although occasionally a horse finds place among these long suffering, but sometimes contrary beasts. At an early hour in the morning a stable-hand arouses them from a warm, peaceful slumber with a prod in the ribs, and in this unsolicited duty he wisely uses the handle of a pitch-fork. The apparejo, or pack-saddle, is then strapped tightly upon their backs, the strap sometimes binding so that the mule gives vent to a savage grunt of disapproval. To the Mexican is credited the invention of the apparejo. The weight of this valuable piece of harness is about fifty pounds, and it is composed of leather and rope. Articles of every description are carried by the pack train. Provisions, furniture and merchandise chiefly compose the loads thus freighted to the mines, while ore comprises the load on the down trip.

A packer astride a cayuse heads the procession, leading the bell mule; and the others, until they reach the trail, contest among themselves for first place, which position is much coveted by them. If one member of this company demurs or hesitates about joining his kind, he is urgently, and oft-times violently, requested by the packer and stable hands to "get in line." A professional packer in the performance of his tedious labors acquires a vocabulary with which the mules are thoroughly conversant. Only a combination of whoops and catcalls, spiced with verdant words, can in any way affect the movement of these useful animals. Each mule is familiar with its name, but never heeds it unless many times repeated, interlaced and savored with a tirade of "strong language."

A caravan of this description winds slowly up the tortuous trail, switching back and forth, but always ascending the steep sides of the mountain, the heavy, sonorous voice of the packer frequently jarring the crisp air. A bunch of dry leaves along the trail will tempt one member to stop, and in consequence all behind him do the same; and not until several sentences of this "mule language," strengthened with a few uncomplimentary phrases, have been hurled from the lucid tongue of the packer, will the laggard deign to leave his luscious morsel.

The trails to the mines are from three to five feet wide, with an occasional switch for trains to pass while going in opposite directions. To pass a pack train, unless you meet at one of the switches, the lone traveler is compelled to climb up the mountain side, as the mules hold precedence on the trail under all conditions.

Probably the most discouraging cargo carried by the pack train is a load of lumber. This uncomfortable burden prevents the mule from raising his head to its natural poise, and if he attempts to throw his head to either side, he receives a severe bump upon regaining his former position. This naturally arouses his ire, and, with feet braced, he bucks from right to left as if to thoroughly locate his danger line. The mule following consequently jams his load against the lumber in front of him, and soon down the entire line, until half the packs have become disorganized. The packer in the rear watches this breach of discipline in silence, collecting, it might afterward appear, all the strongest terms in his vocabulary; and with a poignant cry the terror-striking reprimand rolls up the mountain in one continuous sentence: "Blank, blank your

hide, you Henry Ward Beecher! I'll break your back if I ever lay my hands on your blankety blank skin! Shake your dice—blank, blank! whoop, whoop!" And the innocent as well as the guilty fall into quick stride. In the study of the character of a man of this calling, the capaciousness, range, and poignant qualities of his vocabulary mark the man, his profession and the occasion indelibly upon your memory. To fully appreciate these unique qualities and the occasion of their use, you must be insensible to the right and wrong of his speech.

The bunk-house is the home of the miner; and if there is any novelty or sentiment in his life, we find it there. The few hours of leisure at his command he employs in conversation with his mates, writing an occasional letter or reading an ancient newspaper. The well-regulated bunk-house is divided into five separate apartments, comprising the office, waiting-room, dining-room, kitchen and sleeping-room. The latter takes up all the second floor. A double tier of bunks ranges along the walls, leaving an aisle of about ten feet in width running the full length of the building. A window at each end gives light during the day, and a large brass lamp, suspended from the rafters, serves for the night. During the winter months a bunk near the stove, which is situated in the center of the aisle, is considered a valuable prize. In most camps mattresses are furnished by the company, but the men furnish their own blankets. Some liberal mine-owners, however, think enough of their employees to supply good springs. Such favors are always appreciated by the miners.

In the office the superintendent keeps his record of accounts, a supply of tobacco, writing paper and medicines, such articles being kept for sale to the men in the mine. Next to the office is the general waiting-room. Here we find few comforts and little to interest the worthy housekeeper. A few chairs and benches, a few pegs on the wall for hanging clothing, and a sink of large dimensions, with miners' wash-basins, comprise all the furniture.

The dining-room is generally well lighted, and arranged similar to the mess-room of an army barracks. It is here the cook reigns supreme. He plays the role of czar, and none dare openly question his methods; but in secret, no one about the institution is the subject of more discussion. A shrill whistle from the cook announces "Dinner ready," and as soon as the door admitting the men to the dining-room is unlatched, all hands rush to their accustomed seats on the benches in front of the coverless tables. The most convenient dish is quickly and generously sampled by the hungry miner and passed to the next man; he, in turn, receiving what assistance his neighbors can give him in securing dishes of different variety which are out of his reach. The "slingers" rush here and there in answer to the clang of a tin spoon against a porcelain dish, frequently scurrying off to the kitchen with three or four large empty plates, and soon returning with a new allowance of hot beans, potatoes, pudding, or other dishes constituting the menu. An undisguised disappointment escapes the lips of the expectant miner when the "flunky" reports "pudding all gone."

It is seldom that the mine owners try to make money out of the bunk-house, although there are occasional exceptions. From the salary of each miner, which is \$3.50 per day, is deducted \$1.00 per day for board. A bunk-house housing and feeding one hundred miners at this rate would be credited with \$3,000 per month. The men are charged just exactly what the board costs the company, but if there should be a balance at the end of the month in favor of the bunk-house it is expended the next month in the interest of the boarders. This arrangement prevents discontent among the men, and insures them good, healthy food. These hardy workers are served fresh meat three times per day. Dried fruits, rice, beans, and in fact all kinds of canned vegetables, and the coarser dainties, with puddings of great variety, as well as pies and cakes, make up the list from which the cook selects the menu.

To the housekeeper's eyes the kitchen would appear a place of many surprises.

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The average hotel kitchen does not surpass the "grill-room" of the miners' home in any one of its appointments. To begin, the cook must have the very best of appliances and all appointments convenient for his use, if he is to have a well-cooked meal for one hundred men, all eating at the same time. The cook will inform you that his position differs from that of an hotel cook. His meal is served in the space of a half hour, while at the hotel it occupies two hours or more. The large range used is constructed so that steaks and other meats are all cooked on top of the stove. As many as twenty-five one pound steaks can be cooked at one time.

One half of the men work at night, and consequently a meal is served at midnight, which necessitates a night chef. The occupant of this position is called the "pastry cook," and during the silent hours of the night he bakes bread, pies and cakes.

Besides the pack-train, already described, there are three other ways in vogue in British Columbia for the transportation of ore from the mines. Some mines can be reached by wagon load; and when thus favored the ore is freighted in heavy ore-wagons, drawn by four or six powerful horses. Those mines which have a concentrator are also supplied with tramways connected with the mine. But the last and most novel is that of "raw-hiding," and in this particular method the mines of British

ing camp. The biggest part of these rough men is their sympathy, and on such occasions it manifests itself in their sorrowful countenances and silent demeanor.

Space will not permit a full description of a concentrator. Suffice to say of this important institution that its name expresses its use. The ore is carried from the mine to the concentrator, which is located at the base of the mountain near a shipping point, sometimes in ore-cars operated upon a miniature narrow-gauge line propelled by wire cable, or in iron buckets above the head by an aerial system. The work of a concentrator is to separate the ore from the rock and dirt with which it is mixed. The whole process results in thoroughly pulverizing and washing the ore from the waste matter. When this is accomplished nothing but the pure ore is shipped, thereby permitting of a great saving of freight over the shipment of the ore in its natural state.

Wood and water are essential for conducting a mine. In some localities these are a costly part of the equipment. Frequently water is carried from a mountain stream in wooden flumes or pipes a distance of three miles or more, and stored in large tanks at the mine, so that the bunk-house may always have a supply at hand.

The problem of securing firewood and timber is often times difficult and costly



The slope of the mountain—a mass of black shining coal

Columbia lead the world. This crude way of transportation is universally used throughout British Columbia, and is particularly adapted to the geographical conditions which have to be contended with in that country. When the winter season—which lasts from October to April—is on, the snow covers the mountain for a depth of from five to ten feet on the level, and mules or pack-trains become useless. They do not seem to be able to do the work of a powerful horse during the cold weather; hence heavy horses are then substituted for mules.

The fresh, untanned, raw hide of a beef is laid upon the snow, and anywhere from one to two tons of ore, in 100-pound sacks, are placed upon it, the raw side of the skin being uppermost. The ends of the hide are then laced firmly together, so that the whole is a compact bundle. A horse drags this heavy load with ease down the hard-packed trail, which, after a few days of raw-hiding, becomes a veritable toboggan-slide. High banks of snow on either side prevent the load from sliding off the trail. When raw-hiding one horse will drag upon a hide five times as much ore as a mule can carry upon its back; hence this method is a great saving over the pack-train, and consequently a large amount of the precious metal is shipped during the rawhiding season.

Most of the mining companies insist upon their employees contributing \$1.00 each month to a hospital fund. This amount is deducted from their wages, and insures them hospital fees and the attendance of the company's physician in case of accident or sickness. A pathetic scene witnessed in a mining country is that of a number of hardy miners carrying a mutilated comrade on a stretcher down the trail to the min-

ing camp. The company's property is many times a treeless mountain peak; or, if trees have existed, they soon fade away before the wood-chopper's axe. In this case the property adjacent to the mine has to be pillaged; and if it belongs to the Government, or private parties, the Dominion officials collect a tax of twenty-five cents for every cord of wood so cut and used by neighboring companies. The property owner also receives his stipend. The distributing of this lumber necessitates the building of a trail from the mine to the place of cutting at an average cost of \$250 per mile. The trees are felled and dragged by horses along the trail to the mine.

The expense of mining in British Columbia is added to by the excessive railroad rates, the duty imposed by the United States, and also the tax by the Dominion Government on all ore shipped to the smelter. Canada, as yet, has but a few small smelters, and consequently the greater portion of the ore is shipped across the line to smelters in the Western States. Uncle Sam receives 1½ cents per pound on all consignments of lead ore imported into his domain. This revenue reaches into the millions, and is increasing every year. English smelters have recently invaded this market. Low railroad and ocean rates, and the fact that England imposes no duty upon Canadian lead ores, enable them to compete favorably with American smelters. At the large American smelters the Canadian Government has a representative who reports the smelting returns of all ore received from Canada. On these returns there is levied a tax of 1 per cent. These instances show that it is possible to work only the richest mines. If conditions were such as exist in the States, the number of mines operating in British Columbia would be double their present number.

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About the Farm

Large v. Small Farms

Which is the best for the country, or for a state: that its valuable farm lands be divided into great landed estates, or worked into small farms? That makes a difference where you are—the nature of the land and the people. By small farms we do not mean especially the twenty or forty acre tracts, yet the average 160 acre farm might be classed in this sense as a small farm. In a semi-arid, or arid, section where it takes many acres to graze a steer, it is folly to speak of small farms at all, for none could live on such a farm. But in sections where the land is very fertile, as it is in most of the states of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, a 160 acre farm will readily support a family and a much smaller tract properly farmed will do so.

In pioneer days when land was plentiful the great estates of the tobacco and cotton planter of Virginia, and the great sugar plantations of Louisiana and the great corn farms of southern Illinois and wheat fields of the Missouri valley states were a blessing to the country. They gave employment and furnished products to those of less means, but now that land is getting more scarce, and the population more dense, conditions have changed. A landed aristocracy has been a curse to England and likewise will be a curse to this country.

The people of Louisiana are awake to the situation and desire to see the great cane plantations broken up into smaller farms. The adverse tariff legislation seems to be the climax that will bring about this much needed change. In a way it will be too bad if the re-adjustment of conditions in that proud state should cause a loss of that splendid southern hospitality. Let us hope it will not happen. But one thing is certain, the great cane and cotton and rice plantations will be divided into smaller tracts and this will make homes for a great number of thrifty farmers from the north who desire a milder climate.

In due course of time we will awake to the necessity of sub-dividing our great corn and wheat farms, for one-crop farming, no matter where it is, creates intolerable conditions that have no place in this country. Let us take a lesson from Louisiana which is now going through the throes of an agricultural transformation. We must discourage one-crop farming on a large scale, and encourage the ownership of small farms where live stock and diversified farming may prevail. The Texans are seeking relief through a system of taxation that will break up landlordism on such stupendous scale as prevails there. Far better is small farm ownership.

My, How They Eat!

By M. F. Greeley.

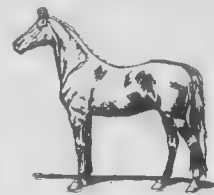
"I'm so glad I sold my old hens and roosters off early," said a successful poultry woman of Wadena, Minn., to the writer a few days ago. "I got more for them than I could now, or can later, and it has let up so on my feed bill. There are so many growing young chickens, roosters as well as pullets, around at this time of the year, and my, how they eat!"

This has been our experience, and one reason why many flocks of poultry are unprofitable and go far into cold weather before the old birds begin to molt or the young ones to mature is because they are underfed through the late summer and early fall months.

Few realize how young growing chickens eat, and so they only slightly increase the usual feed because of their being with the flock, when as a matter of fact, the average flock of a farm requires two or three times as much at this season as it does earlier in the spring and summer.

More than all this, there are not so many bugs, worms, flies, etc., as earlier in the season; and again the hen shedding her feathers requires especially nutritious feed. The better they are fed the sooner they will be through molting

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predicted as a result of the war, stirs owners of cripples and lame ones to immediate activity. It's the opportunity when every horse should be made sound and brought to the highest value. If you have a lame horse write to-day; it costs nothing for advice and there will be no string to it.

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and again laying, but this is just the time when many say, "They don't lay an egg now, let them scratch for a living."

Much of this increased demand for feed could be saved however, if more would do as the lady referred to did—sell off all the roosters and at-all-old stock just as soon as the heavy spring and early summer laying is over with.

We do not know how it is in all places, but wherever we have been prices for such stuff has generally been better early than later.

Training Chickens

Don't read this title and think that I am going to tell you how to teach your chickens to do all kinds of fancy tricks. My object is to say a few words about teaching chickens to do what you want them to do in the everyday course of events.

As we all know, chickens, together with all birds, are well advanced in the scale of animal life. In other words, they have a certain amount of what we call "intelligence." In the course of mental development from the very lowest animals to the highest there are four conditions of mental activity. The first and lowest of these is consciousness. Consciousness forms the connecting link between the inner animal self and the outside world. This condition is found in the lowest animals which possess no nervous tissue. The next in line is known as "instinct." Instinct is found in its highest development among animals which have a more or less complete nervous system but not necessarily a complicated system. Instinct is the definite reaction to a given outside stimulus. Animals with the highest degree of instinct are unable to change that instinct by learning to react contrary to it. The next highest state of mental activity is what is known as "intelligence." It is possessed by all the higher forms of animal life. Intelligence is the ability to learn and to remember what has been learned. Intelligence differs from "reason"—the highest form of mental activity—in that every reaction must, at one time or another, be learned by the individual either by accident or some other means.

A chicken, therefore, having a certain amount of intelligence, has the ability to learn and has the ability to remember what is learned. Knowing this, the fundamental principle of teaching a chicken to do as you want it to do is never to let it learn by accident or any other method what you do not want it to know. A chicken not having reason is unable to do new things without some degree of teaching. Intelligence quickly leads an animal to form a habit. After your chickens have once formed a habit do not try to break it at once, because it is beyond the comprehension of the brain of the chicken. Teach your chickens from chickhood on up, and never allow them to do the things you do not want them to do. Do not give them an opportunity, although you may think you can trust them, to do the things you do not want them to do.

Even the habit of flying over fences can be easily avoided if the chicken is never allowed to fly over any fence. If necessary to keep your young stock within an inclosure, keep a covering over it. If this is done until the birds have reached near maturity and have learned that a fence is a fence, they will not attempt to fly over, and can be kept from that time on without ever attempting to fly over.

Getting Ready For Winter

It is now time for the farm poultryman to begin making his final clean-up arrangements for disposing of his surplus stock. Cull closely and keep over for winter laying and as breeders only the well-developed, healthy and vigorous

fowls. Let the culls go to market, even if it seems to cut your flock down lower than you intended. It won't pay to winter the culls for market purposes and they will in no case be fit for breeders.

After selecting out the best for future use pen the culls and late-hatched stuff up separately and feed them for a couple of weeks or until they are in prime market condition. Make corn the bulk of the ration. Three-fourths corn meal and one-fourth shorts or middlings wet up with skim milk makes a fine ration and should be fed three times a day, all the flock will clean up. Keep water before the birds and the feeding troughs clean but feed no green stuff.

If the pens can be darkened slightly it will aid in keeping the birds quiet and gaining rapidly. By all means fatten your poultry before selling. It will take but a couple of weeks time and will give you big returns in increased weight and price per pound.

The Buildings

The poultry quarters should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected and ridden of lice and mites. The walls and roof should be looked over for cracks and holes where draughts may enter. Arrangements for good ventilation should be made if not already installed. Arrange to have plenty of sunlight on the south but tight glass windows do not afford good ventilation. Half the window space may usually best be covered with muslin to allow slow air circulation and yet admit light.

Don't crowd your poultry in their winter quarters. About four square feet of floor space should be allowed for each fowl. Crowding does not pay and very often results in disease and loss and almost surely in a very low egg yield.

Arrange your roosting platform above the floor three feet so the birds may make use of the entire floor space. Putting the nest boxes under the roosts conserves space also. Have the feed hoppers and water-pan up off from the floor on a low platform. Make the roosts and dropping-board easily removable. Keep the quarters clean and sweet. Winter profits from farm poultry are sure and pleasing if conditions, flock and care are as they should be. Just now do close culling and rush the culls and young stock off to market as soon as they can be made fit.

A Poultry Killing Knife

For killing poultry a special knife may be made, according to the following directions by H. C. Pierce, of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The knives in common use in bleeding and braining poultry are not suited to their purpose. The blades are too broad and too long, and the curve at the point should be on the back instead of on the cutting edge. The handle is so large that the killer is encouraged to use too much force in making the cut to bleed, whereas a light touch of the sharp knife, properly directed, is all that is needed to cut the blood vessels. The knives are also insanitary in that dirt collects at the junction of the blade and handle.

The knife which is to be used to bleed and brain poultry should be small, with a narrow blade; stiff, so that it does not bend; of the best steel, so that it can be kept sharp and is not nicked when used in braining; and the handle and blade should be in one piece. Such a knife, with the aid of the packing-house emery wheel or grindstone and oilstone, can be made from an 8-inch flat file.

To make this knife the handle of the file should first be ground off. Then the blade should be shaped from the small end of the file. It should be 2 inches long, one-fourth inch wide, and one-eighth inch thick at the back. The curve to make the point should slope from the back downward. A blade of this shape reaches the blood vessels to be cut more surely than does a blade on which the point curves upward. After the blade is made the ridges on the file should be ground down, leaving just enough roughness to prevent the knife slipping in the hand of the killer. The length of the knife, over all, should be 7 inches.



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It is economical, as only a few drops are required at an application. A bottle of ABSORBINE, diluted as per formula on label, makes three gallons of effective liniment at a cost of 80 cents a gallon. This diluted liniment is also antiseptic and germicidal.

Use ABSORBINE to remove Bursal Enlargements, Bog Spavins, Thoroughpins, Puffs, Shoe Boils, Capped Hocks, Swollen Glands, Infiltrated Parts, Thickened Tissues, Rheumatic Deposits, Enlarged Veins, Painful Swellings and Affections; to reduce any strain or lameness; to repair strain, ruptured tendons, ligaments or muscles; to strengthen any part that needs it. **Horse Book Free.**

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Many people who have been reading the terrible war news from day to day, especially those who have relatives at the seat of war, have become so nervous that it is impossible for them to sleep.

The nerves have become unstrung and the heart perhaps affected.

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Miss Hildia Dicaire, Martintown, Ont., writes: "In August, 1914, I was out of school for my health. I was visiting friends in London, and heard of the war. It made me so nervous that I could not sleep, but after using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I improved greatly, and could take my school again. I have recommended them to many of my friends."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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"After having an Oxydonor in my house for over six years, I would not part with it for any money if I could not get another." Mrs. E. S. Gibson,
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Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr. Sanche. Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.

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ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Land Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent, and cultivate fifty acres extra).

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your subscription expires.

Send in your renewal NOW

Young People

Why the Morning Glories wear Pretty Dresses

By Phila Butler Bowman

One day Mary planted a handful of morning-glory seeds, and as she was a very little girl, she planted them very close together, and they lay for a long time sleeping very contentedly.

Then, one day the robins came hopping along the spring lawns, the frogs began calling "kr-e-e—kr-e-e" with a long trilling note, telling as plainly as they knew how that spring was really come; and the dandelions showed themselves in the fields, just like pretty gold pennies dropped suddenly from a giant hand on the green for child fingers to pick up. And, one day, the morning-glory seeds poked their little green noses up above the warm earth and looked about them to see what the world was like.

They must have found it a very good world to live in, for the next morning each little seed had unfolded two green

the warmth of the sun, they would say, "Dear Mother-vine, shall we open our eyes and blossom to-day?"

And the mother-vine would answer, "Oh, no; not yet. You are only buds now, and you have no color. You will be beautiful when you blossom."

So they talked together in whispers, for they were shy at the thought of being beautiful.

"Oh, if I could be pink and rosy, like the dawn!" said one bud. "The vine says the color of the dawn is like a rose-petal and like the pink of a baby's finger."

"Could anything be more lovely than that?"

"I should like to be blue," said another bud. "Would not that be a glad color? Blue like the sky, with little touches of the white of the clouds, for the clouds send us the rain; and the vine says she has seen a child with eyes like the blue of the sky. Oh, I hope I may be blue."



In Frolicsome Mood

leaves above a short stem. From that day it was wonderful how the little green stalks grew; and as they were so close together, and each sending out tiny tendrils like fingers, they clung to each other like little children, not quite sure of their way until they became one strong, green, swaying vine reaching always up toward the sun.

The vine climbed and climbed until little Mary had to put up a stick for it to cling to.

It climbed to the top of the stick and sent out little floating tendrils. Then the gardener came to help Mary. He fastened a long cord to the top of the window, and the morning-glory vine kept climbing until it stretched above the window, and was a beautiful green vine with hundreds of pretty leaves.

As it grew, it sent out tiny buds, and as the buds grew, they talked to each other about the warm sun and the good rain and the wind that rocked them in their vine cradles.

At night, when little Mary put on her white nightgown and cuddled down among the pillows, the vine told the buds pretty bedtime stories.

It was really bedtime for the buds, too, for their eyes were beginning to close, so the big vine had wonderful tales to tell of the rosy dawn, of the blue sky with its white clouds and of the great, far, unchanging purple mountains.

How the buds did love the bedtime stories! And each day, when they felt

"I have thought for days," said a third bud, trembling at his own boldness, "how lovely it would be to have a color like the purple of the mountains. I know that the vine loves the mountains."

One warm night a rain fell very softly and crept to the roots of all the flowers, and before dawn came the rain ceased, and when it was morning, the sunlight broke gloriously over a bright world glistening with raindrops still undried.

Then the morning-glory vine stretched toward the sky in gladness, for everywhere about it hung floating blossoms more wonderful than anything it had dreamed of—blossoms of rose-pink like the dawn, blossoms as lovely as the skies and the eyes of little children. Some had little flecks of white upon the blue. Some had borrowed the deep pink of the heart of the rose, and one, which had thought of the mountain-tops, was purple, and this blossom, which, as a bud, had been almost too shy to speak, was the largest bloom of all.

Each was like the thing of which it had dreamed. And everyone who looked at the morning-glories saw, as though in a mirror, the thing which had lent to each its color.

"This morning-glory is like the sky at dawn," said a gentle nurse. "I will gather it for the sick lad, and he will take heart again."

"See, mother!" cried little Mary, "my morning-glory vine is all in blossom, and I have brought you some flowers

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

"My little girl always brings mother bits of the blue sky," Mary's mother answered, looking down into her little daughter's eyes as she kissed her. And Mary, kissing back, did not know that mother was thinking of her own blue eyes.

But an old man stood long, and looked at the purple blossoms.

"My eyes are dim," he said, "so that I no longer see my beloved mountains; but the spring has brought me these lovely flowers to remind me that the purple hills are still there." He stroked the blossoms, every one, with loving fingers, then went away leaving them growing, and there was a glad light on his face.

But the purple blossoms, ungathered, dropped little seeds when the summer was over, so that when spring came again many more purple blossoms grew.

And if any little child should see a purple morning-glory, he may know it grew from a seed of the morning-glory that loved the purple mountain-tops and thought of them always. And where he sees the blue morning-glory blossoms he will know that they grew from the seeds that loved the blue skies and that the pink blossoms grew from the seeds that loved the rosy dawn.

"MONEY-FLOWERS"

By A. V. L. C

Aunt Eunice stood in front of her dressing-table, putting on her hat, and little Eunice stood watching her.

"Where are you going, aunty?" she said, at last.

"I am going down-town to the bank to get some money," answered Aunt Eunice.

Little Eunice hugged her tall aunt's knees with enthusiasm.

"And does money live at a bank?" she asked.

"Yes, it grows there, if you let it alone," laughed Miss Appleby.

Then she went out, and the child followed her to the garden gate.

"I guess I'll put my money in the bank," she thought, and the more she thought of it the more she liked the idea. She went up-stairs to the nursery, and came down jingling a purse that had five bright, new pennies in it.

"Here is a nice bank," she said, climb-

ing a small mound of green. "I'll put it in mother's wild-flower garden," she said, half-aloud. "But I won't tell her till the money-flowers grow, and we can pick all we want. Won't Aunty Eunice be surprised?"

She grubbed in the fresh earth with her chubby fingers, and hid the pennies deep out of sight.

It happened that the windwoman, who scatters seeds everywhere over the gar-



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COUGHING.

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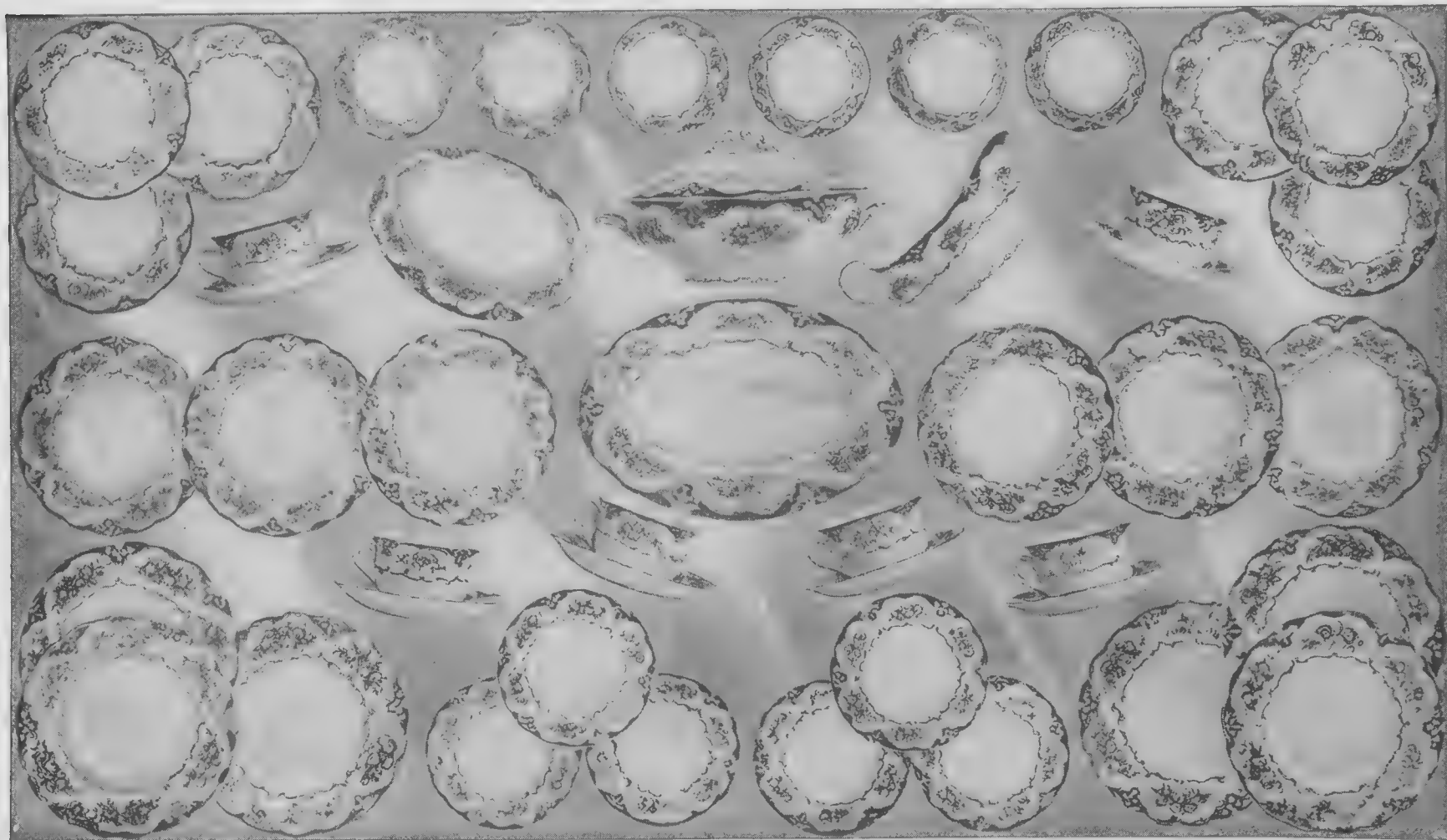
NORWAY PINE SYRUP

CURED HIM.

Mr. Wallace H. Grange, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "During a cold spell here about the middle of last October (1913), I caught a cold which got worse despite all treatments I could obtain, until about November 22nd, a friend said, 'Why not try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup?' Really, I had no faith in it at the time as I had tried nearly every other remedy I had heard of, to no avail, but I thought I would give this last remedy a trial. I purchased a 50 cent bottle, and in three days I was feeling a different man. My cold was so hard, and the coughing so prolonged, that vomiting occurred after a hard spell of coughing. I carried the bottle in my pocket, and every time I was seized with a coughing spell I would take a small dose. I can most heartily recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone with a severe cold, as its powers are most marvelous, and I never intend being without it at all times."

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

This Magnificent Combination DINNER and TEA SET FREE to Our Subscribers



The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination Dinner and Tea Set, which we have decided to give away Free to our readers.

The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi-Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft

and velvety in tone. A neat, embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

den when no one is looking, had already planted marigolds in that very bed. Soon the green shoots came pushing up, and they grew and grew, until one summer morning they nodded their bright yellow crowns at everybody who passed. Eunice saw them, and then she remembered.

"My pennies have grown in the bank!" she cried, and ran into the house to call mother and Aunt Eunice to see the wonderful sight. "You can pick all the golden money you want to," she said, proudly.

She was so proud and happy that it was hard for mother to tell her that she had chosen the wrong sort of bank for her money to grow in.

"Come along, honey girl!" said Aunt Eunice, "I ought to have explained that day. See, we'll put this gold dollar in the big bank down-town, and we'll watch it really and truly grow every year."

But the marigolds were so big and

yellow that Eunice liked to pretend they had grown from her bright pennies. And this is the reason that the Applebys always call marigolds "money flowers."

Altogether Different

"Did he say he knew me when I was a girl?"

"No, he said he knew you when he was a boy."

The New Pupil

By G. W. Douglas

Helen and Mary and Eleanor were playing school one afternoon, when Helen's father found them.

"What are you doing, girls?" he asked. "We are not girls. We are school children, and Mary is the teacher," Helen replied.

"Oh, pardon me?" said he. Then, in

a different manner, he went on: "Breakfast was late this morning, teacher, and I couldn't get to school on time. Mother will write an excuse, and will bring it this afternoon."

He sat down and pretended to study. Eleanor giggled, but Mary and Helen had seen him do the same thing before, so they went on with the school.

"Eleanor, how much are three times four?" the teacher asked.

"I don't know the times, yet, teacher. I know only the ands and the lessees," Eleanor replied.

"Then you don't belong in this grade," said the teacher, sternly. "I'll have to put you back in the first grade. The children here know the ands, the lessees, the times and the intos. Now we'll have the class in reading. The big boy may read first."

Helen's father stood up with his book open before him. This is what he read in a clear, serious voice that made them all laugh:

When the Moon Became Dark

"Hey, diddle, diddle, when the cat played the fiddle

The cow jumped into the moon,
And the little dog howled alone in the dark,

For the light went out so soon."

"That isn't right?" said the teacher.

"It doesn't go that way!" Eleanor exclaimed.

And the teacher was too excited to notice that both Helen and Eleanor had left their seats and were pressing against the "big boy's" book to see what was in it.

"I never heard it like that," said Helen. "It goes, 'Hey diddle, the cat and the fiddle,' not the 'cat played the fiddle.'"

"Maybe this isn't right, either," said the big boy. And he read:

A Cure for Sleeplessness

"Little Bo-Peep lost her sleep,

And doesn't know where to find it.

Put her to bed, and cover her head,

And then she'll never mind it."

Mary suddenly remembered that she was the teacher.

"Children, take your seats!" she commanded.

Helen and Eleanor sat down, but the big boy still stood up. Mary reproved him for disturbing the school.

"I haven't finished my reading lesson, yet," the big boy said. "I want to read about 'Naughty Mary.'"

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,

How does your garden grow!

With little squeals and angry yells,

To get my way, you know."

Mary hung her head and looked sorry. Then the man said he thought school had kept long enough. The three girls gathered round him, and Helen asked: "Father, does it really say those things?"

He showed her the book, and there were some loose pages lying in it with typewriting on them.

"Oh, yes, it does!" she exclaimed. "Here is one you didn't read. It is 'A Sad Song about a Picnic.'"

"Read it! Read it!" Mary and Eleanor both demanded. And Helen read this:

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of pie,

Four and twenty little girls screaming

out, 'O my!'

For the pie was sat upon by the careless

lad,

Wasn't that a thoughtless thing without

a blotting-pad!"

And as Eleanor started for home, she said to Helen, "Haven't you a nice father?"

"Indeed I have!" said Helen.

The Quarrel

Now, Willie Johnson, yesterday,
He make a face at me, an' say
He's glad he ain't a little girl,
'Cause he don't have no hair to curl
An' his face don't have to be clean—
An' so I tell him 'at he's mean,
An' I make faces at him, too,
An' stick my tongue out! Yes, I do!

Nen me an' Willie Johnson fight.
I know 'at girls must be po-lite
An' never get in fights—but he
Got in the fight; it wasn't me.
An' so I tore off Willie's hat
An' give him just a little pat
Up 'side his face, an' he just cry
An' run home like he's 'fraid he'll die!

So pretty soon his mama, she
Comed to our house—an' looked at me!
Nen goes right in where mama is—
She tooked 'at tored-up hat o' his.
An' Missus Johnson she just told
My mama lots o' things, an' scold
About me, too—'cause I'm outside
An' hear—th' door is open wide.

Nen Willie comed out wif his pup
An' say "Hullo!" So we maked up,
Nen get to playin' an'mal show—
His pup is a wild li'n, an' so,
W'y, he's a-trainin' it, an' I'm
Th' aujence mos' near all th' time.

An' nen our mamas bofe comed out.
His mama she still scold about
Me slappin' him—an' they bofe say:
"Hereafter keep your child away!"
An' nen they see us playin' there
An' they bofe say: "Well, I declare!"
—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Harper's Magazine for September.

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Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

Fashions and Patterns

Address all Orders to Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

1087—Ladies' Apron—Percalé, gingham, lawn, seersucker, denim and alpaca are suitable for this design. It is fitted with shoulder and underarm seams, and finished with a shaped sleeve trimming and pockets. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes—small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

9743—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve—Percalé, lawn, gingham, chambray, seersucker, galatea, cashmere, flannel, or flannelette, may be used for this design. The right front is shaped over the left and the waist is finished with a square collar. The sleeve may be made with a band cuff in wrist length, or with a shaped cuff in elbow

24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6½ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Two separate patterns 10c. each.

9794—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers—Blue galatea with stitching in self color is here shown. The model linen, linene, serge, velvet or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Pattern 10c.

1088—Ladies' Combination Drawers and Corset Cover—Cambrie, nainsook batiste, silk, crepe, dimity or cross-bar muslin are all suitable for this style. The garment is fitted by side front, side back and shoulder seams and is cut in princess style with extensions



length. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1099—Girls' Dress With or Without Collar—Lawn, nainsook, dimity, batiste, silk, crepe, or cashmere are all suitable for this style. The dress is cut in bishop style and may be trimmed with insertion and lace or with embroidery. The ruffle may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Pattern 10c.

1105—1104—Ladies' Afternoon or Calling Costume—This attractive combination shows Ladies' Waist Pattern 1105, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1104. Moire taffeta is the material used in this instance, in a new shade of green, with black faille for trimming. The waist and skirt both have new style features. The waist is especially attractive, with a bodice vest and flare cuff. The flounce may be omitted on the skirt. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22,

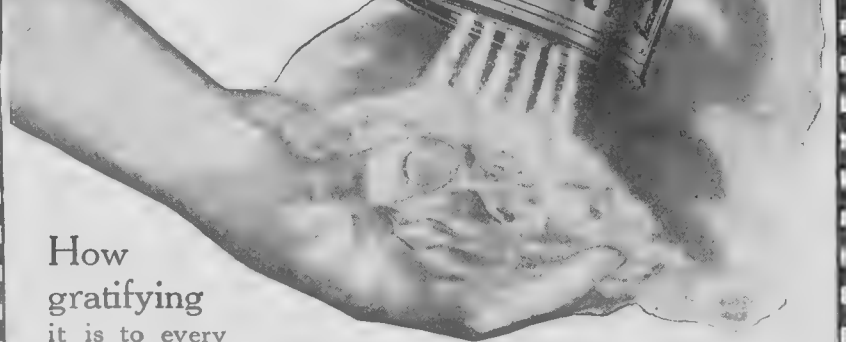
on the fronts that form drawers portions. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1103—Girls' Dress with Three-piece Skirt—Striped and plain gingham are here combined. The waist fronts are tucked over vest portions of contrasting material and are finished with square tab sections over a wide belt. The skirt has tucks over the centre front. The pattern is also good for serge, galatea, linen, percale, albatross, velvet or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Pattern 10c.

A Medical Need Supplied.—When a medicine is found that not only acts upon the stomach, but is so composed that certain ingredients of it pass unaltered through the stomach to find action in the bowels, then there is available a purgative and a cleanser of great effectiveness. Parlee's Vegetable Pills are of this character and are the best of all pills. During the years that they have been in use they have established themselves as no other pill has done.

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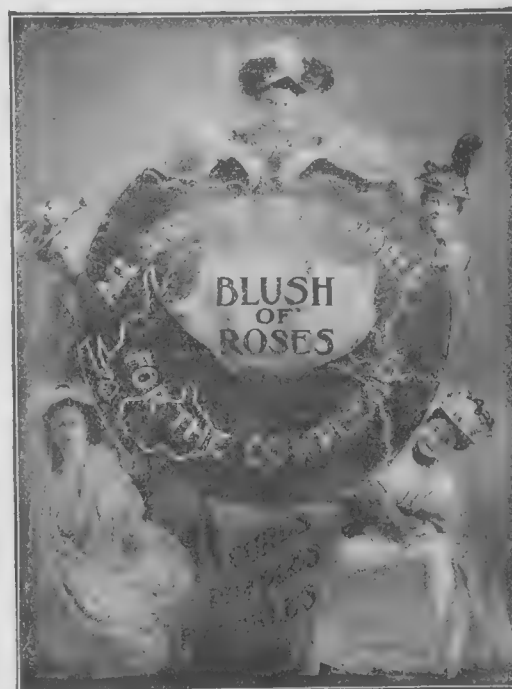
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1086—Ladies' Skirt With or Without Yoke Tunic—The varied tunic forms are most pleasing and with yoke portions are becoming to most figures. The model here shown has a pretty underskirt with plaited fullness at the panel seams in front and a neat lap tuck at the back. The tunic outlines the panel and has a shaped yoke at its upper part. The pattern is good for gabardine, cashmere, cheviot, chiffon cloth, velvet, velveteen and corduroy. It is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Pattern 10c.

1082—Ladies' Waist with Body Lining—This attractive style features a new girde waist in which the girde is cut in one with the back and front. Full sections are added which form part of the sleeve, which is finished with two fitted sections. The effect is unique and becoming. The low neck is edged with a deep collar. This model is good for

—This attractive design is cut on prevailing lines and is both graceful and comfortable. The basque fronts are cut to form a girdle that is draped over the sides and back, forming a sash bow over the centre. The sleeve is in wrist length. A graceful flare collar finishes the neck edge. This suit in green taffeta with pipings of black satin and fancy jet buttons is most unique. It is good also in serge, velvet, velveteen, cashmere or cloth. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Pattern 10c.

1051—1094—Ladies' Costume, comprising Ladies' Shirt Blouse Pattern 1051 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1094—As here shown, blue serge and blue plaid suiting are combined. For separate wear the designs are also very good. The waist will develop attractively in brown crepe with trimming of Roman stripe silk. It is made with a yoke portion over the back and the sleeve in either



cashmere, silk, velveteen, taffeta, crepe or cloth. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1093—Girls' Coat—This attractive style has a waist front, lengthened by a skirt portion, that is joined to the waist under a broad belt. The fronts are open at the throat and rolled in revers style, meeting a coat collar. The design is good for broadcloth, serge, novelty cloakings, velvet and corduroy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

1110—Girls' Over Blouse Dress with Guimpe—Plaid woollen in soft brown tones combined with tan cashmere is here portrayed. The design would develop well in other combinations. Blue serge with white ratine or linene for the guimpe; or velvet, silk, cloth, galatea, gingham or percale. All these make serviceable and neat dresses. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

1096—Basque Dress for Misses and Small Women (With or Without Tunic)

wrist or short length is good. The skirt has the new plaited tunic form with a shaped girdle that may be omitted. Serge, velvet, silk or combinations of such material are lovely for these tunic models. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The waist in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Two patterns 10c. each.

1085—Ladies' Apron—This style of apron is becoming and pleasing because of its semi-fitted shape. It affords ample protection for the dress beneath and is cut so as to avoid the surplus of material so much objected to in many models. The back is formed by the straps which hold the front and the skirt in position. The design is good for percale, lawn, drill, gingham, chambray, and alpaca. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

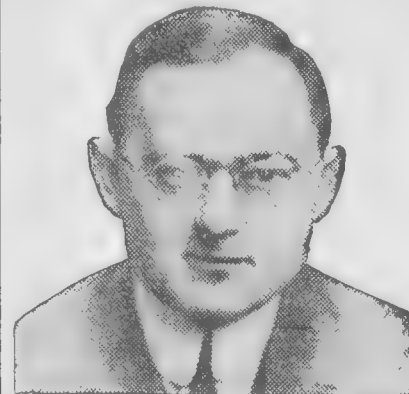
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all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

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Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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207 New Enderton Building WINNIPEG WIGS, TOUPEES AND TRANSFORMATIONS

When in Winnipeg do not fail to visit our up-to-date Hairdressing, Manicuring and Chiropody Parlors. Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

Dr. J. KLEIN, Proprietor



When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

1109—Girls' Dress with Guimpe—Blue and white striped cotton goods was used for this dress. The guimpe was made of white nainsook. The collar of white pique. This style is good for all wash fabrics. The closing is practical and the lines are graceful and comfortable. The skirt is a three-piece model, joined to the blouse under the belt. Plaid woollen in soft blue and tan tones or red cashmere with a simple braid trimming in black would develop this style nicely. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

1095 — Ladies' Dressing Sacque or Kimono—Figured lawn in pink and white with facings and trimmings of pink are here shown. The model is cut with body and sleeve in one. It is comfortable and pleasing. The style is good for batiste, cashmere, voile, crepe, organdie or silk. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.



1108—Girls' Dress with Long Shoulder (and With or Without Peplum)—Brown and white checked woollen is here shown with facings of brown velvet. It would also be pretty in green plaid suiting, combined with fine serge, or in red poplin with roman stripe silk for trimming. The model is suitable for wash goods as well as wool fabrics. For galatea, seersucker, gingham, percale, linen, or linene. Soft messaline or batiste with embroidery would develop this model effectively as a party dress. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

1090—Ladies' Costume consisting of a Basque with Body Lining and with Long or Short Puff Sleeve and With or Without Tunic—This style may be effectively developed for afternoon, calling or evening wear. Black satin or charmeuse would make this a lovely dinner gown, with revers collar and long sleeves, or with low neck and puff sleeve. The design is also good for cashmere, garbadine, voile, velveteen, taffeta and crepe. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes:

34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1084—Costumes for Ladies and Misses with Tunic having a Yoke or Gathered at the Waistline and with Long or Short Sleeve—This stylish model shows a combination of Roman striped silk and blue serge. It is unique and attractive and will lend itself appropriately to combinations in other materials. The dress may be finished without the tunic, or made with tunic gathered at the waist, or joined to the yoke. The sleeve is new and fashionable and good in wrist or elbow length. The neck finish too offers variety, either in the broad collar or the flare and the chemisette may be omitted. A soft crush girdle of silk forms a suitable waist trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: for misses, 14, 16, 17 and 18 years and 6 sizes for ladies: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1106—1041—A Splendid Outdoor Suit—

Comprising a jaunty coat in Redingote style and a new tunic skirt. Both models show new style features. As here illustrated, fine serge in blue was combined with blue and brown tan woollen. The costume is also good for galbardine, duvetyn, silk and velvet and cloth combinations. The skirt may be finished without the tunic. Pattern 1106 furnishes the model for the coat. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is made from pattern 1041 and comes in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Two patterns 10c. each.

1102—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeves—As here shown, figured percale was used. The model is also good for seersucker, lawn, gingham, chambray, cashmere, or linene. The waist is made with open neck and finished with revers facings that meet a shaped round collar. The sleeve, in wrist or short length, is comfortable and in good style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

Useful New Invention

Enables Anyone to Play Piano or Organ Without Lessons

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play in an hour or two. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assistance whatever from anyone.

This new system which is called the Numeral Method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, 185R Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numeral Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

Free GUARANTEED American Silk HOSIERY

We Want You to Know These Hose

They stood the test when all others failed. They give real foot comfort. They have no seams to rip. They never become loose and baggy as the shape is knit in, not pressed in. They are GUARANTEED for fineness, for style, for superiority of material and workmanship, absolutely stainless, and to wear six months without holes or replaced by new pairs free.

OUR FREE OFFER

To every one sending us 50c. to cover shipping charges, we will send, subject to duty, absolutely free;

Three pairs of our famous men's AMERICAN SILK HOSE with written guarantee, any color, or

Three pairs of our Ladies' Hose in Black, Tan or White colors, with written guarantee.

DON'T DELAY—Offer expires when dealer in your locality is selected. Give color and size desired.

The International Hosiery Co.

21 Bittner Street Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

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REAL HAIR GROWER

Found at Last!

The Great English Discovery
Crystolis "Grows Hair
in 30 Days."

\$1000.00 Reward If We Fail On Our
Positive Guarantee. Try It At Our
Risk—Mail Coupon To-Day.



This Man Is Growing Bald—"Crystolis" Is
Just the Thing for Such Cases.

In Europe "Crystolis," the New English Hair Grower, has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century.

The judges of the Brussels and Paris Expositions enthusiastically awarded gold medals to this marvelous hair grower.

Already since we secured the American rights hundreds of men and women have written telling of the phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for years tell how they now glory in beautiful hair. Many report new hair growth in 30 days or less. Others who have had dandruff all their lives say they have got a clean healthy scalp after a few applications of this wonderful treatment.

We do not care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair, dandruff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS" at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it, and, what's important we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. \$1000 has been deposited in our local bank as a Special Fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the coupon below and mail it to-day to Creslo Laboratories, 5-M Street, Binghamton, N.Y.

FREE COUPON

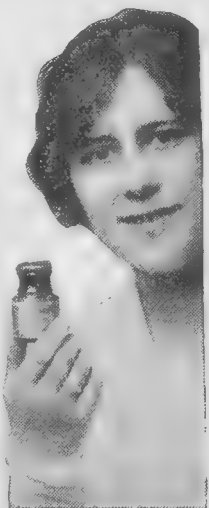
The Creslo Laboratories,
5-M Street, Binghamton, N.Y.

I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly. Prove to me without cost how Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalp and restores premature gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

A message to all Skin Sufferers

All skin troubles, from slight ones like chilblains and face spots, to severe cases of eczema, rashes, bad legs and hands, are cured by Antexema. It stops irritation instantly, and a permanent cure quickly follows. Antexema is a cooling, non-poisonous, creamy liquid, cleanly to use and scarcely visible on the skin. Give up useless, messy ointments. No bandages required with Antexema, which has 30 years' reputation in Great Britain, and always succeeds. Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Of all druggists in Canada. Prices in Britain, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Wholesale from Antexema Co., Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. (Eng.)



Antexema
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

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The Western Home Monthly.

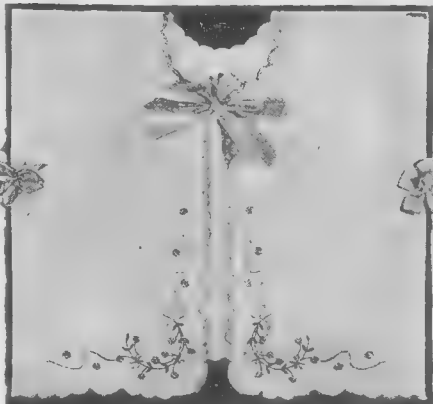
Seasonable Embroideries



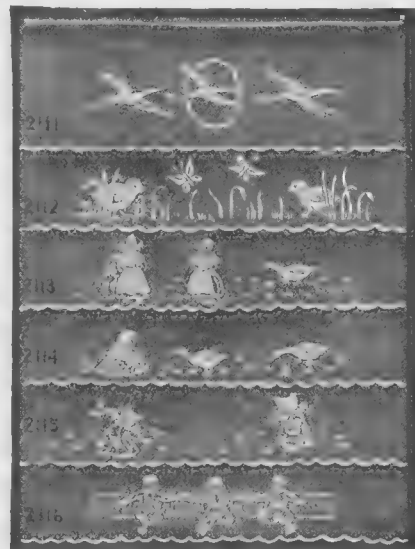
No. 5231 Cushion Top and Back .60
Name of any town25
Ribbon Frill1.00
Silk to embroider (part solid) .75

No. 1646 Combing Towel makes a most useful Christmas gift sure to be appreciated by the recipient. The pretty design for French knot and solid embroidery is stamped on white huckaback and sufficient colored cotton to embroider is supplied. Pretty ribbon ties complete this dainty combing saque.

Nos. 115 and 117 illustrate a pretty coat and hat for a child. The great interest shown in the baby dresses in our October number has induced us to describe the child's coat and hat. The first is known as No. 117 and is stamped on Eponge weave (a handsomely mercerized cotton cloth) and may be had in sizes to fit from one to two or from three to four years, sufficient cotton to embroider is also enclosed with this coat. The hat is No. 115, stamped on corded pique, and the cutting out diagram stamped on the goods clearly illustrates how both these articles are to be made up.



No. 1646 Combing Towel\$1.00
Thread to embroider.



Baby Towels, Hemstitched, Single.. .35
Stamped for scalloped edges, single. .30
Cotton to embroider15
Stamped for Scalloped Edges, single. .30
Cotton to embroider20

She Was Careful

Mistress: "Now, Sarah, I want you to be careful about breaking this vase. It cost a great deal of money, and I would hate to have it carelessly broken the first thing."

Sarah (three days later): "There's your vase, ma'am, and I couldn't have broke it more carefully if I'd tried for a month."

Miller's Worm Powders are a prompt relief from the attacks of worms in children. They are powerful in their action and, while leaving nothing to be desired as a worm expellant, have an invigorating effect upon the youthful system, remedying fever, biliousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and other ailments that follow disorders caused by worms in the stomach and bowels.

Just at present there is a great interest shown in anything patriotic, and for this reason the flag and maple leaf cushion illustrated will be sure to appeal to our readers, as it would make such a suitable souvenir to send to friends at a distance. The design is tinted on a tan background material and the design may be either embroidered solidly or outlined as one prefers. The materials quoted for the cushion are sufficient to allow for the tipping of the leaves and the embroidering solidly of the cross portion of the design, while the remainder is outlined only and a handsome ribbon frill showing a combination of red, white and blue sewn on a wider red satin ribbon makes a most attractive finish for this cushion.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He
Tried "Fruit-a-tives"



D. A. WHITE, Esq.

21 WALLACE AVE., TORONTO,

Dec. 22nd. 1913.

"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of "Fruit-a-tives". These wonderful tablets relieved me of Indigestion, and through the continued use of same, I am no longer distressed with that terrible disease, Asthma, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives" which are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I did. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from Asthma, which I believe is caused or aggravated by Indigestion".

D. A. WHITE

For Asthma, for Hay Fever, for any trouble caused by excessive nervousness due to Impure Blood, faulty Digestion or Constipation, take "Fruit-a-tives"

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1914-1915 Fall and Winter Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also a concise and comprehensive article on Dress-making, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

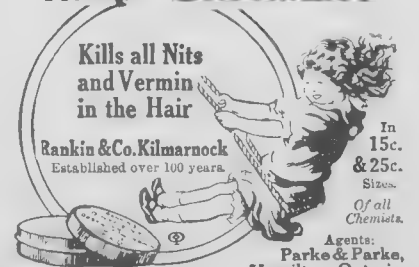
Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

Kills all Nits
and Vermin
in the Hair

Rankin & Co. Kilmarnock
Established over 100 years

In
15c.
& 25c.
Sizes
Of all
Chemists.



Agents:
Parke & Parke,
Hamilton, Ontario.

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

No. 115 Child's Hat45
Thread to embroider is also included.
No. 117 Child's Coat95
Thread to embroider is also included.

A group of designs for baby towels are pictured here. These may be stamped on either hemstitched huckaback towels or if preferred scalloped edges may be embroidered. White or colored cotton thread will be supplied to embroider. When ordering state preference.

If the articles cannot be obtained from your dealer, they will be sent postpaid on receipt of the prices quoted. Allow at least a week from the time the order is sent and write address plainly. Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Needlecraft Department, Montreal.

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

A Blessing in Disguise.

Riceton, Sask., Oct. 12, 1914.

Dear Editor—I read the article, "A Blessing in Disguise," and if the girls only knew what nice homes they might be in this winter, they would gladly come West and learn housework that will be worth dollars to them in the future. I would like one, and would gladly teach her what I know if she is willing to learn and try to be contented. I had a girl working for me that had always lived in city, and had always said she would never go into country, and came out here visiting, and then worked for me and said she would never go to city again. I would prefer a Canadian or American girl, and they must be of good character. A good girl will find a good home, but if I found an untrue girl she couldn't stay under any consideration.

Select me a good girl and send her immediately, and I know if she has friends there will be more to follow, and I will help find them good homes. We are mostly Americans and some Ontario people, and all a good class of people, and always went in best of society in our former homes. I sincerely hope that one of these girls will be brave enough to come and see how pleasantly she would be surprised in a country home, and then her chum would come I know. I would pay whatever wages they could earn. I don't really need help through the winter, but it would be company for me and help to the right girl.

Letters addressed C. B. will be forwarded to the right party.—Editor.

The W.H.M. Passed Along to Neighbors.

Campbellville, Ont., Oct. 16, 1914.

Dear Editor—Have been a silent but constant reader of your valuable paper for some years, but have never written to your Correspondence Column. In your October issue I noticed a letter from "Freda," which I think is rather hard on us boys and men. She does not seem to think much of "Sunset Bill." Well I cannot say much for nor yet against him, as I cannot find his letter, having given some of the back numbers to a neighbor. In the first place, "Freda" says she is no "old maid." Well may be not, but I'll bet a copper she will be. She then goes on to say that men form their judgments from the street walking type of girls, but I believe she is mistaken. Give me the girl that can cook a good meal every time, and it doesn't make any difference what color her hair is either. Again, she says men are fond of the stylish girls. Another mistake, I would far rather be walking down the street with a quiet sensibly dressed girl than one of these high-headed ones.

I enjoyed the letter of "High School Kid," and believe she must be a gem.

Hello, "Sunset Bill," write "Freda" a letter, and see what she says. Gee, though, wouldn't she talk?

Will close now, wishing the W.H.M., with its many interesting and instructive pages, every success.

My address is with the editor. Good night all.

Jake Hayseed.

The War Pictures.

Ninette, Man., Oct. 12, 1914.

Dear Editor and Readers—Although not a subscriber to your very delightful magazine my sister has taken it for over a year, and we all look forward with eagerness to its arrival. The correspon-

dence column is worthy of all notice, but not more so than the short stories and other items, such as "The Young Man and His Problem," "The Young Woman and Her Problem," the Philosopher and the War Pictures in the October issue were simply splendid. How many of the readers noticed the extraordinary resemblance of the Czar of Russia to our King? Isn't this war a dreadful thing? And how many brave men sacrifice their lives. Let us earnestly hope that it will soon be over, and the countries again enjoying peace and prosperity. In my home town the women folk have formed a branch of the Red Cross Society, and are making articles most needed for the soldiers. This being my first attempt at writing to the club I do not wish to make it too lengthy. Those who care to write will find my address with the editor.

"Florence Nightingale."

Sorry for All Concerned.

Arden, Man., Oct. 6, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been a silent reader of your paper for a long while and could not until now pluck up courage to write. I enjoy your paper very much, especially the Correspondence Pages. I come now to ask if any of the Correspondence readers would write a few lines to a lonely girl. I will answer all letters received at once. I have not seen anybody's letter expressing his opinion on the war. I have heard several times people say that they were glad Germany was being beaten. What Canadian is not? But would it not be better to have this war settled by arbitration than by war? How many lonely sisters and wives this war has made. I am as sorry for the German soldiers as for the British because they are human, not as some people think inhuman. Will not some other reader express his opinion, for everybody has his own thoughts. Anybody writing will find my address with the editor. I will sign myself

Cleopatra.

Henpecked Husbands.

British Columbia, Oct. 19, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have read The Western Home Monthly for quite a while, especially the Correspondence Page, but never thought of writing, but that letter from "Wee Willie" ought to arouse most anyone. Yes, "Wee Willie," I read your letter on "Women's Votes" and "Henpecked Husbands," and I quite agree with "Manitoba Pearl." Women's votes are needed here just as much as they are in the Old Country. A woman works for her family, indoors, and as a drudge and gets very poor pay too. Why shouldn't she get a vote just as much as some drunken old sot of a man who has wasted his brains at the bar? Why shouldn't women get a vote? She has to live under the laws after they are made, so why shouldn't she get a chance to say how they are to be made? I am no suffragette, but I don't like to see my sex brow-beaten. If a woman had a vote saloons would be few and far between. Women have to stand a drunken husband coming home and abusing them, and yet he gives the vote that keeps that awful curse in power. I'm thankful none of our family touch liquor. Then you go on to talk about henpecked husbands. I don't think I've ever seen such a creature as that. It's generally the woman that gets roosterpecked. A man that can't stand up for his own rights doesn't deserve to be pitied. I think he deserves all the henpecking he can stand. It might teach him not to be so babyish as to let a woman actually boss him. Most men think they're boss already. If you're single, as you say you are, you had better stay that way or you're liable to be one of those henpecked husbands.

Well so much for my opinion, and anyone who cares to write, my address is with the editor. I sign myself as

One Girl in B.C.

The Terror of Asthma comes like a thief in the night with its dreadful throttling, robbing its victim of breath. It seems beyond the power of human aid to relieve until one trial is made of that remarkable preparation, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Then relief comes with a rush. Life becomes worth living, and if the remedy be used persistently, the disease is put permanently to rout. Take no substitute.

CATARRH

FREE ADVICE ON ITS CURE

If you have Catarrh let me show you what to do for it—how to drive every bit of it out of the system.

Without it costing you a cent, you can have the benefit of my twenty-five years of successful experience—my wide knowledge of Catarrh, its causes and its cure.

Don't neglect Catarrh! Don't let it make you into a worn-out, run-down Catarrhal wreck.

Remember, Catarrh is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting trouble. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing and often opens the way to Consumption. Be warned in time. If you have Catarrh, start to cure it NOW!

Don't think it can't be cured because you've tried to cure it and failed.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless patent medicines.

Catarrh can be cured, if you take it in hand the right way. Write to me to-day and I'll give you valuable medical advice free on just what to do for it.



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

LEARN AT ONCE HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Tell me about your trouble. After careful study I'll send you, without any charge whatever, a complete diagnosis of your case which will explain clearly how to get rid of Catarrh. Simply for the asking you'll receive excellent counsel that will point out how Catarrh can be cured, not just for a week, or a month, or a year—but PERMANENTLY.

Don't let this offer pass—accept my assistance to-day. This treacherous disease has been my life study—I know it in every form and stage. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh.

You can be also if you will. Read my list of questions carefully, answer them yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines and mail the Free Advice Coupon to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will obtain for you the very help you need. I am a graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service. Address:

Catarrh Specialist Sproule
117 Trade Building, Boston.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does mucus drop in back of throat?

Full Name

Address

Broadenaxe Hair Food

Is not a dye but a food that soothes the dry scalp and lifts the dead skin off thus allowing the hair to come through in its natural shade. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00 postpaid.

ESTABLISHED NINE YEARS

BROADENAXE CO.

29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

Mrs. E. COATES COLEMAN

224 SMITH STREET, WINNIPEG

Phone Main 996



I Always Rely on Hamlin's WIZARD OIL

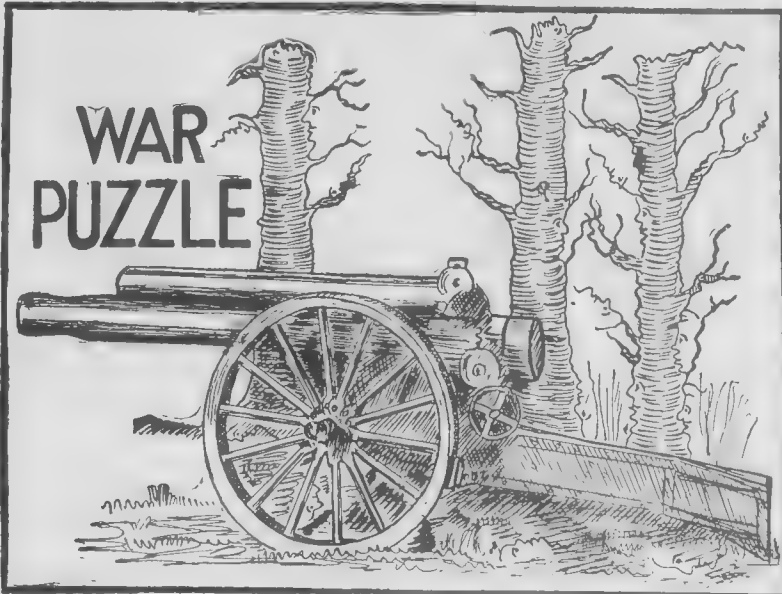
Purest and safest of all liniments—antiseptic and germicidal in its qualities, Hamlin's Wizard Oil has been a favorite with doctors and nurses for over 60 years. Its high quality ingredients have wonderful healing power. Invaluable for rheumatism, sprains, stiff joints, headache, internal pains etc. All druggists. Famous dream book free, if you write

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL CO., TORONTO

FREE!! \$200.00 IN CASH

AND 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY

1st Prize, \$50.00 in Cash. | 3rd Prize, \$35.00 in Cash.
2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash. | 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash.
5th to 9th Prizes, each \$10.00 in Cash.



Above will be found the picture of a modern gun of the kind that is being used in the present war. At a glance the gun and some old trees appear to be all there is in the picture, but by careful scrutiny some soldiers' faces will be found. There are 19 of them in all. Can you find them? It is no easy task, but by patience and perseverance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. If you find the faces mark each one you find with an X cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there are TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in Cash and One Hundred premiums given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

We do not ask you to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Two Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who

have no connection with this company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in recent Contests.

Mr. W. A. C. Orr, 208 Cannell St., Winnipeg.....	\$50.00	Mr. K. A. Rodger, 4 Manhattan Apts., Church St. Toronto	\$35.00
Miss E. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke.....	50.00	Mrs. J. B. Girouard, 656 Maisonneuve St., Montreal.....	35.00
Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que.....	50.00	Mrs. A. Ferguson, 39 St. John St., Winnipeg.....	35.00
Mr. Alphons Drouin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa.....	50.00	Mr. R. E. Strange, 300 Rockland Rd., St. John, N.B.....	35.00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthabaska, Que.....	50.00	Miss Mary Cochran, 114 Preston St., Ottawa.....	35.00
Mrs. E. McMillan, 335 Medland St., West Toronto.....	50.00	Mrs. C. H. Benson, 33 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.....	35.00
Mr. H. Lloyd, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Ont.....	50.00	Mrs. W. D. Little, Powassan, Ont.....	30.00
Mr. Jos. P. Champagne, 252 Bolton, Ottawa, Ont.....	50.00	Mr. Thos. Blake, 88 Hunter St., Toronto.....	25.00
Miss Daisy Raby, 22 University Ave., Toronto.....	40.00	Miss Mary Lamb, 22 Spencer St., St. John's, Nfld.....	25.00
Mr. Jno. W. London, 486 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man.....	40.00	Miss E. A. Kennedy, 16 Railway St., Hamilton.....	25.00
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and besides all these beautiful and costly presents we will give you a lovely gold finished ring set with three handsome brilliants. Simply send your name and address today and you will receive by return of mail 30 lovely Regal Beauty Pin Sets, each set consisting of two handsomely engraved gold finished beauty pins on a nice card. We ask you to sell these among your friends at only 10c per set and you can easily do so because they sell at sight. Every lady wants two or three sets. It's no trouble at all. Return our \$3.00 when you have sold the goods and we promptly send you the complete outfit—doll, doll house, baby doll, doll bed, carriage and ring just as represented.

Remember girls, no money in advance. We trust you. This is the chance of a life time. We arrange to stand payment of delivery charges. Write today to

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An Alberta Girl.

Standard, Alberta, Oct. 11, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been a silent reader of your paper for quite a while, and have enjoyed it very much. What is the matter with our Alberta boys and girls? I don't see many letters from them. I agree with "Freda" on some subjects. She talks with sense. I can't agree with what she says of fair-haired girls, for I happen to be a blonde. I think it is rather dull around here, there is nothing going on. I like to ride horse-back very much. Why don't some of the girls talk of fancy work? I think it would be nice to send some crochet patterns to this paper if there was space for them. What I do most of my spare time is crochet. I did not read the letter of "Sunset Bill." I was not at home when the paper came, and we sent it to a friend.

We have taken The Western Home Monthly ever since we have been in Canada. Wishing it every success. I will close.

Miss Alberta.

Judging All Men.

Alta., Oct. 12, 1914.

Dear Editor—May I say, with the rest of your subscribers, that I enjoy reading

little home, especially during the long winter evenings. What do you think, boys and girls? Say "Freda" what books have you read, and what kind of music do you like? I hope to see another of your letters in print soon.

Now Mr. Editor I must apologize for taking up so much time and space. Wishing you every success. I am, yours sincerely,

Blonde.

From Time Immemorial.

Sask., Oct. 9, 1914.

Dear Editor—We have been subscribers to your valuable paper from time immemorial—I mean my parents have. Seeing "Freda's" letter I decided to back her up in some of her statements, some, not all, however. As to men snapping at yellow hair, I don't know anything about that. I have dark. I believe she is wrong in saying that all blondes are not to be trusted. I think that good and bad are to be found among both blondes and brunettes. A man "may" not care whether a girl can cook when he marries her, but he soon begins to, and to care very much too. Of course men like to be seen with a well-dressed girl. And what about the girls? Don't they like far better to be seen with a well-dressed man



Madame Patti, the world's greatest singer, visits wounded in English Hospital

your magazine very much, and being particularly interested in your Correspondence Column would like to join your circle. I agree with "Conetta" about "appearances." They go a long way towards making yourself and others around you feel pleasanter. Poor "Sunset Bill," everyone is "pecking" at you this month. Now "Freda," I am going to scratch your eyes out, for I am one of the despised "blondes." I wonder if I can change your mind on one or two points. Do you not think you are judging all men by a rather insignificant type? Now, I am neither wealthy, good-looking, nor yet a plaything, but have a good many nice sensible boy friends and having discussed the subject of "girls" and "matrimony," etc., with them will give you their opinion. The average man likes a jolly, practical girl, who can talk sense, take in a few wholesome pleasures—skating, etc.—and who dresses stylishly—when the styles are not too outrageous—and is at all times neat, ladylike and good mannered. I don't think "he" cares whether she has money or not.

Now "Freda" you must forgive me for criticizing, and return the compliment. Your remark about the "gadding" girl with the quiet, business man for a husband, reminds me of something I would like to hear discussed. Now I don't think a girl should be everlastingly dragging her husband out to parties. But I think it would be so nice if some of the young married couples would entertain the young people more than they do. Now I do not mean to go to a lot of trouble or expense, but those in particular whose homes are miles away would enjoy spending an hour or two in a pleasant, cosy

than with one with overalls and old shirt? Certainly they do. Some men do like to be seen with a person dressed in the very highest pinnacle of fashion, but the majority would much rather have a girl simply and tastefully dressed. I agree with you in saying that men do not like a woman to have more brains than they have, she is liable to understand them far better than they wish to be understood. Some men do want the girl for the sake of the money and possessions she has, but not quite all. Girls (you who are criticizing "Sunset Bill") I don't think you will be able to find one man in every five who would not try to hug and kiss a girl if he thinks she will let him. I believe in many cases they do it to test her, and I am sure his opinion of her is not raised if she allows him. Well I must stop or you will think I am an old crank. I may be a crank, but please don't apply the above adjective, as twenty is a year or two off yet. I will sign myself

Brunette.

Opinions Wanted.

Sask., Sept. 30, 1914.

Dear Editor—I cannot claim to be a subscriber, but as my brother has two, we have one of each issue, and I believe that much benefit can come of the Correspondence Columns in discussion of public questions.

I would like to hear different opinions on the Sask. Prov. Hail Insurance System, as there are a lot of farmers who are discontented with it for reasons which are hard to see. We were hailed out this year when all was cut but 7 acres, and yet the indemnity on those 7 acres has more than paid our tax (per 160 acres of 6.40) for 5 years, and many of our neighbors whose crops were not cut received \$500.00 and \$600.00 for the paltry tax of \$6.40.

Whether the corn be of old or new growth, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, the simplest and best cure offered to the public.

Some in here are kicking because in some instances hail insurance companies have allowed larger indemnity than government, but forget that. This is not a fault of the act, but of inspection. Never before in my experience have companies given as great an indemnity as they have this year, and particularly in municipalities, where the hail act is in force, and most probably to spread discontent amongst the farmers, so that the act will be turned down at the next opportunity, which is three years from the date of enforcement. Since the act came in force less than 20 per cent of the farmers of Saskatchewan have been hailed, and if the remaining 80 per cent see discontent among those who have been hailed and received benefits from the act it is almost sure to be voted down. There are improvements that can be added to the act, and probably some of your readers can propose some.

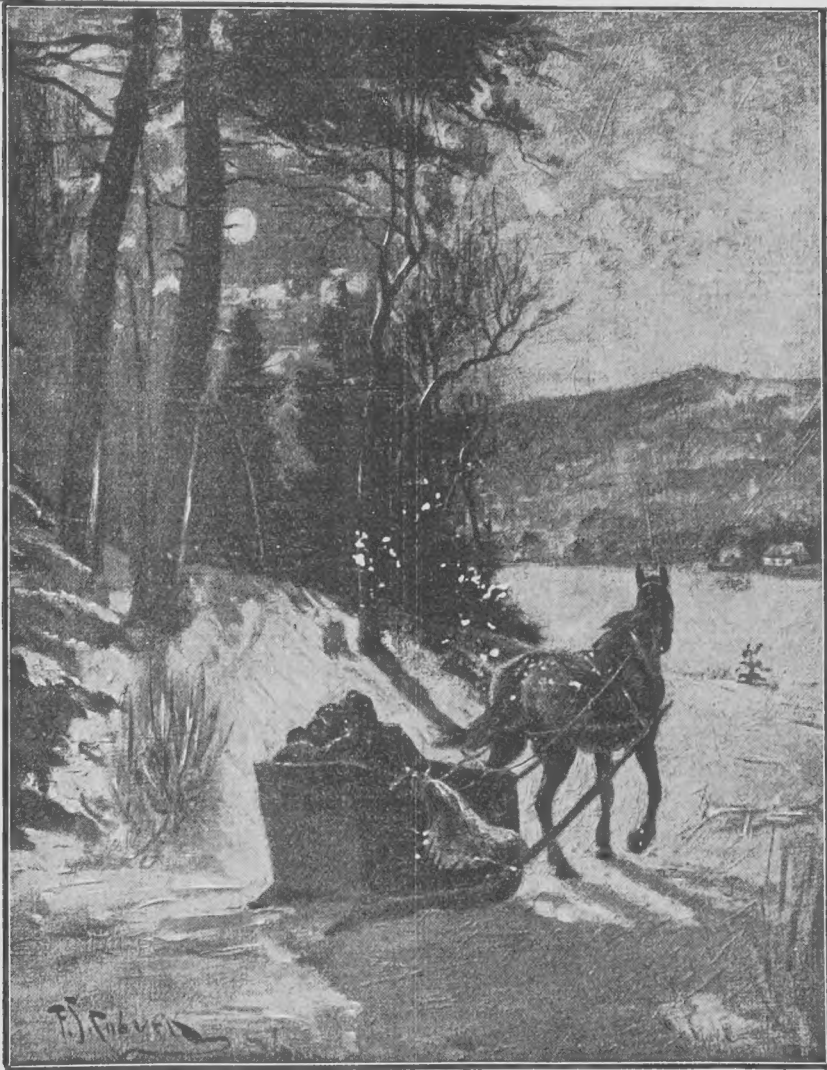
Hailed.

The Call of the West

by Ethel J. E. Dunning.

The fever is here, the great unrest,
It is in the air, it is in my breast;
Ah! my friends are gone, and I'm going too
To that great wide world where there's work to do.

There's a power that lures in the West-
ern breeze,
And it draws us on from the haunts of ease,
From the strife and smoke, from the squalor vile,
To a land of peace that no germs defile.
Yea a witch's charm has the Golden West,
And of all earth's treasure it holds the best;
To a land of homes for the high, the low,
Loose! each staying band, for I go! I go!



After Midnight Mass, New Year, near Quebec

Patience Rewarded.

Senlac, Sask., Oct. 5, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have once or twice before written to your valuable paper, but have missed seeing my letters in print. I have been a subscriber to your magazine now for about three years, and like it fine. The only thing now is that I wish some of the fair sex would drop me a line, as I like to get lots of mail to read. I see someone is still arguing the point about homestead rights for women. Well I would also like to see that. Well I will not make this too long, as I hope to see it in print, so I hope to hear from all who care to write. I will sign myself Saskatchewan Slim.

The Battle of the Gods

It is a battle of the gods we are engaged in. It is the battle of sanity, of progress, of civilization, against the dying forces of barbarism. It is a battle of democracy against the forces of blood and iron that would enslave it. It is the Gotterdammerung of the old gods. Thor and his hammer have not been without their uses to mankind, but the day of their service is passing. The new gods shall take their place. Reason and Brotherhood shall wrest the sceptre from Violence and Hate.—Jerome K. Jerome.

No Day Like Christmas

Written for The Western Home Monthly by "Frances."

There is no day like Christmas!
It grips the thoughts of men;
Its charm unlocks the secret doors
Fast closed from human ken;
And life puts on a gayer garb,
And joy comes tripping, when
Old Father Christmas takes the chair,
With nimble tongue and pen.

There is no day like Christmas!
It stirs the inmost soul;
The cheer, the glow, warms every heart,
Away—all worries roll;
That magic word is written deep,
On memory's deathless scroll,
Christmas! and lo—a fluttered breath,
From distant pole to pole.

There is no day like Christmas!
Review your past days o'er;
They have their power "to bless or burn"
But come again no more!
While Christmas with a cheerful face,
Keeps tryst just as of yore;
With a mysterious tap she knocks
At every willing door.

There is no day like Christmas!
The promise that it brings,
Renews our faith in God and man,
The heart in worship sings
True peans, for the gift of life
Brought by the King of Kings.

THIN FOR YEARS--"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"

Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon. Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land, voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds, given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight, but when someone suggests a way they exclaim, 'Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin.' Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true."

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is just a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?



Plump, Well Developed Men and Women Attract Attention at the Beach as Well as in the City.

50c Box Free

To enable any thin reader ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test we will give a 50c. box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know it is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package to-day, enclosing 10c. in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c. package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., 5-Z Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

FREE COUPON.

This coupon entitles any person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it) and that 10 cents is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in silver in letter to-day with coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-Z Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

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MANITOBA HALL STUDIO
Room 2, 291 1/2 Portage Ave., WINNIPEG

Woman and the Home

Home Storage of Eggs

By Edwin C. Powell

While cold storage is the best method for keeping eggs in a commercial way, there is a simple method by which the city housekeeper can hold eggs for several months. I have tried it for two years. The first year I bought a case of thirty dozen eggs in May, when they were the cheapest. At the same time I obtained an empty sixty-pound butter tub and a quart of water glass (silicate of soda). The eggs, plus water glass and butter tub, cost fifteen cents per dozen. The tub was cleaned and scalded, then placed in a cool, dark corner of the cellar, and the eggs were put in it, standing them on end with the smaller end downward. The tub held exactly twenty dozen. After they were all in, the quart of water glass was poured into a pail containing ten quarts of water, with which it readily mixed, and this solution was poured over the eggs, covering them completely. The cover was put on the tub and the eggs allowed to stand until wanted for use. They were inspected occasionally and a little water added to replace that lost by evaporation. The balance of the eggs were used fresh. We began using the eggs in the fall and most of them were utilized for cooking purposes. Occasionally some were cooked and eaten in order to test their quality in comparison with fresh eggs. The last ones were used in February, over nine months from the time they were laid down. Only one egg of the twenty dozen spoiled, and that was undoubtedly due to the fact that it was not good when it was put down. Every one of the rest came out in good shape. The whites were a trifle thinner than those of fresh eggs, yet there was no difficulty in beating them, which is the supreme test of all preserved eggs. For cooking purposes they were superior to cold storage stock, and there was no taint or unnatural taste to them, and for eating purposes they were as good or better than the common run of store eggs, with an added advantage of a certainty of there being no poor ones. When fresh eggs were selling at forty to fifty cents a dozen, we found them a very acceptable substitute. The requisites for keeping eggs by this method are a wooden, porcelain or stone vessel, pure water (distilled water would be the better), fresh eggs and a cold, dark place to keep them.

The Toughening Process

By Dr. A. P. Reed

Some very crude ideas have existed and still receive some credence in certain quarters relative to the process of "hardening the constitution," as it is called. Many people are not yet sufficiently cognizant of the fact that the "constitution" is never "hardened" by undue exposure to the summer's sun, the winter's wind, or the indulgence in strains or over-efforts. Ill-informed mothers sometimes dip their infants in cold water with this same fallacious idea of manufacturing hardness to order. It is a constantly weakening, enervating process, and when the babe succumbs to some acute malady for want of stamina to stand it, and is laid away under the "mysterious dispensation of Providence" theory, it ought to be thundered through the land that exposure does not toughen, while in letters as startling as those which Belshazzar saw on the wall of old should appear on the wall of every household the sentiment that Providence works no miracles to counteract human folly, and that nature's laws are inexorable, standing on the statute books of time, subject to no amendments at the hands of man.

The best way to harden the human constitution is to do it as we would harden the constitution of a horse, by taking good care of it, fostering its vitality, always remembering that the exposure idea doesn't show the human body the consideration and courtesy we show a hat or a garment, which are never made better but always worse by being banged about.

Good care, then, is the thing needed. This does not mean coddling and over-swathing, which are quite as bad as undue exposure. It means the happy medium in this, as in all things, and the avoidance of

getting cranky. Weakly children may be greatly strengthened by sun baths and anointings with oils. These two statements need qualification and explanation.

As to sun baths, it were well if every dwelling were so constructed that one room could be had for sun baths—a room on the sunniest side of the house, having a broadside of glass, and arranged so that a uniform temperature could be maintained. In this room both young and old could get much benefit by exposure of the whole body to the sun's rays, being careful at first to avoid sunburn. Nervous and weakly ones generally, would find the light, thus regularly and systematically applied, a fine nerve tonic.

Let nothing I have said be construed to mean that the little ones should be deprived of outdoor air and exercise even in the coolest seasons, my remarks being intended simply as a plea for protected exposure—an exposure stopping short of allowing a child to get actual suffering from the elements, which is enervating rather than toughening in its effects and always fraught with danger to innocent and helpless creatures to whom humanity owes its tenderest and most merciful care.

Seeing Hearts

The father and the uncle of the wife were dining with the young couple.

"Well," complained the young wife, "I think when William comes home to dinner he ought to tell me the interesting things he has gone through each day.



New Year Dance

I have been shut up in the house all day, while he has been out meeting people and talking and having things happen. But often he scarcely says a word all through dinner. Don't you think I'm right?"

The older men said nothing. Perhaps they had heard something like it before.

"Of course you're right," said the young husband. "Now I'll tell you just what happened to me to-day. When I got to the office Miss Gray was sick and the mail hadn't been sorted or opened. While I was doing that and trying to locate another stenographer I got a telegram canceling that big Pittsburg order I told you about day before yesterday. Then Scott came in and said that we had been underbid for that Wheeling contract. Then I had to go see the lawyer about that Slocum suit he says we can't win, and then I—"

"Goodness," cried the wife, "I don't want to be bored with things like that! I want to hear about the bright people you met and what they said."

"Well," confessed the young husband, "I am afraid that the average business man's average day sounds more like the 'Lamentations' than the 'Song of Triumph.'"

The two older men walked home thoughtfully. "It's always like that," said the uncle. "If the husband told all the disagreeable experiences of the day he'd be called a bore, and he knows it. So he keeps quiet or cudgels his fagged

brain for a few happy incidents. It does not occur to the wife that his mind is too tired to work, and what he wants is to be entertained by her own pretty talk—the kind he liked before they were married."

"Yes," said her father, "besides, she defeats her own end when she demands entertainment. You know how empty your mind feels when some one says, 'Talk to me; I want to be entertained.' It is never by such demands that we get the real heart talks that we want. Heart responds to heart, and if a wife wants to see her husband's heart she mustn't forget to show her own."

Let the Whistle Drive the Whine Away

Two little boys were out playing. They tripped over one another, as boys will, and fell. Neither was much hurt. But one began to whine. The other jumped up and said: "Never mind, Frankie! Don't whine any more; just whistle like this," and he struck up a tune in the liveliest manner.

Frankie tried several times to join in the whistling, but failed dismally. Then he said, "I can't make my lips pucker right," and he began to cry again.

"Oh that's because the whine ain't all out yet," explained Jimmy. "Just keep on tryin', Frankie; the whistle's bound to drive the whine away." He began to whistle again. "Come on, Frankie!"

And hand in hand the two ran down the road whistling as energetically as if they were being paid for it. There were tears on Frankie's cheeks, but his lips had at last found "the right pucker,"

Equally true is this of success in the home life. Most unsatisfactory, indeed, and discordant, is that home where the woman at the head of it is of indecisive, wavering, vacillating character. Ask her what she is going to do to-day and she replies, "Oh, I don't know. I haven't decided yet." Ask her if she will go for a drive at three o'clock and she says, "Oh, I don't know. I couldn't tell till after dinner." Ask her what train she's going to take for a proposed visit, and she'll tell you she doesn't know—yet. Perhaps she'll get the 11.30 and perhaps the 2.10. Possibly not till 5.08. Nice experience for the friend she's going to visit, isn't it? But we've all had that kind of a guest. "I'll get the 11.30 if I can get around," she writes, "but if not I'll come on the 2.10. If I miss that I'll come at 7.40 sure." We've driven to three trains in one day, got two special meals for her and had her put off coming until the next day!

Ask her to come over and spend the evening. "I'm sure I can't tell," she'll say, at ten o'clock in the morning. "I don't know for sure just what I'll do. But I'll tell you. If I can come I'll be there by quarter past eight and if I'm not there by that time don't wait for me." And we stay at home and wait for her until too late to make any other arrangements and she doesn't come after all.

The only way to do with such people is never to ask them again. They have no consideration for others, and no respect for their own judgment.

Children are annoyed to the point of irritation and exasperated to anger by the indecision of their mothers.

"Mother, may I go over to Jennie Brown's this afternoon?" She wants me.

"Oh, I don't know. Don't begin at eight o'clock in the morning to ask me what you can do this afternoon."

"But, mother, I want to know. I want to tell Jennie. She's waiting."

"Tell her I'll see when afternoon comes."

"But, mother—" the child begins to whimper, already excited, fearful, anxious.

"Now, don't begin to cry. If you cry you can't go anyway."

"Well mother, can I go if I'm good? I'll be good if I can go."

"Be good anyway. And stop teasing. Maybe you can go and maybe you can't. Maybe I'll go over to Aunt Lucy's and if I do you'll go with me."

"But I don't want to go to Aunt Lucy's, mother. I want to go to Jennie's. She's got a new doll buggy. Can't I go to Jenny's anyway?"

"I tell you I don't know. Now you stop teasing and run away or I'll say, 'no, you can't.'"

Fearful lest her mother's vacillating mind should take a sudden negative decision the child turns away, depressed, perhaps sullen, unable to make her own decision, and with the example of a most deplorable habit before her.

Practice Parties for the Children

One of the wisest women I ever knew, although I didn't realize it then, was a young mother who used to have state dinner parties for the children of her own family, regularly once a month.

At the time, I thought Mrs. B. a very foolish woman to take upon herself all this extra work and trouble when her daily life seemed already full to overflowing, and I told her so.

"Maybe I am foolish," she replied, "but I just won't have my children going out to other people's houses and staring at the pretty china and cut glass as though they had never seen such things; or using the wrong forks and spoons to their own embarrassment; or still worse taking a bath from the finger bowl as I see some children do! No, indeed, they shall have their experiences right here at home, and I think the comfort I get out of it in future years will make up to me fully for the extra effort it is costing me now."

And after all she is right. Example is stronger than precept, and although it costs us mothers extra time and trouble, it is the only way in rearing children, for preaching and practice, in order to accomplish anything, must go hand in hand.

Decision—and Lack of It

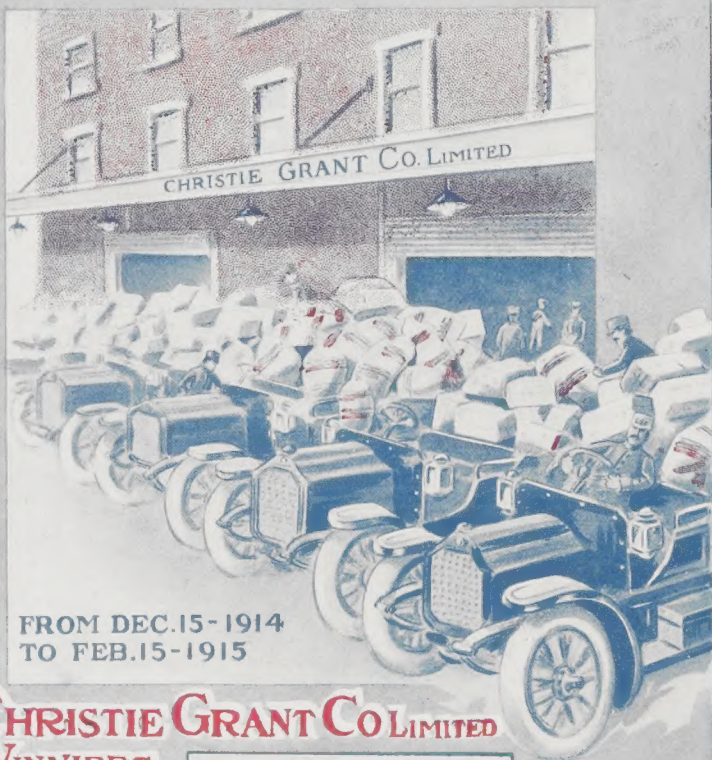
One of the most deplorable traits of character which any person can possibly possess and one which brings upon both himself and everybody with whom he has any dealings whatever annoyance and exceeding discomfort; is a lack of decision, the inability to give a decided, definite answer.

No man can ever make a success in business life and not be able to make decisions. To decide quickly and definitely, to weigh carefully but swiftly, to trust one's own judgment and act upon it, are qualities which are absolutely necessary for success in business life.

Our Midwinter Sale

MIDWINTER SALE

WE PAY
DELIVERY CHARGES



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CHRISTIE GRANT CO. LIMITED
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IF YOU do not receive a copy of our special Sale Catalogue by December 15, write and let us know, because we want you to have one. It contains the biggest and best bargains that have ever been offered in Canada, and we desire everyone of our mail order friends to participate in the money saving offer.

We are not going to tell here of any of the wonderful offers because they are all so remarkably good that to mention any would be unfair to the rest.

Contained in the astonishing list are muskrat coats and dresses and undergarments for women, overcoats and suits, ulsters and furnishings for men, clothing for boys, garments for girls, footwear, gloves and household linens. In this sale catalogue we are also offering, for the first time, some very remarkable values in dress goods and drug sundries. We have just added

these lines of merchandise to our stock and the values we are showing will, we are quite sure, be a splendid introduction to the kind of values we propose to give in these lines.

You cannot order without a catalogue so, if you do not receive a copy by December 15, let us know so that we can send you one.

We propose to give the same prompt service that has characterized our business since its organization. That is, we will ship almost all orders we receive in less than twenty-four hours after we receive them.

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